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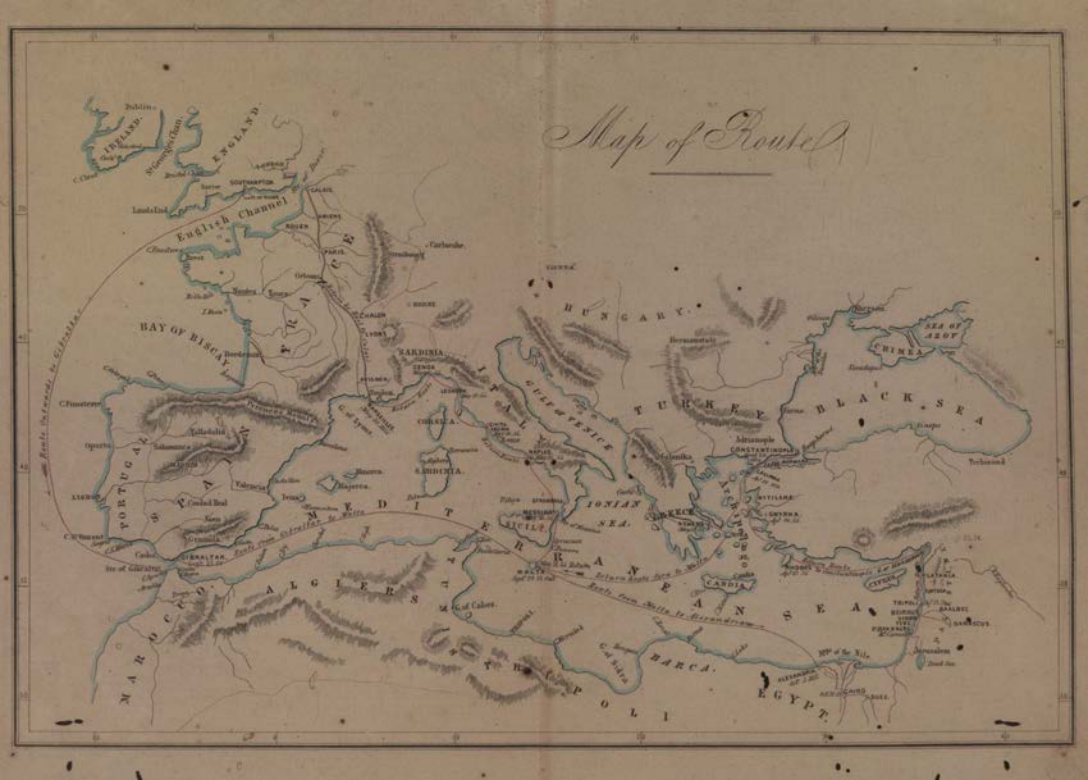
SHADOWS OF THE EAST.


Map of Route
IRELAND
ENGLAND
English Channel
BAY OF BISCAY
FRANCE
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ALGIERS
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
BARCA
EGYPT
HUNGARY
TURKEY
BLACK SEA
SEA OF AZOF
CRIMEA
GREECE
IONIAN SEA
CANDIA
CYPRUS
GIBRALTAR
SARDINIA
SICILY
Route Overland to Gibraltar
Route from Gibraltar to Malta
Route from Malta to Alexandria

SHADOWS OF THE EAST;

OR

SLIGHT SKETCHES

OF

SCENERY, PERSONS, AND CUSTOMS,

FROM OBSERVATIONS DURING A TOUR IN 1853 AND 1854,

IN EGYPT, PALESTINE, SYRIA, TURKEY, AND GREECE.

BY

CATHERINE TOBIN.

85584
ac

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

"For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee."

ISAIAH lx. 1, 2.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1855.

00085584

TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

JAMES,

LORD BISHOP OF CORK, CLOYNE, AND ROSS,

THIS VOLUME

OF

EASTERN TRAVELS

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

OUTLINE OF JOURNEY.

1853.

Sept.	20	Left Southampton
„	25	Arrived at Gibraltar
„	29	„ Malta
Oct.	3	„ Alexandria
„	8	Left Alexandria for Cairo
„	9	Arrived at Atfeh
„	12	„ Cairo
„	14	Commenced Voyage on Nile
„	16	Arrived at Beni Souef
„	18	„ Carm Abou Omar
„	19	„ Shekh Abádeh
„	20	„ Abou Fayda
„	21	„ Siout
„	22	Left Siout
„	24	Arrived at Menshéëh
„	25	„ Girgeh
„	26	Remained at Girgeh
„	27	Arrived at Ilow
„	28	„ Keneh
„	29	Left Keneh
„	31	Arrived at Luxor
Nov.	1	„ Erment
„	2	„ Esné
„	3	Remained at Esné

1853.

Nov.	4	Arrived near Edfou
„	5	„ at Kom Ombo
„	6	„ at Assouan
„	7	Visited Island of Elephantine
„	8	„ Philœ
„	9	Left Assouan
„	10	Arrived at Kom Ombo
„	11	Arrived at Edfou
„	12	„ Esné
„	13	„ Erment
„	14	„ Luxor
„	15	Remained at Luxor
„	16	
„	17	
„	18	Visited Temple at Erment
„	19	„ Tombs in Valley of Kings
„	20	Remained at Thebes
„	21	
„	22	Left Luxor and arrived at Keneh
„	23	Remained at Keneh and Visited Dendera
„	24	Arrived at Ballianeh
„	25	Remained at Ballianeh and Visited Ruins at Abydus
„	26	Arrived at Bardées
„	27	„ Girgeh
„	28	On Voyage—no stopping place
„	29	Arrived at Siout
„	30	Remained at Siout
Dec.	1	Arrived at Shekh Abádeh
„	2	„ Beni Hassan
„	3	„ Minyeh
„	4	„ Beni Souef
„	5	„ Sakkára
„	7	Visited Pyramid at Geezeh
„	8	Arrived at Boulak
„	9	„ Cairo
		Remained at Cairo until the 24th.

1853.			Hours.	Miles.
Dec.	24	Left Cairo, (on camels), towards Suez	5	15
,,	28	At Suez, arrived at Ayoun Moussa by water	4	0
,,	29	In the Wilderness	8½	26
,,	30	The Same	8	24
,,	31	The Same	8½	26
1854.				
Jan.	1	The Same	9	27
,,	2	The Same	9	27
,,	3	The Same	8½	26
,,	4	The Same	8½	26
,,	5	Arrived at Mount Sinai	5	15
,,	6	Remained at Mount Sinai—ascended by Gebel Moussa		
,,	7	Remained at Mount Sinai—visited Convent of Forty Martyrs		
,,	8	Remained at Mount Sinai		
,,	9	Left Mount Sinai	6	18
,,	10	In the Wilderness	8½	26
,,	11	The Same	9	27
,,	12	The Same	9	27
,,	13	The Same	9	27
,,	14	Arrived at Nakhel	9½	28
,,	15	Remained at Nakhel		
,,	16	Left Nakhel	5	16
,,	17	In the Wilderness	9	27
,,	18	The Same	8½	25
,,	19	The Same	9	27
,,	20	The Same	9½	29
,,	21	The Same to Gaza	11¾	36
,,	22	In Quarantine at Gaza		
,,	23	The Same		
,,	24	The Same		
,,	25	Left the Same and arrived near Askelon	6	12
,,	26	Passed Ashdod through the Town of Youbna to Ramla	11½	24
,,	27	Ramla to Jaffa and back to Ramla, (horses)	6	24
,,	28	Ramla to Jerusalem	10	36
,,	29	Remained at Jerusalem until 7th February		
Feb.	7	Left Jerusalem for Jericho	7	30

1854.		Hours.	Miles.
Feb. 8	To the Jordan	2	8
	To the Dead Sea	1½	6
	To near Mar Saba	6	24
„ 9	To Mar Saba	1	3
	To Pools of Solomon	1	4
	To Bethlehem	2	8
	To Jerusalem	2½	10
	Remained at Jerusalem until the 28th February		
Feb. 28	Left Jerusalem for Beeri	3	12
March 1	Remained at Beeri		
„ 2	Returned to Jerusalem	3	12
	Remained there until the 14th March		
„ 14	Left Jerusalem for Beeri	3	12
„ 15	Arrived at Khan Leban	4	12
„ 16	Arrived at Nablous	6	22
„ 17	Remained at Nablous		
„ 18	Arrived at Sebaste	3½	13
	And at Djenin	4	16
„ 19	Arrived at Nazareth	5	30
	Arrived at Mount Tabor	2	12
„ 20	Arrived at Tiberias	4½	18
„ 21	Remained at Tiberias		
„ 22	Arrived at Cana	4½	26
	To Nazareth	1	6
„ 23	Arrived at Caifa	5	30
	To Mount Carmel	1	7
„ 24	Remained at Mount Carmel		
„ 25	Arrived at St. Jean d' Acre	3	18
	To Bassa	in 4	24
„ 26	At Stairs of Tyre	in 2	12
	At Tyre	in 3	18
	At Asmia	in 3	18
„ 27	At Sidon	in 3	12
	At Nebbi Yunas	in 6	24
„ 28	Arrived at Beirout	5	30
	Remained at Beirout until the 31st, when we started for Damascus		

1854.			Hours.	Miles.
March	31	Arrived at Khan Hossein	5	20
April	1	„ Khan Meredjed...	6	24
„	2	Remained there		
„	3	Arrived at Khan Madje	4	12
„	4	Remained there		
„	5	Arrived at Damas ... ... in ...	6½	20
		„ Damascus... ... ... in ...	5½	20
		Remained at Damascus until the		
„	9	Arrived at Zebdani	7½	30
„	10	„ Baalbec	7	32
„	11	Remained at Baalbec		
„	12	Arrived at Ixera	7½	30
„	13	„ Khan Hossein	7	30
„	14	„ Beirout	5	16
		Remained at Beirout until the 20th		
„	20	Left Beirout by French steamer in evening		
„	21	Arrived at Tripoli ... ... in ...	8½ hours	
		„ Tortosa	3	„
		„ Latakia	3	„
„	22	Arrived at Scanderoon, visited Nebbi Yunas		
„	23	At Messis		
„	24	At Sea		
„	25	Arrived at Rhodes		
„	26	„ at Smyrna		
„	27	„ at Mitylene		
„	28	„ at Troas and Gallipoli		
„	29	„ at Constantinople until 10th May		
May	10	Left Constantinople by French Steamer		
„	11	Arrived at Gallipoli		
„	12	Arrived at Pirœus, in Quarantine		
„	13	Arrived at Athens		
„	14	At Athens		
„	15	Visited Plains of Marathon		
„	16	At Athens		
„	17	Visited Eleusis, to the Pirœus, and from thence by French Steamer		
„	18	Arrived at Syra		

1854.

May	19	At Sea towards Malta
„	20	The Same
„	21	Arrived at Malta
„	22	At Malta
„	23	Left Malta in French Steamer
„	24	Arrived at Messina
„	25	Arrived at Naples
„	26	Arrived at Civitá Vecchia
„	27	Arrived at Leghorn and Genoa
„	28	Arrived at Marseilles
„	29	Arrived at Avignon
		Remained at Avignon
„	31	Arrived at Chalons
June	1	Arrived at Paris
„	2	Arrived at Calais
„	3	Arrived in London.

PREFACE.

THERE is an interest in what may be termed the "Biblical Eastern Countries," that no supply of information seems to satisfy; and the demand for which appears to be as unabated as the mine is inexhaustible.

The volume now presented to the reader, is compiled from notes written while the facts they record, and the feelings they excited, were still vivid in my thoughts and memory; and, in most instances, it is nearly word for word with my journal.

Not the slightest attempt at erudition or political speculation will be found in the following pages: on the contrary, they chiefly dwell upon the trifling incidents of a tourist's life in the East, and his intercourse with the different classes of society.

To Lieutenant Colonel R. F. Crawford, Royal Artillery, I am greatly obliged for an admirable drawing, taken by himself upon the shore of the Dead Sea; and which more correctly represents the awful desolation of that dreary spot, than any picture I have hitherto seen.

I also beg to return my most sincere thanks to Messrs. Day and Son, London, for their kindness. in

allowing me to make use of several illustrations from Roberts' "Syria;" of which magnificent work they have purchased the copyright, with intention to republish it; and for that reason I feel particularly indebted to their liberality.

Alas! since this work was written, four of the friends whose names I have occasionally mentioned are now no more. Captain Moresby of the "Ripon"; Mrs. Klein of Nazareth; Lieut. Col. Carpenter, 41st Regiment, a brave officer and truly excellent man, was killed at the battle of Inkerman, November 5th; lastly, Captain Henry M. Bouverie, Coldstream Guards, who fell in the same action at the Crimea: this amiable young man, deservedly esteemed by all who knew him, was only son of the late Lieut. Genl. Sir Henry Bouverie, G.C.B., formerly Governor of Malta.

The heroic General Pennefather still lives to adorn our gallant army. May he long be spared to reap the just reward of his valour, and witness in those around him the good effects of his noble example both in public and private life.

C. T.

Ballincollig,
January, 1855.

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SHADOWS OF THE EAST.

On Tuesday the 19th of September, 1853, we left London for Southampton. Our party consisted of four. The weather was lovely, and we were glad to escape from the crowded and busy streets of the metropolis. About half way, the two vacant seats in our railway carriage were amply filled by a good humoured Jersey couple, whose dimensions and jollity would not have been lost upon Dickens or Cruikshank. In fact the lady fairly stuck fast in the doorway for a moment, and the gentleman carried a bundle nearly as large as himself.

We slept at Radley's comfortable hotel, and at two o'clock the next day went on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam ship "Ripon." The weather continued fine enough to *calm* the apprehensions of the most desponding. The band was playing, leave-takings were going on; crying, laughing, scolding, pushing, &c., amid sorting of baggage, and all the confusion and noise inseparable from such occasions. I confess that my extreme aversion to sea voyages, makes me an unfair judge; but in truth the first sight of our sleeping cabin was not very cheering; the best berths had been secured, as usual, long before we had applied for accommodation. Our fellow passengers, eighty in number, (including children and servants, one hundred and thirty-three) were

chiefly officers proceeding to join their respective regiments stationed at Gibraltar, Malta, India, or Australia. We had five newly-married couples on board, three of whom were going out to India; a pleasing family of Portuguese Indians; a Missionary of the Church of England, a German by birth, whose vocation it is to preach the gospel at Nazareth, and who has lately married an English woman; an English girl, travelling under their care, to join the Jewish mission at Jerusalem, &c. Those who felt well enough to take an interest in what was passing, watched the porpoises sporting around the ship, and reports were current that a whale had been seen. We did not approach sufficiently near to the coast of Portugal to discern objects on shore. Between three and four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, we had a distant view of Cape St. Vincent. We also hailed a merchant vessel bound from Trieste to Lisbon; she had been delayed by contrary winds, and already had been seventy-five days at sea. The weather continued most propitious (even the dreaded waters of the Bay of Biscay were perfectly still) until our arrival at Gibraltar, on the morning of Sunday 25th; Captain Moresby expressed some fears, which however proved groundless—that our landing might be opposed on account of two or three cholera cases having lately appeared in London.

The well-known rock of Gibraltar has been made so familiar by pen and pencil to every British subject, that I need not attempt fully to describe it here. We stood gazing with admiration upon the bold outline of the Spanish coast, *the* rock itself with its wondrous galleries, the picturesque towns of Algesiras and San Roque, the more distant shore of Africa, the blue and cloudless sky, the sea, the ships, and the pretty boats with their lateen sails, manned by Spanish boatmen. About ten o'clock we passed Tarifa, and came to anchor soon afterwards. The gossips declared that a *proposal* was made and accepted that morning, and furthermore, that the parties never met until the Wednesday of our departure. They must be a fascinating pair indeed who could make a conquest of each other on board

a steamer! Anxious to escape the deafening uproar caused by impatient passengers and eager watermen, we secured a boat as soon as possible. The sun's power had increased as we proceeded southwards. It was now intensely hot, and there was a considerable swell on the water. We were literally *tossed* on shore in about twenty minutes; and on the landing place hired an intelligent Cicerone, a Moorish Jew, born at Gibraltar. After walking a short distance up a narrow street, we seized upon two *calesas* for our party. These vehicles are a sort of high phæton studded with brass nails, and have hoods that can be raised or let down at pleasure. The wheels are enormously large, the cushions are usually red or some other bright colour, and are often fringed with gold. The horses are decorated with fringe and tassels. The driver smokes his cigar with perfect *nonchalance*, wears a red sash round his waist, and a becoming head-dress of black velvet, somewhat turban-shaped. These *calesas* contain two persons, and the driver sits on a narrow seat in front. We were famously shaken, but what a charm there is in novelty! we talked and asked questions, admired and wondered, and declared we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The heat of Gibraltar must be nearly unbearable in summer, judging from what it was at the end of September, and from the dry parched aspect of every species of vegetation. There was little to remind one of England, save the numerous signs in our language over the shop doors, and the uniform of our soldiers and sailors.

Here are congregated the natives of many a foreign land. Our drive presented a strange and attractive succession of groups in various costumes and attitudes. There was the snowy white turban of the Moor—the Jew from Barbary—the dark-eyed Spaniard—and among the women we saw a few who wore mantillas. We were met by a fine flock of Barbary goats, several of them without horns. As we drove up the Alameda towards Europa Point, the road was bordered on each side by the aloe, cactus, and geranium in full flower; there were also a few palms, and the paper tree.

A little creeping plant indigenous to the soil, finds its way all over the rock. Two thousand Jews reside at Gibraltar; their burial ground was pointed out to us. We noticed some rather pretty villas, but no fresh verdure surrounded them. The view of the sea from Europe Point is magnificent. Descending from thence, by a lower road, towards the town, we alighted at the gate of the English cemetery, but were civilly refused admittance by a British sentinel.

The glimpse we obtained from the outside shewed us a few unostentatious monuments among the tall cypresses. Instead of visiting the batteries we drove across the neutral ground, and entered a hamlet within the Spanish line, occupied for the most part by coffee houses and fruit shops. Fine melons were lying in heaps upon the ground. We regaled ourselves with prickly pears and peaches, at the price of twelve for a penny. Standing near these shops were donkeys adorned with gay tassels, and loaded with panniers of fruit from Malaga. When we returned to the landing place we were besieged by a clamorous mob of fruit vendors, &c. Our steamer was under weigh soon after four o'clock.

Captain Moresby told us that this was the best passage he had made during the year; but we now began to endure a disagreeable ground swell, and few of our fellow-passengers escaped its annoyances. The heat too was almost insufferable, and the sea ran so high that we could not open the port-holes: we got on, however, at the rate of 11 knots an hour.

Soon after six, p.m. on Thursday the 29th we anchored off Malta, and luckily at no great distance from the shore, for it was nearly dark. The uproar that ensued was terrific, and worse than all the noise, was the coaling of the steamer. We speedily found a sharp loquacious guide, and by his aid were dragged into a small boat, and in five minutes were landed near the fortress of St. Elmo—but dimly visible through the surrounding gloom. We groped our way up some broad flights of

steps, and along narrow streets, whose quaint old buildings of massive architecture, with their projecting upper stories, made us long for a daylight view of them. We bemoaned the Captain's positive order that we should be on board again at midnight. Our guide first conducted us to Muir's library, where we made sundry purchases of books and maps; and ate ices, frozen by snow brought from Mount Etna. For six of these, and cakes *ad libitum*, we were charged 1s. 4d. At Dunsford's hotel, where we took tea, we bought some specimens of Maltese jewellery, mittens, and lace; and what was more necessary to our comfort, engaged a Maltese dragoman, Vincenzo Belluti by name. A contract with this worthy was quickly concluded, according to which he was to receive five pounds per day from the time of our arrival at Alexandria. For this sum we were to be free from all other expenses during the journey, wine excepted.

As we retraced our steps towards the landing place, we passed several men stretched at full length on the bare stones, and fast asleep; one man slept soundly, with a couple of the pretty long-haired dogs of Malta lying across his feet. We need not have returned to the "Ripon" so punctually. The coaling was not completed, and the general confusion was as great as ever. The conveying of some specie on board delayed us until three o'clock, a.m. On the following Sunday, divine service according to the Church of England, was performed twice by Mr. Klein, the German missionary. The sea had become calmer, but we suffered much from the heat. At one o'clock on Monday we assembled in the Saloon to partake of an early dinner. I did not observe many signs of grief among our companions at the idea of our *speedy release*. The health of Captain Moresby and his officers was drunk with due honours, and the attention paid by them all to the comfort of the passengers was gratefully acknowledged. Captain Moresby has been several years in the East. He is an excellent draftsman. Our dinner was soon over,

and we hurried on deck. The Egyptian pilot, in a yellow turban and red sash, was standing on one of the paddle-boxes. Alexandria lies very low, and when approached by sea, can only be seen at a distance of eighteen miles. Whenever a steamer chances to arrive after dark, she always defers entering the harbour, which is very dangerous, until daybreak. We vainly tried to count the numerous windmills near the shore. The catacombs, as we saw them from the deck of our steamer, resembled huge molehills. As soon as we came to anchor, our dragoman went on shore to secure rooms at the Hotel de l'Europe, and we were left a full hour to amuse ourselves with watching the Arabs who crowded round the "Ripon" with their boats. Their brown skins and gay dresses were set off to advantage by the bright sunshine, and the deep blue of both sky and sea. At last Vincenzo returned with a boat, manned, as they generally are by Arab *fellaheen*. On the landing-place were camels laden with water-skins—fruit-stalls—Arab women seated on the ground, one of whom, of darker complexion than the rest, was pouring cold water from a tin can over her feet—low long-shaped carts with small wheels, drawn by two horses—and a countless number of donkeys ready saddled, waiting to be hired, and each attended by a gaily attired leader, almost invariably a young boy. Vincenzo having put us into an omnibus, open at the sides, set off with the luggage to the custom-house, and away we started, thoroughly disposed to relish this our first transit through the streets of an eastern city. The ten minutes drive to our hotel showed us processions of loaded camels, groups of turbaned individuals smoking their long pipes in the doorways, veiled Turkish and Egyptian women, soldiers and police (a lazy looking set), and here and there a European carriage driven by an Arab coachman. The idlers who thronged the entrance to the hotel differed but little from those thus encountered elsewhere, save in their picturesque costumes. Our apartments, uncarpeted, were spacious and lofty. In the Saloon were

broad well stuffed divans, large mirrors, and a handsome glass chandelier which hung from the ceiling. The beds were clean, and we found them very comfortable after the hard and narrow mattresses of the "Ripon." The "housemaid's work" was done by a goodnatured looking Arab.

Having taken possession of our quarters, we were introduced to Mr. Layard's friend, Mr. Ross, and then walked to the Damascus bazaar, where we saw some handsome silken stuffs, many of which were interwoven with gold. On our way we met a party of veiled slaves on *donkey back*, and bought some sweet-scented bouquets, each of which was tied round a piece of stick about six inches long, and the whole were stuck into a large cucumber, and thus carried by the men who sold them. The golden tint of the sky at sunset, to which darkness almost immediately succeeded, was very beautiful. Tired as we all felt after our long voyage, the extreme heat of the weather and the excitement of novelty, we in vain went to bed early—we could not sleep—the noise of dogs in the streets howling, carts rolling, and the call of the watch echoing from street to street, were incessant. We rose betimes the next morning, and rode to some clean and well-appointed baths not far from the hotel. We were mounted upon the pretty, active little donkeys, so well remembered by every traveller in Egypt. Their ordinary pace is a quick ambling walk. An avenue of date palms, then laden with fruit, leads to the bathing establishment. The baths which are covered and lined with gaily-coloured tiles, were filled by a man in Greek costume, who brought us an abundant supply of linen. On our return we found that our only companions at the breakfast table were the missionary party. They had lost the chief part of their luggage the day before, but fortunately had found it again after great trouble and anxiety. Our meal concluded, we started on donkeys once more, and rode out of the town along a broad esplanade, where were extensive barracks and officers' quarters, to a new summer palace of the Pacha situated on the Port.

Owing to an order previously obtained, not the slightest objection was made by the guard to admitting us. We walked up an avenue paved with large flag-stones, and bordered with date trees, the oleander with its lovely pink flowers, &c., and entered a circular hall of marble, the roof supported by columns. The staircase, corridors, and apartments are well proportioned, the decorations in admirable taste, and from the windows are charming views of the harbour and shipping. Every luxury which Europe and the East can produce is here combined, and yet the Pacha dares not inhabit this splendid palace, from dread of poison! In the afternoon we bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Klein, whom we promised to visit (D.V.) at Nazareth. They journeyed across the short desert from Cairo to El Arisch.

It was no small amusement to stand on a balcony, and watch the proceedings in the great square where this hotel and some others are situated. There are numbers of dogs, whose appearance confirms the assertion that the Arabs consider they are performing a religious duty by feeding them. Each dog has his own peculiar beat, and will not patiently allow intrusion. We had a third ride after taking leave of the Kleins, and passed a large convent on our way to the English Consulate. The latter is a handsome building, and adjoining it is a stiffly laid out garden, open to the public. While walking there we fancied we heard the humming of bees, but the sound was in reality produced by a water-wheel. We soon saw another to which earthen pitchers were attached, and which was turned by two donkeys. Of the far-famed obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles one is standing, the other prostrate, and half buried in the sand—the latter is destined for the British Museum. We had, as the Americans say, *done* a good day's work, and were hot, tired, and hungry, when we re-ascended the steep staircase of the Hotel de l'Europe. Mr. T. and Vincenzo were absorbed in preparations for our Nile voyage. A boat nearly new, the best and largest, had

been hired for two months, at £70 per month, and our Maltese cook was the most talented *Chef* in Alexandria. Vincenzo said we must prove the truth of all this by giving a grand dinner on board whenever we chanced to meet a "genteel party." V.'s brother (Salvo by name) accompanied us from Malta as his deputy. There was another Maltese too, called Antonio, the "ladies' valet." Our crew consisted of a Reis (Captain), second Reis, sixteen sailors, a cook for the crew, and a black boy attendant on the first Reis.

Wednesday, October 5th, we passed some remarkably fine buffaloes, as we rode along a broad avenue of acacias towards Pompey's pillar. How does the traveller of taste turn away in disgust from the names of our countrymen barbarously defacing this noble relic! Not far from hence, and nearer to the town, we dismounted, and walked through an Arab burying ground. The graves were simple, and generally oblong. Upon all of them grew a shrub of the aloe tribe, with straight prickly leaves. Some of the tombs were curiously and gaudily painted. Under a column beneath a plastered canopy, the roof composed merely of wooden rafters, are deposited the remains of a son of Mohammed Ali—Hossayn Pacha. Close to this monument is a fountain for the convenience of passers by, but how the water is supplied we could not satisfactorily understand. As we approached the city, our guide informed us that the Arabs were now celebrating their Christmas, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of a great fair. The stalls were supplied chiefly with fruit, vegetables, and fish: children were diverting themselves with swings and merry-go-rounds. The noisy urchins were seated in large wooden creels, and shouted with delight when they were put in motion. To our left were barracks, and near them some wretched mud hovels, which are constantly washed away by heavy rains. They are nearly all alike, and have each two small rooms. They are inhabited by soldiers' families. Women and children, wretchedly clad, were seated

on the ground, or loitering in front of their no less miserable abodes. It was a pitiable sight to behold.

Our guide next conducted us through the Arab quarter of the town, by far the most interesting part of Alexandria, to the Turkish and Jewish Bazaars. As we rode along we purchased a few of the trifles in daily use; such as the paper lanterns with their brown wax tapers, pincushions with two droll little glass bottles (for kohl and henna) stuck into them, purses, &c. The Turkish bazaar is covered in, and light is admitted through apertures between the rafters; the shops are open, and their owners lazily recline within them, smoking their pipes. The goods consist principally of woollen and silken stuffs, and slippers. The Jewish bazaar is not covered in. We purchased some Egyptian women's ornaments, such as are worn by the lower classes; among others, bunches of silk, beads, and cowrie shells—worn in the hair as a protection from the "Evil eye."

Of course we were located in what is called the Frankish quarter of Alexandria; the hotel is comfortable, and the table d' hôte good. For dessert we had bananas, fresh figs, and dates. The Belgian Ambassador's house is nearly opposite: when finished (for it is not yet completed) it will be a handsome building. Its architecture reminds one of Venice. The windows are pointed, and have Moorish ornaments. The arrival of an Indian mail was rather exciting; the passengers, among whom were several puny children, *looked* very sallow, and *were* very noisy. They came from Cairo to Alexandria in two steamers, one of which got aground, and was delayed fourteen hours after the other, much to Captain Moresby's dismay, for he was in haste to depart. Mr. Ross told us that the inundation of the Nile was higher this year than it had been heretofore, within the memory of man. In one respect this circumstance might be in our favour, as we should thereby be enabled to see above the banks. To the country at large, however,

the immediate consequences were deplorable, as whole villages had been destroyed.

Our next ride was to the Catacombs. We passed an Arab marriage procession; there were a few grotesque figures, and some discordant music. A gaily dressed little boy, about five years old, on horseback, was, at the same time, on his way to be circumcised. It is usual for Egyptian parents to parade their children through the streets on these occasions; and as a means of avoiding unnecessary expense, they willingly avail themselves of the occurrence of a bridal.* On our left were some extensive barracks, lately occupied by a large body of troops destined for Turkey.

The Catacombs are of immense extent, and still retain specimens of Doric entablatures and mouldings; some of them, close to the shore, and on a level with the sea, have obtained the name of Cleopatra's *baths*. Not very far from hence is a *kiosk* (summer palace) belonging to Said Pacha, son of Mohammed Ali: we were not admitted into the building, which is of very ordinary exterior, but were allowed to walk through the neatly laid out garden. Channels and little embankments, for the purpose of irrigation, border each parterre. Orange and lemon trees, the date palm, roses, geraniums—and beautiful jessamines, with blossoms much larger, but not so sweet-scented as those of our own country, here flourish luxuriantly. From the *kiosk* lead four avenues of acacias. In the course of our ride we saw several *sákiyehs* (water wheels), some standing idle, others turned by oxen. The tamarisk tree is very common.

On Friday, October 7th, the heat during the early part of the day was so intense that we could not venture out until after three o'clock; when we set off on foot to make purchases for our voyage up the Nile. One must pay ruinous prices in Egypt for all European articles; indeed the cost of provisions, and everything else, has increased four-fold within the last few years; consequently an Eastern tour is now-a-days far more

* See Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. 1, page 87.

expensive than formerly. Thanks however to the firm rule of Mohammed Ali, and his son Ibrahim Pacha, the traveller has been enabled of late years to pursue his way *unmolested*, if he will but observe common prudence. The streets of Alexandria are much cleaner than those of the generality of *Italian* towns.

Having finished our shopping, we rode to the Mahmoodéeh canal, about a mile and a half from the hotel, to see our Nile boat. We were quite satisfied with its appearance: it looked very comfortable. The saloon was painted white and gold, and was eleven feet square. There was a large mirror in a handsome gilt frame; there were brackets, hooks, and book shelves; cushioned divans, with lockers underneath them; a round table, chairs, two luxurious *fautcuils*, footstools, and an ample supply of fly brushes. There were curtains to the windows, which, like those of the sleeping cabins, were furnished with Venetian blinds and wooden shutters. Over the beds were hung mosquito curtains of snowy whiteness. . There was a bath room, provided with a plunge, shower, and slipper bath. On deck were divans, mats, carpets, footstools, chairs, and an awning to keep off the sun. There were large store places, abundantly stocked with provisions; and. a meat safe. The pantry showed a bright array of silver forks and spoons, tea and coffee pots, glasses, and crockery; and the compact little baby-house kitchen displayed its new and shining cooking utensils. In short, the perfect order and cleanliness manifest in all the arrangements, promised us every possible alleviation to the fatigues inseparable from such an undertaking as ours. Vincenzo was justly proud of the whole affair.

Considering how many donkeys there are in Egypt, we were surprised to hear that ten pounds is the cost of a really good one. The largest of these animals come from Nubia, and are chiefly employed for carrying goods. We greatly admired the flocks of goats, as they were driven along to be milked—with their long pendant ears. There are a few nice

country houses between Alexandria and the Mahmoodéeh canal, the two best are those of the English and Dutch consuls. We passed a handsome Greek Catholic Church, with an enclosure. There is likewise a large English Church not yet finished, within the city, the stone for which was brought from Malta, but unfortunately, will not stand the climate of Egypt, and must be painted over. No wonder the soldiers have a poverty-stricken and spiritless look, and that their families are destitute of every necessary of life. Their daily pay amounts to one penny-farthing; they are allowed one pound of bread per day, and two pounds of meat during the week! The military bands are execrable!

We felt no regret at leaving Alexandria. The sights are speedily exhausted; and after the excitement consequent upon one's first arrival in an eastern city (however little Alexandria may now claim to be thus considered) has passed away, one begins to find out that the dust, heat, and noise of its streets, make it anything but a desirable residence. Our rooms were grand and spacious, it is true, but they were without bells—a wise arrangement, considering there were no servants to answer them. The doors, with one or two exceptions, pretended to have locks and latches, but could only be kept shut by means of boxes and chairs; and the two French clocks in our saloon were evidently placed there for *ornament*.

We left the Hotel de l'Europe for our Dahabéeh ("Clothilde") about ten o'clock p.m. on Saturday, October 8th. All was ready for our reception. Two charming bouquets of flowers graced the round table in the saloon. We were soon under weigh; and although, from the experience of other travellers, we had been led to expect trouble with the Arab crew on starting, our departure was peaceable and in good order. We soon felt quite at home. Salvo and Antonio (the *valets*) under Vincenzo's direction, arranged the table for dinner; making all the time constant and vigorous use of the fly-brushes.

While our meal was preparing, we amused ourselves by watching the proceedings of our sailors; seven of whom seated themselves in a circle, sang, and clapped their hands; while an eighth man danced in the centre, and blew a wild sort of accompaniment through a red trumpet-shaped tube. One of the sitting Arabs beat with his hand upon a small earthenware drum (*darabukkeh*), the ends of which were covered with sheep skin. Judging from the frequent bursts of merriment, this performance must be very enjoyable. It was repeated many times during the first evening, and on several other occasions.

Our dinners were elegantly served in the Italian style. We had indeed greater variety than we needed. Our breakfasts also were most comfortable. We usually breakfasted between eight and nine, dined at three, and had tea at seven. Salvo and Antonio always worked hard with the fly-brushes while we sat at table, otherwise we should have swallowed more flies than anything else. If the servants paused for a moment to hand a plate, our enemies swarmed upon us and our food by *millions*. They do not sting, but they annoy one dreadfully by crawling into one's mouth, and into one's eyes. Ever and anon we succeeded in beating them out of the saloon, and then closing both windows and doors; preferring even suffocation to the unwelcome company of our persevering tormentors; but the instant the door opened, back they came in greater numbers than before. If we particularly wished to employ ourselves, our only chance was to sit upon our beds, and draw the musquito curtains closely all round.

During the first few days of our voyage the wind was in our favour, but there was very little of it; and our progress was rather slow, the men occasionally towing us. For many miles, the banks of the Mahmoodéeh canal are studded with substantial villas and farms, belonging to the citizens of Alexandria. We passed some immense dredging machines. The heat was dreadful, and we wearied ourselves

with gazing on the monotonous banks of either side. We occasionally glided past some ancient mounds; and saw an Arab burying-ground with tombs of clay. Of course our whole *establishment* were great smokers. The pipe of the common sailors is a rude description of Nárgeeleh, consisting of two tubes, the lower and thicker of which is fixed into a cocoa-nut. The first and second reis use the ordinary Turkish pipe. Vincenzo smokes his *cigar* in solemn dignity, while giving the necessary orders.

In the afternoon of Sunday, October 9th, we reached Atfeh, where the canal joins the Nile. Here a few sycamores and acacias flourish close to the water's edge. Atfeh itself is but a wretched village of mud huts—most of them round. We hurried over our dinner, and went on deck to watch the motion of our little vessel, as she passed through the locks into the river. We had been delayed a full hour, to comply with certain French custom-house regulations. The reis ran us aground for some minutes, in his efforts to avoid swamping a boat belonging to a small steamer. Once clear we began our voyage up the Nile in good earnest. We remained on deck, admiring the glorious sunset, richly colouring the sky, land, and water, with a reddish golden tinge; and watching the graceful *cangias* and *feluccas*, which looked at a distance like birds with their wings spread, as they glided or lay at anchor on the surface of the noble river. The view from the Nile up the Mahmoodéeh canal is very beautiful. Near Adfeh is a line of white houses, occupied by government officers. As darkness rapidly approached we were attracted by the lights of Fooah, whose pretty minarets rise on the opposite side—a short distance up the stream—to Adfeh. The current was very strong, but our fine fellows pulled their oars vigorously, and accompanied each stroke with their own peculiar chorus. These oars were remarkably large and heavy, and three men were required to each, one of whom only was seated. Our first reis, Regib-a-Bournabout, had an excellent expression of countenance,

which did not belie his character during the two months he was in our service. He was a *dandy* too, and had such a well stocked wardrobe that he seemed to have a different dress for every day in the week: some of his vests and *kuftáns* were really beautiful; and had been given him by gentlemen with whom he had travelled, in token of approval. His turban of snowy white muslin was folded to perfection round his red *tarboosh*. The second reis was remarkably handsome, and his conduct also was very good. He would have made the fortune of an artist, for he was the *beau idéal* of an Egyptian Arab. His costume was carefully studied, and very becoming. He usually wore blue linen *libás* (drawers), a red cloth vest, richly embroidered with gold, a sash of crimson silk—and over all he threw a white *burnoos*. He had for some time been steersman on board a barge, kept for the use of Said Pacha's *hareem*, and never saw the ladies but once! When they wished to go on shore, the boatmen were sent off to a distance! All our Arabs behaved well, and were on every occasion ready to assist us when we came to difficult or dangerous places on shore. Great firmness and kindness united are the best means of ruling them. The common sailors receive three shillings per week as their pay. Their fare is simple; their dinner being of coarse bread and cucumbers, or some other vegetable. They are extremely fond of dates when they can have them. "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick."—Numbers xi. 5.

The sun rose in all his glory the following day upon a lovely scene. Scarcely a cloud was in the sky, the Nile was covered with boats and rafts, and many fine palms and sycamores grew on either bank, some of which reared their tall heads out of the river, so high was the innundation. The small towns with their minarets, and the mud villages, looked most picturesque as we approached them, but were sadly disappointing in reality. Their inhabitants seemed poor and wretched in the extreme, and the

children ran about quite naked. Their round huts have usually flat roofs, but are sometimes pointed at the top like a sugar loaf. We saw now and then a whole village built in this way, of mud or unburnt bricks.

On Wednesday, October 12th, the Pyramids were in sight. Wonderful and mysterious creations! They stood distinct in the desert before us. No other object was there to turn our attention from their clear outlines. We were not even in motion, for the wind had become directly contrary.

While we were at dinner, a large cargo boat coming close alongside of us, and some mutual offence being taken (from what cause it was impossible clearly to ascertain), a grand quarrel ensued—luckily of *words* only—between the two crews. The *hubbub* was terrific for ten minutes. Our Arabs stood prepared for fighting, if necessary. On the first alarm one of the men ran below and brought up a bundle of thick sticks, which were kept for the purpose of driving away wild dogs. His companions were speedily armed, and had it not been for Vincenzo, who rushed into the midst of them, and enforced his authority, they would have come to blows.

We awoke the next morning to the sound of a heavy shower of rain; but the wind had changed in our favour, and we were advancing rapidly towards Cairo. Said Pacha's elegant little steam yacht was cruising about. Antonio was once in his Highness's employ as a servant, and told us there was nothing to remark in him except his enormous size. We passed the new and beautiful bridge of *Barrage*, the object of which is to retain the water of the Nile, for the purpose of irrigating the land, after the inundation has subsided; and thus avoiding the great expense of water-wheels. This gigantic work—although begun fifteen years ago by a French engineer, M. Linant, who was also its projector*—is not

* Murray's Hand Book for Egypt.

yet completed. As we approached the capital, the scenery became more and more interesting. The palace of Shoobra was pointed out to us on our left. At noon we came to anchor at Boulák, the port of Cairo, and immediately despatched Antonio to secure donkeys. He soon returned with the number required, and we were thereby enabled to mount them without being torn in pieces by rival competitors. We ladies found ourselves ill at ease on the Arab saddles just at first; but speedily learnt to think them as comfortable as any others, though not so safe—according to *our* mode of riding—as they are for Egyptian women, who sit astride upon them. We passed quickly through some narrow streets; up the broad road that leads from Boulák direct to Cairo; and entered the city, by the Uzbe*k*éëh gate, into the immense square of that name, which contains about 150,000 square feet. It is laid out partly as a garden, partly in fields; and trees are planted along the banks of the canal which surrounds it: a road runs through the centre. We were shown on our left the house in which Kleber was murdered. On one side of the Uzbe*k*éëh is the Copt quarter; on another that of the Franks, where the best hotels are situated. Grand Cairo, though bereft of her ancient grandeur, is still, even in her decay, a noble city. Many were the objects of interest that attracted our gaze as we proceeded. We met a group of ladies walking, or rather *shuffling* along. They were attired in rose coloured *tóbs* (gowns), with gold-embroidered girdles. Except the eyes, they entirely concealed their faces with their *burkos* (veils), which were made of single stripes of white muslin, reaching nearly to their feet. Over all they wore the black silk *habarah* (a kind of cloak). Lane remarks* that the veil is of very remote antiquity; but that judging from the sculpture and paintings of the ancient Egyptians, it was not adopted in early times by the females of that country. "For she *had* said unto the servant, What

* See Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. 1, page 76.

man is this that walketh in the field to meet us? and the servant *had* said, It is my master: therefore she took a vail and covered herself."—Genesis xxiv. 65.

The most common dress of the lower orders of women consists merely of a blue linen shirt, and an upper garment of blue linen or muslin, thrown over the head and shoulders—a portion of which is often made to supply the place of the usual black crape veil, by being stretched across the face. They are very fond of ornaments, however trumpery, and adorn their persons with a profusion of rings, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, &c. Some of them stain their lips blue, which has a very unpleasing effect; and among all classes, the custom prevails of blackening the eyelids round their edges, both above and below the eyes, which are almost always beautiful, with *kohl*—a powder made in various ways, and applied with a moistened probe of wood, ivory, or silver. This was a very ancient practice with the Egyptians, as well as among other nations. They likewise frequently stain the nails and other parts of their hands and feet with the leaves of the henna tree, which impart a deep *orange red* colour. The henna is prepared for use by being made into a powder, and mixed to a paste with water. Some ladies put on a second paste immediately after the first has been removed, composed of linseed oil, quick lime, and common smoke black; and thus change the *orange red* hue into one of black or deep olive.* A great many of the peasant women of Egypt are tattooed upon their faces, limbs, and bosoms. Some men too make these marks upon their arms. The dress of men of the higher and middle classes generally consists of a linen or cotton *libás* (drawers), a *kamees* (shirt—How like the word chemise!), a *kuftán* (long vest)—round which is wound a shawl or girdle—and a *gibbeh* (outer robe of coloured cloth). Their shoes are of red morocco, pointed and turned up at the toes. A *tákeeyeh* (closely fitting cap of white cotton), over which is worn the red

* See Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. 1, pages 61–67.

tarboosh—with a long piece of white muslin twisted round the head, to form a turban—completes their costume. Men of the poorest class usually wear a long and full shirt of blue linen or cotton, or of brown woollen stuff, with wide sleeves, and open nearly to the waist. Those who can afford a turban, wind a piece of coarse cotton or muslin round a *tarboosh*, under which is a white cap, or a *libdeh* (cap of brown felt); but a great many are too poor to have a turban, and wear the latter only. In cold weather they often envelop themselves in a coarse, *'abáyeh*, generally striped brown and white. All ranks of Muslims wear a seal ring on the little finger of the right hand. They are generally of *silver*—because the prophet disapproved of gold—with a stone set in them, upon which the wearer's name (and frequently a few words from the *kur-án*) is engraved. The impression of the seal ring is considered more valid than the sign manual. A little ink is dabbed upon it with one of the fingers, and it is pressed upon the paper—the person who uses it having first touched his tongue with another finger, and moistened the place on the paper which is to be stamped.* This is the *signet of Scripture.*

The modern Egyptians, of whom the Arab population is by far the most numerous, are a handsome, well-proportioned race; but the expression of their countenances is remarkably unprepossessing. Their clear brown complexions become gradually darker towards Nubia. The young children are dirty and neglected; they have shrivelled limbs and swollen bodies; it is strange they should improve so much in mature age. Infants are generally carried by their mothers and nurses seated astride on one shoulder.—"And they shall bring thy sons in *their* arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon *their* shoulders."—Isaiah xlix. 22. The group of ladies whom we met as we entered the city has caused me to make a long digression.

* See Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. 1, page 56.

We were obliged to lay in a supply of soft boots and shoes of *colossal* dimensions—(for alas! we had already begun to feel the *plague of boils!*)—at the shop of a Maltese, which was pretty well stocked with European goods at very extravagant prices. We purchased here, among other things, English side-saddles. From thence we went to the Turkish bazaar. Each trade has its own street, wherein the workers ply their craft. We could hardly bear the heat, and pressure of the crowds who thronged them; and we shuddered at what *might* be the consequences of such close contact with their filthy persons. It is extraordinary how seldom *accidents* occur, for the stranger passes along in *terror!* These bazaars are for the most part covered in, to exclude the burning rays of an Egyptian sun. No where are so many blind beggars to be seen as in this country: our pity was excited on all sides by dreadful cases of ophthalmia. There were, however, a few pictures more agreeable to our feelings, as we threaded these intricate and narrow passages, and the quaint old streets of Cairo. We saw many gay and varied costumes—flocks of curly-haired goats—long tailed brown sheep—dogs—camels—water carriers with large jars upon their shoulders, out of which they pour water for the passers by into small tin cups—houses with latticed windows in the true oriental style; and men watering the streets from pig-skins slung across their backs.

We returned to the "Clothilde" to dinner, much overpowered by the excessive heat of the weather. A *khamsin* wind, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, blew during the evening, and covered every thing on board with dust and sand. We should have relished some good English cream with our tea; for buffaloe's milk (and we often were without even that) was a very unwelcome substitute.

The quay of Boulák was covered with merchandize. There is a custom-house here, where duties on exports and imports to and from Alexandria are levied. The town formerly stood on an island, and attained the

advantages of a port when the channel which divided it from the main land was filled up.*

If "a bird in the hand, &c.," is an approved proverb *at home*, it is still more applicable to the traveller; who, by neglecting its wise precept, may repent his laziness when too late. We were—if all went on well—to return to Cairo in December, for ten days at least, to prepare for our Desert journey; but who could foresee the events of two whole months? Accordingly, no time was lost after breakfast in mounting donkeys; and away we rode through some of the curious streets of *Boulák*; passed a very ancient mosque, built of stone—painted in red and white stripes; and likewise the palace (a large unsightly building) of the late Ismail Pacha, youngest son of Mohammed Ali; who was assassinated about thirty years ago, in the province of Shendy, by the Ethiopians, in revenge for his brutal conduct to their chief, Melek Nimr. We came out of Boulák upon the Shoobra road, and made the best of our way to Cairo, with the post-office and British consulate for our two first objects. At the latter, we were shown along a narrow passage into an open court-yard, surrounded by balconies, and up a stone staircase into the apartments above. The streets in this neighbourhood are infinitely narrower than any of those we had so greatly admired the day before. In many of them, the projecting upper stories and latticed windows of the houses nearly meet; sometimes they even intersect each other. We met parts of two funeral processions: women were wailing; and some men were chaunting and carrying banners. Then came one of those processions that take place previous to a marriage: several large baskets on the backs of donkeys, contained presents for the bride, and likewise her trousseau. We next saw a party of Copts; that race which, although claiming descent from the ancient inhabitants of their country, now forms a very small proportion to the rest of the Egyptian

* Murray's Hand Book for Egypt.

nation. The greater number reside in upper Egypt, where some villages are entirely peopled by them. Their dress is the same as that of the Muslims; except in the towns, where they may usually be distinguished by a blue, black, or brown turban, in preference to a white or red one. They are of the sect called "*yaakoobees*" (Jacobites), and cordially detest all other forms of christianity, preferring even the religion of Mohammed. Their head, who represents St. Mark, is styled the Patriarch of Alexandria. He is said to have considerable wealth at his disposal. Confession and fasting are required from members of the Coptic church, which has likewise its public festivals. Their domestic habits are in most respects similar to those of their Muslim neighbours; nor are they now so degraded as they were for centuries before the accession of Mohammed Ali. A little further, we were attracted by a group of *Shereefs* (descendants of the Prophet), wearing green turbans, their *distinguishing badge.*

The Egyptian women are remarkable for their upright carriage—particularly those of the lower orders, who so constantly walk about with large earthen jars or other heavy burdens upon their heads. It is wonderful to see people of both sexes carrying enormous trays in this manner, piled with flat loaves of bread—generally of a coarse kind—and safely treading their way through crowds of pedestrians, loaded camels, donkeys, &c. Such bread as this was doubtless eaten in Joseph's time. At every step some well remembered text of Scripture forces itself in all its truth upon the memory. Eastern customs have undergone but little change since that sacred book was written. The *potter's wheel* is at work in the street; its owner still has "power over the clay."—Rom. ix. part of v. 21.

The exterior of the mosque of Mohammed Ali is yet unfinished. It is erected near the citadel; and save the outer wall, is built entirely of oriental alabaster; consisting of an open court, with a fountain in the centre, where the *faithful* perform their ablutions before they presume

to enter the place of prayer. The court is surrounded by a single row of columns, supporting round arches. Service was going on (this being Friday, was the Mohammedan Sabbath), and we were not admitted until it was over. Before crossing the threshold we were required to take off our boots. An *Imaum* clothed in red was seated just within the doorway. The interior of this mosque is splendid, and of noble proportions. On the right is the tomb of the late Pacha, covered with black velvet richly embroidered with gold, and protected by a high wooden railing. The pulpit of carved wood is richly painted and gilded; and the windows of coloured glass admit a softened light, which sets off the lofty columns supporting the dome to great advantage. The *mehráb* (that portion of the building in the direction of Mecca) is of white marble, with revolving pillars; on each side are huge bronze candlesticks, and the floor is covered with the richest Turkey carpets. The guide informed us that a fine prospect might be obtained by ascending a dark and steep staircase, but we were too lazy to make such an exertion. This mosque is brilliantly lighted up every evening by means of a superb glass chandelier and numerous lanterns suspended from above.

The platform immediately outside the citadel commands a magnificent view of Cairo, the valley of the Nile, and the pyramids. From hence we were shown the spot, a little to the north of the Roomáylee gate, where Emin Bey escaped during the famous massacre of the Memlooks. Within the walls of the citadel is the Pacha's palace; and a well, hewn out of the rock, which bears the name of *Beer Yooscf*, (Joseph's Well), in honour of the Caliph Yooscf el Saláh-e'-deer, the *Saladin* of the crusades, and founder of the Eiyoobite dynasty in Egypt. It is supposed that the ancient Egyptians were the authors of this stupendous undertaking, which in the course of ages became filled up with sand; and that it was rediscovered and excavated by Yoosef Saláh-e'-deen. Having procured a guide and candles, we descended for some distance the winding staircase that leads

to the bottom—a depth of 260 feet—where mules turn a wheel which raises the water into a cistern, from whence it is conveyed above by means of another water wheel of prodigious size, worked by oxen. Saláh-e'-deen likewise founded the aqueduct which at the present day supplies Cairo with water from the Nile. Originally of wood only, it was handsomely re-erected of stone by Sultan El Ghorée, in the year 1518.

Emerging from the gloom and damp of *Beer Yoosef* to the heat and glare of a midday sun, we remounted our donkeys, and rode to the mosque of Jama-t-e'-Soltán Hassan, unquestionably the finest in Cairo. Its porch is lofty and beautifully ornamented; and its spacious court, in the centre of which is a fountain, is surrounded by Saracenic arches. Here, instead of taking off our boots, we were required to put on over them slippers of the rudest form, made of plaited palm leaves. Many legends are said to be connected with this mosque. The interior affords specimens of rich and curious carving, and conveys an idea of solemn grandeur suited to the period of its erection. The tomb, whereon is laid a copy of the Kur-án, bears the date 764 of the Hegira (A.D. 1363), two years subsequent to Sultan Hassan's death. From the side walls are suspended two rows of Syrian glass vases. The dome is of wood and plaister, on a basement and walls of stone. The ornamental details are also of wood and plaister. Like several other edifices in Cairo, this mosque was built of blocks brought from the Pyramids. Close by, is the Soog-e'-Sullah (arms market), kept by Turks from Constantinople. We rode through this and several of the other bazaars.

How truly do pipes and coffee form the staple comforts of Oriental life! In fact, nothing can be done without them. The numerous coffee houses are open to the street, and are furnished with a raised stone seat and a table. All day long individuals hasten through the crowded bazaars, carrying trays of full coffee cups to the shopkeepers and others who cannot conveniently leave their respective employments.

Our guide pointed out to us the Square where Muslim culprits are beheaded. The blood of the *faithful* must not mingle, even in crime, with that of the unbeliever! Christian malefactors are hung in another place set apart for the purpose. We met a party of male slaves, fastened two and two together. By five o'clock we were seated on the deck of our Dahabéeh, and once more gliding gently up the Nile, under a favourable breeze. We had much to occupy our thoughts regarding the many objects of interest we had so lately seen.

The evening was delightfully cool, and we remained in conversation until a late hour; the white buildings on each bank being alone discernible through the surrounding darkness. We passed Old Cairo, where are some large store and government houses; and the island of Rhoda. The wind continued in our favour all the next day; but, contending against a strong current, caused a most unpleasant rolling of our little vessel. It was *consoling* to be told that the same thing would probably occur pretty often in the course of our voyage up the river! The usual monotony of the scene was broken from time to time by a glimpse of some of the smaller pyramids, a few mud villages, rocks, mounds, ruins, groves of palm trees, and—late in the afternoon—the quarry whence the alabaster was procured for erecting Mohammed Ali's mosque.

Our crew performed their devotions five times a day, as enjoined by their religion. Turning in the direction of Mecca, they repeated their *salahs* (prayers) with great seeming earnestness and devotion, prostrating themselves and bowing their heads at frequent intervals. Poor fellows! how hard they worked when exertion was really necessary! and what a noisy, light hearted set of beings they were; sometimes keeping us awake the whole night with their songs and laughter! At Cairo our stock of musical instruments received considerable addition in the shape of fifes, small cymbals, and a tambourine. The heat was at this time too overpowering for any enjoyment on our part, and was almost as intolerable

by night as by day. The wind varied continually, and whenever it favoured our progress we did not fail to take advantage of it. Near Beni-Souef we passed some fields of Indian corn. This place—the capital of a province, and residence of a governor—is a station for two regiments of cavalry. The troops were mounted on small Arabian horses; purchased from the Bedouins; and were drawn up on the bank, close to their barracks, at the moment of our arrival. One of the officers paid us a visit in the course of the day. He spoke French pretty well; and talked to us, according to Muslim notions, of the former state of Egypt. After dinner we went on shore, accompanied by Antonio and two of our sailors; and walked through the town, followed, I imagine, by the entire population, to whom we evidently afforded great amusement. There was the usual proportion of blind beggars with their boy leaders, and neglected naked children. One of the women wore a nose ring. Luckily, we were no less desirous to avoid touching these dirty people than *they* were anxious to keep aloof from *us*, for they carefully gathered up their garments as we approached. Considering the general aspect of Beni-Souef, the bazaar was better supplied than one would expect. On each side of the narrow unpaved streets are lofty walls of mud. The dark wretched looking houses are entered by low doorways; and small apertures, instead of windows, are pierced high above the ground. In many instances pottery is introduced into the buildings as part of their construction; and a row of earthen jars for pigeons, each jar containing two birds, is ranged along the top of the walls. The largest coffee house serves also as a court of justice. Silk and cotton were at one time manufactured here; but at present the inhabitants are chiefly labourers, terribly ground down by the Pacha, who monopolizes three fourths of the soil's produce.

As we again passed the barracks the soldiers were going through their exercises *on foot*. We met camels, donkeys, and some very fine buffaloes.

After sunset the lieutenant of cavalry—Osman Effendi by name—honoured us with a second visit; and came accompanied by a friend, a Memlook. The Reis, who had relations living at Beni-Souef, gladly made the excuse of a damaged sail, and persuaded us to remain where we were until the morning. The crew took advantage of the leisure thus afforded them by most thoroughly enjoying their music and dancing. Their wild songs were accompanied by the tambourine, cymbals, drums, and fifes; one man meanwhile brandishing a long pole and twisting his flexible body, like a monkey, into every variety of attitude; while another darted in and out like a madman, stood upon his head, then sat down for a minute to take breath, and began again! It was a pleasure to see them so happy. With few sources of comfort in their now degraded state, they keenly relish those enjoyments which a kind Providence has spared them. The effect of this strange performance was considerably increased by a bright moon, and the light from the lantern in front of our cabin. A guard of six Bedouin Arabs sat upon the edge of the Dahabéeh all night. For this service they were paid one shilling each. One of the sailors had a *coup de soleil*, the day before, and was seriously ill.

Muslims have no faith in medical aid; they maintain that as God *sent* the affliction so He alone can *remove* it: and yet, with strange inconsistency, they have a great respect for those whom they believe understand the treatment of disease, and willingly take any remedies offered to them. We rose at sunrise (and a beautiful sunrise it was), and hurried on shore to keep an appointment with our new friend, Osman Effendi; who had kindly offered to show us the barracks, and take us to the drill ground. How slovenly and uncomfortable did the interior of those barracks appear in our eyes, when we remembered the order and cleanliness of a *British* soldier's quarters! The Arabian horses looked well fed and carefully groomed, and their stables were spacious and airy. A walk of about a quarter of a mile across a sandy plain led us to the place where the

cavalry were exercising. Little attention was paid to keeping straight lines in the manœuvres, and the dress of the men was very untidy; they wore white neckcloths, and shoes without straps. The Colonel in command immediately came forward and addressed us in French, the knowledge of which Abbas Pacha took great pains to spread throughout his army. Near the barracks is the residence of the *Chef d' eseadron*, and also the Governor's palace: the latter stands in the midst of a plantation, surrounded by a wall. The "Clothilde" sailed the instant we came on board: we were glad to move away, for the dust and hornets were extremely annoying. Our progress was wonderfully rapid, past chalky cliffs, mounds, and—on the eastern bank—a Saint's tomb built of mud. We anchored for the night near a village, prettily situated in a grove of palm trees. There were pigeons in abundance; and a large flock of sheep and goats gave animation to the foreground. Not far from this village we descried the Coptic convent of Sitteh Mariam el Adra (Our Lady Mary the Virgin), hence called Dayr el Adra, and by some Dayr el Bukkar (of the Valley). It stands on the summit of the Gebel e' Tayr (mountain of the bird). Here ends the district of Beni-Souef. The scenery now became more interesting; the hills and rocks considerably increased in elevation, and villages, cultivated fields, and plantations, were no longer of rare occurrence. At Minyeh, which place is famous for its fine fruit and vegetables, we remained three or four hours. Our Reis would fain have halted until the next day, on the plea of laying in a stock of bread for the sailors; but travellers with whom time is an object, must be cautious how they listen to such excuses when there is a fair wind.

We passed no town on the Nile that could boast such neat and well built houses as those of Minyeh. We even saw outside shutters and glass windows! A Sheikh's grave, with its whitewashed dome overshadowed by a tall sycamore tree, is a very picturesque object from the river (which has

a slight bend here). Few Egyptian towns or villages, however insignificant, are without the tomb of some Sheikh, or Patron Saint, which is held in great sanctity by the inhabitants. There is a manufactory of rum, and another of silk and cotton stuffs at Minyeh; the latter was established by Mohammed Ali. We saw some Greeks walking about—one solitary Frank—and a native of Corfù. Each dwelling is furnished with a pigeon house upon its roof; but even these show architectural taste, and are adorned with miniature domes and pagodas!

The banks of the Nile displayed the ordinary routine of rustic life in Egypt. Women were washing cloths in the muddy stream. There were children, buffaloes, and dogs; men were riding on donkeys—walking—or sitting cross-legged, smoking their long pipes, and telling stories.

Nearly opposite, and on the eastern bank of the river, are extensive plantations of sugar cane—the catacombs of Kom-Abmar—and close to these—the modern cemetery of Minyeh. Three times a year do the people of that town go thither on a visit of solemn ceremony. It was customary with the ancient Egyptians to ferry dead bodies across the Nile, and the well known fable of Charon and the Styx was doubtless thence derived. As the day wore on we passed bold sandstone rocks with bright green fields of rising crops at their base, interspersed with fine clumps of sont (a species of acacia) and date trees. At Sooádee is a rum distillery belonging to the Pacha; and near it are some mounds, and old limestone quarries. We anchored at a village called Carm-Abou-Omar; and on the following morning passed Beni-Hassan; contenting ourselves for the present with a distant glance at its celebrated catacombs, hewn out of the rocks on the side of hills that rise high above the river. There was more than one village formerly at Beni-Hassan; but the people became such notorious thieves, that Ibrahim Pacha burnt their habitations to the ground.

Early in the afternoon of Wednesday, October 19th, we anchored off Shekh Abádeh, the ancient *Antinoë;* built by the Emperor Hadrian, in

memory of his favourite Antinous; who was drowned here, close (as many writers suppose) to Beza, once so famous for its oracle. We went on shore, and in ten minutes came to a large collection of sandy mounds, and heaps of stone fragments, bricks, and broken pottery. Parts of fallen columns were lying about in all directions. The inhabitants closely followed us, in hopes of gaining a few paras by the sale of old coins, lamps, and little idols; and by picking up bits of marble, glass, and fossils. They showed us the remains of an ancient bath, the outside wall of which is built of baked bricks, with an extraordinary quantity of cement between them. We would gladly have prolonged our ramble, for many vestiges of former magnificence were yet to be seen; *in spite of the Turks*, who in 1822 caused every calcareous block they could find to be burnt for lime, and carried off other valuable relics for the erection of a bridge at Reramóon. A similar fate has befallen nearly all the limestone monuments of Egypt.

Darkness came quickly upon us, for the sun had set: moreover, this was reported to be a *bad neighbourhood;* and we were surrounded by noisy groups of men, women, and children, whose demeanour and countenances inspired us with anything but confidence. Preceded by two of our sailors, armed with thick sticks, and Antonio with a brace of pistols bringing up the rear, we walked steadily on towards the landing place; and when safely on board our little vessel, had ample leisure to gaze upon the placid waters of the Nile, and admire a pretty *cangia* that lay at anchor near us.

This locality was once famous for the fertility of its soil, and with proper culture would probably be so still. We noticed a Pharaoh's fig tree of enormous size: it measured thirty-three feet in circumference. Some writers maintain that the magicians for whom Pharaoh sent, resided here. On the opposite bank of the river, which winds considerably at this part of its course, are the remains of an ancient town. We continued to

suffer dreadfully from the heat; and as there was scarcely any wind, our poor Arabs were constantly employed in the slow and toilsome process of tracking; accompanying their labour by an unceasing and monotonous chaunt. The plague of flies and hornets had increased to an insupportable degree. When *they* retired to rest, out came the sand flies, covering a cup of tea, a glass of lemonade, or whatever might be upon the table, as though a nutmeg had been grated into it! Near Abou Saide, where are curious grottoes cut in the rocks, we observed some rich crops of Indian corn. The scenery gradually increased in beauty and grandeur as we advanced. Large quarries, perforated tombs, lofty stratified cliffs with boldly marked outlines and natural caverns—in olden times the abode of ascetics, and where Athanatius also is said to have sought shelter—jutting headlands, the noble stream with its busy craft—over all these the glorious tints of an Eastern sunrise and sunset, of which in our colder clime we have no conception—and last of all our first sight of a crocodile (at least we were positively assured by Vincenzo, that a long black object which lay motionless upon a sand bank *was* a crocodile), filled our minds with delight and wonder. We were excited too by hearing that the navigation had become more difficult, and that in order to keep clear of certain rocks and shoals, the pilot must keep a vigilant look out! Suddenly one of those squalls or khamsin winds came on, by which so many Nile boats are capsized, and obliged us very reluctantly to retire below. The storm continued with more or less violence during the night, and was accompanied at intervals by broad flashes of sheet lightning. We anchored until day break near Aboufayda. A guard of twenty Arabs kept watch for us, sitting in a circle round a blazing fire with their pipes, and enlivening their vigils by relating strange and daring adventures.*

* The day had been intensely close and sultry—not a breath of air to ruffle the surface of the sluggish stream—suddenly the clouds became black and lowering all round—the

On Friday, October 21st, we passed Manfalout; which stands rather high above the river on the western bank. Here, according to the assertions of modern Egyptians, was Lot's place of exile. The current has carried away large portions of earth, and indeed great part of the town itself. In the opposite mountains are to be found the celebrated crocodile mummy cases, but it is difficult and dangerous to explore them.

lightning was continuous and vivid. Flash succeeded flash in solemn grandeur from three quarters of the Heavens. From the anxious manner and appearance of the Reis it was evident that something was about to happen—either a violent thunder storm, or heavy rain, or a gale of wind. The loud and incessant talking—the bustling of the sailors running to and fro in no small degree of agitation, with anxiety depicted on the countenances of each—confirmed our apprehensions—suddenly our fears were verified—a violent squall lay our Dahabéeh on her *beam ends*—in an instant the sails were loosed and *trailed up*—the mast trembling from stem to stern from the violence with which the flaunting canvas beat against the masts and yards, as if terrified at what was likely now to happen—in an instant the Reis tore off his *'abáyeh* and his snowy white turban, threw them on the deck, and with the rapidity of lightning—regardless of all danger—ran up the shrouds, and out to the very extreme end of the long taper yard to furl the sail—every one of the sailors, excepting the second Reis who remained at his post at the helm, followed him up the rigging, and with the agility of monkeys scrambled out on the yard, singing a merry chaunt—with their hands and feet they gathered in the weighty sails, which in an incredibly short space of time were stowed away, and every thing made secure for the storm—our gallant vessel, no longer under the pressure of the heavy sails—*righted*—and all was safe except a few cups and glasses which had broken adrift when she was thrown on her side.

The Nile, which before was smooth and still, had become agitated and foaming—our brave Nile boat, buoyant as a cork, plunged head foremost into the foaming waves, which threatened to swallow her up at the instant—in another moment she rose to the surface of the troubled waters, and swiftly wended her way through the storm—fortunately the wind was favourable—our bark scudded before the breeze—as she flew rapidly along with the gale the wind whistled and howled through the rigging as if in mockery of our helpless condition—in the darkness around us we could faintly see two large *cangias* close astern, heavily laden, bound in the same track as ourselves. In the noise of the storm we could hear the loud voice of our Reis desiring them to keep clear of us—their Arab sailors, from

Beyond Manfalout, the eastern and western banks approach each other more nearly, and are clothed with fine plantations of bright verdure and beautiful growth, among which the most conspicuous are palm and sont trees. In the afternoon we reached the village of El Hamra, the port of Siout, where we remained twenty-four hours, not only for the sake of seeing many objects of interest with which the latter place abounds, but to lay in a fresh stock of provisions, and have our clothes washed *brown* and returned to us *unironed!* The laundress who came to receive our orders was in extacies when she saw her coarse uncomely person reflected in the large mirror of our saloon, and her gesticulations

fear or a desire to take care of themselves, paid no attention to his hailing. Onward they sped; and being larger and heavier than our vessel, threatened every moment to run us down, which they inevitably *must* have done had not our Reis altered his course to allow them to pass clear of us—our sailors shouting and crying out to the heavy sailing *cangias* to steer away, made a fearful noise, which sounded the more when for a moment the storm lulled as if to acquire renewed strength—and only to recommence with redoubled violence. For a while we continued our course unable to distinguish any object on either bank of the river—the Reis now took his stand at the prow of his vessel to direct the helmsman how to steer, and never left it until our Dahabéeh was safely run aground on the mud at the left bank of the river, there to remain until the storm had abated, the dark clouds which hung around had disappeared, and the moon's clear light should show us precisely where we were. In two or three hours the storm began to be less violent, and by midnight it was calm—the waters rapidly became as tranquil and smooth as they had a few hours previously been wrestless and angry. A gentle cooling breeze of wind followed; and after mooring the vessel to the bank for the night, and setting a watch of twenty Arabs, who had come down from the neighbouring villages to render us any assistance we might stand in need of—or to enrich themselves by any accident which might have befallen us—our well behaved sailors sat down on the deck to sing their native melody to the accompaniment of music, smoked their *nárgeeleh*, and drank the coffee given them by Vincenzo after their exertions—when one by one, wearied by the labours of the day, robed in his thick *'abáyeh*, stretched himself on the deck and sank into a refreshing sleep, as if nothing exciting had occurred during the day.—Note by Mr. T. Tobin.

were truly ludicrous. When dinner was over we mounted the active little donkeys selected for us by Antonio, and rode to Siout. The soil appeared remarkably rich and fruitful; and the trees, of unusual variety, were all graceful and ornamental of their kind. There were sont and the common acacia trees—the doum and other palms—and more numerous than the rest, fine specimens of what are called "Pharaoh's fig trees." We passed through a long avenue of the latter, loaded with ripe fruit—like a small insipid brown pear—which grows in clusters, close to the stem. In the distance on our right, the declining sun shed his golden beams over the rocky range, perforated with grottoes, that rises above the valley. In the foreground were groves of palm trees; and all these objects—sky, sunbeams, rocks, and groves—reflected on the calm bosom of the Nile—completed a picture worthy of Paradise!

Before entering the town we crossed a bridge, on either side of which the view is of surpassing loveliness. Near this bridge stands a large oval tomb. The gate of Siout was thronged both within and without by picturesque groups of camels, donkeys, soldiers on guard, turbaned figures sitting cross-legged smoking, &c.—all seen to infinite advantage as the rays of approaching sunset fell upon them. Near this gate is a Square surrounded by trees, where are the courts of justice and public offices. We rode through some narrow streets into the bazaar; and although most of the shops were closed for the evening, it was still crowded with people. Siout is a place of considerable size, and contains several handsome mosques and minarets. We heard the not unpleasing sound of the *muezzin* to announce the hour of prayer. There are also many substantial dwelling houses; and over the doorways of some of them may be seen, as at Cairo, arabesque patterns in black and white marble. The public gibbet is erected near the river, on a large open space, but no criminal has been executed at Siout for the last four years.

Arrived in front of a low and well secured portal, where stood about half a dozen armed soldiers, we halted: this was the Gaol of Siout. Passing through a court yard, the soldiers pursuing us with cries for "backsheesh"—that word which the traveller in Egypt so quickly comprehends, and which he is certainly never allowed to forget—a second portal was unbarred, and what a scene presented itself! In one large room with lofty walls, and—although open to the sky, the stench and heat of which almost overpowered us—were incarcerated—some for their lives—hundreds of our fellow creatures! A few were standing and unfettered, but they bore a small proportion to the rest. At the further extremity of this hall were long rows of malefactors—their necks chained together—their hands in wooden manacles—their feet left free! They were seated on mats upon the ground. I stood for some minutes speechless with horror, afraid to raise my eyes upon such degraded misery; and when at last I *did* look up, I was even more shocked than before to observe the ferocious and hardened aspect of these wretched beings, and the air of careless curiosity with which they regarded us! Surely a system like this must in a very short time destroy both life and intellect. One man was actually dying, and rested his head upon another's shoulder! May the hearts of those in power take pity upon Egypt's criminals, and with other praiseworthy improvements, reform her *prisons!* Were the government of this country less oppressive—were there higher incentives to industry and good conduct—were education more widely diffused among the lower classes of society—the number of inmates of these dens of filth and infamy would be reduced tenfold. The turnkey who accompanied us made free use of a *courbash* to keep these unfortunates in order.

Our next visit was to the Roman Catholic monastery. Two gentlemanly and intelligent Italian monks of the Franciscan order reside here, sent as Missionaries from the Papal See. They received us very kindly in an apartment whose only luxury was a broad and soft divan; and without

complaining of their banishment, looked forward with natural feelings of pleasure to the probability of their return to Rome. One of them has lived at Siout for six and the other for ten years. They did not share in our pity for the unhappy prisoners, assuring us that they were "Cattivissimi," and richly deserved their fate. These monks wore the Egyptian costume; their turbans were crimson, with the white cotton *tákeeyeh* underneath. They gave us some excellent coffee, and seemed very grateful for a small present we offered them. The columns and walls of their tasteful little chapel are painted white and gold colour. Over the grand altar is a well executed portrait of St. Ferdinand, the work of a German artist, and presented by the Emperor of Austria, who is the protector of the mission. There is another picture by the same artist, above one of the side altars, representing St. Anna and the Virgin Mary.

Siout is divided into quarters, and closed by a gate. The modern town occupies the site of the ancient Lycopolis, the city of "wolves"—so called from the sacredness of that animal. Little now remains of bygone times, save here and there fragments of granite blocks, some mounds, and substructions. In 1822, the head of a statue and the basement of a large stone building were discovered under a mound on the south side; both were supposed to be of the Roman period. Siout has succeeded Girgeh as capital of upper Egypt and residence of the Governor, whose palace was erected by Ibrahim Pacha. A broad canal conducts the water from the Nile to Siout during the innundation. The road between the town and its port runs along a dyke, or causeway, which extends even to the mountains and modern cemetery at their feet.

We had long looked forward to the gratification of viewing an Egyptian sunrise from some favourable eminence, and the opportunity had now arrived. Putting no trust whatever in either Antonio or the donkey boys, we undertook to *call each other*—lay awake nearly all night—got up a great

deal sooner than was necessary—and finally started at half past four—casting many an anxious glance eastward as we trotted briskly on, lest the sun should *win the race,* and rise too soon! We rode towards the Mountain of Siout (one of the Libyan chain), in the limestone sides of which are excavated innumerable tombs—burial places of the dwellers in old Lycopolis. We thoroughly enjoyed our moonlight ride along the dyke we had traversed the evening before. The moon's rays faded gradually away as the sun approached the horizon; and this blended light rendered the scene we had previously thought so enchanting, still more beautiful. The donkeys carried us up half the ascent, by a frightfully precipitous path; and when their sure feet could proceed no further, we dismounted, scrambled as best we were able, and sometimes were dragged or lifted up the rocks by our stout Arab followers—until we reached the summit, where we gladly seated ourselves on a projecting crag. Eagerly did our eyes turn eastward as the golden tinge—at first so faint—spread more and more over the magnificent prospect before us. We had leisure to dwell upon its details.

Siout lay far beneath, to the right—its mosques and minarets like children's toys. On one side of the town were to be seen pretty gardens; on the other the modern cemetery with its neat tombs, each within an enclosure. The innundation had extended far and wide, and in its state of partial subsidence exhibited a charming panorama of lakes and rivulets, with a variety of picturesque islands and promontories; while here and there we beheld patches of verdure as green as that of Ireland. A gentle breeze passed over the waters, and a sound reached our ears as of waves breaking on a pebbly shore. There was the distant hum of human voices too, and a troop of camels were crossing the bridge.

Since our arrival in Egypt we had never felt such a cool pure air as we were breathing then. At length the sun burst forth—over mountain, river, mosque, and minaret! A soft haze was spread beneath and around us.

"These are *thy* glorious works!" How forcibly did those oft repeated words recur to my memory at that moment!

In a crevice of the rock whereon we were sitting, Antonio found a sparrow's nest, and showed us a large grey lizard. The Arabs discovered also under a stone a horned snake about a foot and a half in length, and of a yellowish green colour. They said it was venemous, and immediately killed it. We now began our descent towards the caves, some of which are of considerable size. Though not particularly celebrated for their sculpture, they are said to bear the names of some very old kings. Both Salt and Belzoni made many of their earliest investigations among these grottoes, a few of which are of considerable size. One in particular has a large outer chamber, or porch—with a vaulted roof—which still exhibits traces of elegant ornaments in the Grecian style. An inner apartment is adorned with various sculptured designs, and there are besides these several other rooms, much injured by smoke. Remains of wolf mummies are plentifully scattered about the smaller caverns and recesses. The tombs are arranged in successive tiers at different elevations. The smaller mummy pits are very narrow, and slope gradually for the purpose of enabling the coffins to slide down into them. Some of these sepulchres consist of a large chamber, with niches to contain a single mummy each, and the usual pits in the floor. We gladly availed ourselves of the cool retreat which one of these caves afforded, and did ample justice to Vincenzo's luncheon. At the entrance of this grotto we found some honey combs—"Honey out of the stony rock."—Psalm lxxxi., 16.

On a lower part of the hill we were shown five figures sculptured in relief. These tombs, like most others in Egypt, were used as habitations by the early Christians. We were subsequently informed that our ascent of the Mountain of Siout had caused quite a sensation! The caves are peopled by notorious robbers—which of course we did not know at the time—and that we escaped *unmolested* was considered almost a

miracle! When Mr. T. went into one of these tombs later in the day, *a wolf* actually rushed out of it, passing close to him!

On our way towards the town we turned a little aside to see a manufacture of coarse earthen jars. We then met a funeral procession. There was the customary attendance of *neddábehs* (wailing women), as the bier—a wooden coffin without a lid, and covered with a red shawl—was borne along upon men's shoulders.

We next visited the slave market. The dealer, a stern looking man, was sitting smoking his pipe near the entrance; he demanded "*backsheesh*" there and then, and I believe Antonio was obliged to pay him some trifle in advance before he would allow us to proceed. Like the generality of Egyptian houses, a narrow tortuous passage led into an open court, where some fine boys were loitering about—ready for sale. The females were located in an apartment by themselves. The dress of the two black eunuchs in charge of them was a wide shirt of coarse white linen, drawn in round the waist, and on their heads wore close fitting caps of white cotton—they wore rings and armlets of silver. Three slave girls were shown to us: the youngest, apparently not more than twelve years old, was much frightened by our appearance, and screamed violently. As soon, however, as she perceived that there was no cause for alarm, her terror gave place to curiosity; but still she clung fast to the arm of the eunuch who led her forward. Another of these girls, whose age might be from sixteen to eighteen, was particularly graceful. Her stature was tall and slender, and her limbs beautifully formed—her nails were dyed with henna. Her sole garment, as also that of her companions, consisted of a large piece of black cloth which she folded round her person; her hair was plaited all over in little corkscrew ringlets, and a cowrie shell was twisted into one of them at the top of her head. She had silver bracelets and a profusion of trumpery rings. These poor slaves seemed unconscious of their degraded state, and did not look unhappy. They were Nubians,

and almost black. For drinking water, they were provided with the *calibashes* of their country.

From the slave market a few minutes' ride brought us to the gate of the Coptic convent, where—smoking within an open divan—we found some Superiors of the order, who politely offered us seats, and conversed with us through the medium of Antonio. A monk then took us into the church, which is divided into compartments—one of them boarded off for the use of females. A panelled screen, covered like the walls with gaudy paintings, concealed the *heykel* (chancel). In the centre of this screen was a door with a curtain drawn before it, upon which was worked a very large cross. No images are allowed in Coptic churches. The floor was covered with mats. Pursued even *here* by that never ceasing demand for "*backsheesh*," we returned to the divan; and the Abbot was sending for coffee when a message came from the Bishop, inviting us to pay him a visit. We accordingly followed our priestly conductor up a steep staircase into a comfortless apartment with two rather small windows, in one of which stood some porous *kullehs* (water bottles), and also what seemed to be two earthen salt-cellars. Close to the door were a couple of plain wooden benches; and in the opposite corner of the room was spread a Persian carpet, the size of a hearth rug, with well stuffed cushions placed against the wall. Here we were requested to seat ourselves; and we had hardly done so when the Bishop made his appearance, saluting us in the usual manner by touching his forehead and breast with the right hand. Notwithstanding that he was suffering from toothache, he had a most good humoured expression of countenance. He was a fat, roundabout little man; and with his head wrapped up in a black cashmere shawl with a coloured border, which he wore over his turban, looked the personification of a *monthly nurse!* He sat down cross-legged by us on the divan, and almost immediately sent for chairs, remarking that he knew European ladies preferred high seats;

and in truth it *does* require some practice before one can sit at one's ease upon a carpet for any length of time, or rise from it without being exceedingly awkward. The Bishop spoke no language but Arabic, and therefore we were again compelled to have recourse to Antonio's services as interpreter. Coffee was handed round by a servant in little *zarfs* and *fingáns* (coffee cups), and was succeeded by glasses of sherbet; a second domestic following with an embroidered napkin over his arm—none of the cleanest—but as a matter of course we *pretended* to make use of it! Several priests came to pay their respects to the Bishop during our visit: they each kissed his hand, and sat down on one of the wooden benches without speaking. When we took our leave he saluted us as before.

We then rode through the bazaars, where I tried in vain to find a pair of European boots or shoes; and was obliged to content myself with *mezz* (inner shoes or rather half boots) of soft yellow morocco, with soles of the same, and *báboogs* (slippers to wear over them), likewise of yellow morocco, with pointed turned up toes! We left El Hamra at day break next morning. The scenery on both sides of the river presented a succession of rocky ranges, plantations, fields of corn and other crops. We anchored for the night near the shore, but not at a village. Sickness had attacked all our party, one of whom was seriously ill.

On Monday, October 24th, we passed Tahta, and at sunset anchored off Menshéëh, where are some mounds. Vincenzo went to solicit the Sheikh's protection. Judging from the noisy uproar which both men and dogs kept up all night, the inhabitants must be a lawless set. In the morning a number of women were washing clothes, filling skins or earthen jars with water, and endeavouring to gratify their curiosity by peeping into the windows of our cabin.

Beyond Menshéëh are high limestone cliffs, perforated with natural and excavated caverns. These cliffs descend more abruptly to the water's

edge than any we had yet passed upon the Nile; and we were fortunate in escaping those violent gusts of wind which not unfrequently render this part of the voyage extremely unsafe. Further on, until we reached Girgeh, we glided past groves of trees, villages, and corn fields. Naked children were diving and swimming about, in hopes of gaining a few paras. The moment we came to anchor, Vincenzo set off in quest—as he *fancied*—of an *Italian* doctor; and an individual forthwith made his appearance—a genuine *Egyptian Arab*—who evidently knew no words out of his own language, except "Signore" and "Bon jour." In spite of this *hakim's* intelligent countenance, we did not like the idea of trusting implicitly to his guidance; but what was to be done? Vincenzo and Antonio explained our several grievances, for which he luckily prescribed simple remedies; and to give these a fair trial we agreed to remain stationary for at least forty-eight hours. He wisely *saw* us take the medicine he ordered; and stood by my bedside with a slopbason, half full of castor oil mixed with rice water, in one hand; while the other held a piece of orange very much in the *background*—lest I should seize upon the latter before I had drained the bowl till not one drop remained! Girgeh is a pretty little town as seen from the river, and was once the capital of Upper Egypt. At present it ranks next in importance to Siout. Its name is of Christian origin, being derived from *Girgis* or *George*, the patron saint of the Egyptians.

On Thursday, October 27th, we were progressing rapidly under a favourable breeze; passed Farshoot, where are sugar manufactories, and anchored for the night at How. The next day we were all too ill to enjoy the fine scenery on both banks of the Nile, and reached Keneh in the evening. This town is the residence of a provincial governor; and is famous for its manufacture of porous water vessels, so much prized all over Egypt. On the opposite (western) bank are the ruins of the Temple of Deadera. The wind had fallen considerably, and we did not

arrive at Luxor until noon on Monday. We passed an immense number of *shadoofs* (machines for raising water, worked by one or two men) and *sákiyehs* (water-wheels); as well as many rich plantations of Indian corn, millet, and beans. Doum palms were frequently to be seen among trees of commoner growth, among which the tamarisk pleased the eye with its light and graceful foliage. We deferred visiting the ruins of Luxor until our return from Assouan and Philœ, contenting ourselves for the present with a view from our cabin windows of the Temple, and that Obelisk of red granite—whose companion was removed by the French, under Napoleon the Great, and now adorns the Place de la Concorde at Paris. A caravan from Mecca was hourly expected, and some people were walking about carrying banners, while others paced in all directions upon gaily caparisoned horses. Our *poultry* were released from their crates, and allowed to enjoy a stroll on shore. In the mean time we had a visit from the English Consul, Mr. Mustafa—an Arab—who kindly offered us apartments at his house, and in the evening sent us flowers from his garden. He came on a donkey—attended by a servant dressed in white, who amused himself during his master's absence on board the "Clothilde" by parading up and down with the animal's fore feet resting on his shoulders.

The Consul himself was attired in the ordinary Egyptian costume; viz., a red *tarboosh* and white turban, a brown cloth *gibbeh* (coat), red sash, vest, &c.; to which I must not forget to add a pair of tightly drawn white cotton stockings, and new red slippers. After sunset we witnessed the performance of six *Ghawázees* on the deck of our *dahabéeh*. There was nothing indecorous in their mode of dancing, nor were their movements altogether devoid of elegance. They beat time with brass castanets or small cymbals, attached by a loop to the thumb and one finger of each hand. They were loaded with coins, rings, bracelets, armlets, anklets with little bells, necklaces,

chains, and ear-rings. Their head-dress consisted of a red *tarboosh*, and a spangled gauze kerchief wound round it to form a turban. Their thick black hair hung in plaited braids nearly to their sandal'd feet, and was adorned with silk cords and gold coins. They wore a *yelek* (long vest) of striped gauze or muslin—a *shintiyán* (pair of white trowsers)—and a square embroidered shawl of some slight material, doubled crosswise, and tied loosely round the waist. Their fine dark eyes were edged with kohl, and their hands and feet stained with henna. They were all young, and most of them handsome. They seemed very fond of brandy, and it was wonderful what a quantity they were able to take without becoming intoxicated. Banished from Cairo, the *Ghawázees* make their head quarters at Esné. Twelve men accompanied them on board our vessel, six of whom were musicians.

There was scarcely any wind the next day, and we could not advance further than twelve miles from Luxor. We anchored at Erment, on the western bank, where are ruins—and also some sugar manufactories. The *plague of flies* become every day more unbearable, but we had the advantage of cooler weather. We remained a couple of days at Esné, but were all too unwell to land. Crowds of people came continually to the water side, whose complexions varied from a dark clear brown to nearly black—bringing baskets for sale, made of bark and stalks of Indian corn. Two men were working a *shadoof*, which—although an exceedingly laborious mode of raising water—seems to be preferred in Upper Egypt; as the *shadoof* is much more frequently seen there than the *sákiyeh*—turned by oxen, buffaloes, mules, horses, or donkeys—that is so generally used in the lower provinces. The *Basha* (Governor)—a greasy, copper coloured personage—came on board to offer his services; accompanied by his secretary, whose skin was a shade or two darker than that of his superior. According to their own request, we entertained them on deck with pipes and beer!

The morning of our departure from Esné, Antonio led into our cabin a little girl about four years old; she was without clothes, but wore a girdle composed of loose thongs of leather, and ornamented with beads, coins, and cowrie shells. A string of blue beads was tied round her dingy neck. Poor child! the mother hoped we should buy her for a slave!

On Friday, November 4th, we anchored beyond Edfou, near a fine crop of millet; passing on the opposite (eastern) bank, some pretty detached hills, villages, plantations, and the ruins of an ancient town. *Shadoofs* were every where at work; and men crossed to and fro on inflated skins, or on rafts formed of three bundles of canes or reeds bound together, and propelled like a canoe, by a paddle with a blade at each end, which was turned from side to side as occasion required. The next day we passed Hagár (or Gebel) Silsileh—the "Stone," or "Mountain of the Chain"—containing extensive quarries of sandstone, from whence the blocks used in almost all the Egyptian temples were taken. The ancient Silsilis stood on the eastern bank; but the quarries are less interesting than those on the western side, where are several curious grottoes (some of them yet remaining unexplored by the antiquary)—tablets of hieroglyphics—statues in relief—and columns; all remarkable for that distinct sharpness of outline for which Egyptian architecture is so famous. The Nile is comparatively very narrow here, and tremendous precipices descend perpendicularly into the stream, which gradually widens again. Antonio showed us a crocodile fast asleep on a bank; and we soon saw another, a very young one, rush headlong into the water, disturbed from his slumbers by our approach. On both sides were rich crops, and the finest groves of palm trees we had seen in Egypt. The millet was already cut.

We reached Assouan—the Syene of old, so famous for its granite rocks—on the first of November. The principal part of this picturesque frontier town crowns the summit of lofty wooded cliffs, and overlooks

Drawn by John Brenan

Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen

ASSOUAN, FIRST CATARACT.

a broad expanse of river and numerous islands. The scene near the landing place was gay and animated beyond description, from the many boats of different build, and various costumes of the Egyptian and Nubian population. The acknowledged superiority in character of the Nubian to the Egyptian is stamped upon their countenances. The latter are fully sensible of this fact, and prove their conviction by the preference they invariably show towards the Nubians as servants; great numbers of whom emigrate to Cairo, notwithstanding a prohibitory proclamation issued by the Egyptian government, and there find more lucrative employment than in their own country.

We crossed over to Elephantine the following morning in our own little barge (or row boat) with its tassel'd awning. Parts of this island are cultivated, producing crops of grain and palm plantations. From its highest point we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Nile, the rocky banks on each side, and those countless islets and granite boulders which render the navigation here so dangerous. As we clambered over mounds of sand, stones, and broken pottery—the *débris* of former edifices—we passed a mutilated statue of red granite; and not far from this came to the ruins of an old gateway, still retaining sculpture.

We gladly rested for a few minutes near the remains of the famous Nilometer, not far from whence a *sákiyeh* was at work, turned by oxen. While we were waiting to re-embark a crowd of children beset us, eager to sell dates and little curiosities. A single rag comprised the attire of most of them—some had not even *that*—while others wore round the loins only a fringe of leather adorned with cowrie shells. There was scarcely one child that had not a necklace of beads; a few had bracelets of some base metal, and two or three of them wore nose rings.

Besides temples, Elephantine once boasted of her quays and other public buildings—and a Christian church. Coins and divers objects of antiquity in the shape of idols, &c., are found by the Nubian peasants who

inhabit the island in their search among the mounds for nitre, which serves them for agricultural purposes. We felt much refreshed by a cool breeze as we were rowed back to the *dahabéeh*. Assouan contains few ruins of ancient edifices, although the elevated position of the half demolished mud houses gives them the effect of dilapidated fortifications. At comparatively late periods this place had been garrisoned by both Persians and Romans. The environs are barren and sandy; the dates however are still as celebrated as they were in days of yore. Dates, henna, charcoal, senna, and slaves—from the interior, Abyssinia, and Upper Ethiopia—are forwarded from Assouan to Lower Egypt. After dinner we sent for donkeys; but their saddles were so badly secured that they turned at least half a dozen times before we could start, or a rope be found strong enough to hold them in their proper places. We traversed extensive mounds, interspersed with scattered bricks and pottery—(where unburnt bricks are now made)—and rode *through* and *round* the wretched town—with its miserable dwellings—its filthy, ill supplied bazaar—and its walls built of stones, bricks, and mud. The very young children had cowrie shells, beads, and occasionally coins also, twisted in their hair. Some of the *sákiyehs* (which are much more common here than the *shádoofs*) are covered with matting to protect them from the sun. On our return to the "Clothilde" we found another *dahabéeh*, rather smaller than ours, moored close to us. It belonged to two English gentlemen who had come from Cairo in fifteen days.

We were seated in our barge betimes the next morning (Tuesday), with Philœ for our ultimate object. In about a quarter of an hour Antonio suddenly discovered that he had forgotten the provision basket. Accordingly we suffered ourselves to be pulled under the rocks below the quarries, while the "*ladies' valet*" (Heaven defend us from travelling with him again!) was despatched in due haste to the "Clothilde" to fetch it. Our crew, always noisy—however well conducted they might be, and

were—for *Arabs!*—appeared that day more than usually vociferous. Certainly their exertions were almost incredible as we ascended the First Cataract—or *Succession of Rapids*—by which Nubia is entered from Upper Egypt. They hauled—pushed—and rowed with all their strength through the narrow channels, and amid those picturesque islets and boulders of granite we had so much admired from Elephantine. On our right were sand covered hills—on our left high rocks and groves of trees. Here and there might be seen a *sákiyeh* or a *shadoof*; for wherever it was possible to find a spot on this singularly sterile soil that would admit of cultivation, we observed crops of Indian corn, millet, beans, lupins, or *bamiahs* (a sort of cucumber). Now and then we descried a Sheikh's tomb or the ruins of a mosque. There was an evident jealousy between our second Reis and the Pilot of the Cataract—their looks and gestures were not to be mistaken! At the first convenient halting place we took the opportunity of giving our men some refreshment; while we amused ourselves with watching a host of children floundering about fearlessly among the rapids, upon logs of wood. They darted below the surface and reappeared where we least expected them! Sometimes we saw a couple of these dusky urchins astride upon one log, but in general they went separately. Men, and even women, were using this mode of *water conveyance*. The children surrounded our boat in crowds, roaring for *backsheesh*, and balancing themselves with one hand as they extended the other towards us. Whenever Mr. T. produced a five para piece, there was a grand rush towards it—the lucky winner instantly stowing it away in his mouth, and diving again!

After witnessing these strange antics till we were tired, we pursued our intricate course; our crew mingling with the natives, as their united efforts drew us along, in animated and grotesque groups—until we came to an apparently impenetrable chaos of rocks and whirlpools. We darted

quickly from one side to the other, the men springing like monkeys from rock to rock! At last we were taken on shore, for the double purpose of lightening the boat, and viewing the effect of this exciting scene from the heights above the Cataract. We were dragged—supported—carried—to the top of a hill; where we sat down to gaze in speechless wonder at the turmoil beneath, and watch with anxiety the struggles of our little barge and her motley crew—the natives meanwhile gathering round us with a few tiny fresh water shells. We re-entered the boat, and passing through what is called the *third gate* of the Cataract, landed on the sacred island of Philœ. A short but steep ascent up a wooded bank led us to the great Temple of Isis. This superb relic of an era when Philœ was held in peculiar sanctity as one of the reputed burial places of Osiris, is considered by the learned as an elegant specimen of the lighter Ptolemaic architecture. It is in truth a noble ruin! The paintings upon the walls of the inner chambers—the sculpture and painting of the columns and outer walls—still remain as perfect as they were thousands of years ago, and seem destined to be the admiration of ages and ages to come! Here we behold, portrayed to the life—human figures—animals—and the customs and ceremonies of by gone days; with their yet undeciphered tales in clearly traced hieroglyphics! A staircase leads to small chambers in the wall of the eastern adytum; but a hurried glance was all we had to spare for what—even according to *tourists' rules*—ought to occupy four days. Some of the ceilings are painted dark blue, with white stars, to represent the heavens. We walked along the gallery extending from the propylon to the water's edge, and which *rests* upon a wall that formerly surrounded this island as a protection from the current. The view from hence, as indeed from every part of Philœ, is very fine. The small temple of Esculapius, with its columns and doorways still perfect, stands at the end of the eastern corridor in front of the great

temple. The whole island is covered with mounds and the ruins of ancient edifices, whose fragments appear amongst the mud hovels and scanty vegetation of the present day. Little more than an hour's pleasant row before sunset, by the *Western Channel* as it is called, to Assouan, brought us back in safety to our *river home*—the gay "Clothilde."

Our next excursion was to the celebrated Granite Quarries. They lie southward of Assouan, on the road towards Philœ. We rode through an old cemetery containing tombs and cenotaphs of former Egyptian Saints and Sheikhs. On many of the tombs are cufic inscriptions. Arrived at the quarries, we were shown a huge prostrate obelisk, which—being broken before it was detached from the rock—remains in its original position. Here are great varieties of granite and quartz, of which our guides procured for us several specimens. We then traversed a desolate expanse of stone and sand—where our poor donkeys picked their way with wonderful sagacity—to an immense rock of white alabaster; and returned to Assouan along a sandy road shaded on both sides with palm trees. The heat, bad odours, and noise of the bazaar were more offensive than ever; and as we entered our cabin we rejoiced to think that the fatigues of the day had ended. Nubian baskets, spears, shields, courbashes, and curiosities without end, were brought to us for sale. Meanwhile the "Clothilde" was preparing for her *downward course*: seats for the rowers were laid across the deck, and the great sail was replaced by a lesser one. Had we extended our voyage as far as the Second Cataract we must have taken a common cargo boat, our *dahabéch* being too large to pass the rapids; and as we all suffered more or less from *Nile maladies*, we could not endure the prospect of increased discomfort for an entire fortnight. Seven monkeys were added to our *live stock*, and were prime favourites with the crew. The finest of them belonged to Paolo (the cook), and was named Abder Aboo!

We were under weigh during the night, and soon after breakfast reached Komombo—where we remained twenty-four hours, to give the Reis an opportunity of seeing his wife and children, who resided there. We walked to the famous Temple over a strip of parched ground, between the cracks of which lupins were springing up—and along the edge of a field which some Arabs were preparing for cultivation. Near this field was a fine cotton plantation, where several Nubian slaves—the happiest of Egypt's population, for they are generally well treated and have nothing to lose—were busily employed. The Temple of Komombo is still for the most part embedded in sand. It was founded in the reign of Ptolemy Philometor, and is singular among the existing temples of Egypt in having a double entrance and two parallel sanctuaries. Among an endless variety of admirably preserved sculpture and painting on the walls, friezes, and columns of this majestic ruin, one ceiling particularly attracted our notice from its extremely distinct and fresh appearance—the colours retaining all their pristine brilliancy. Close by, towering above the river, is an edifice erected upon an artificial platform. It is now in so ruinous a state that very little can be traced of its original plan. On the evening of Friday, November 11th, we anchored at Edfou. We saw during the day three crocodiles and some storks.

A few minutes' walk early the next morning—through fields of millet, beans, lupins, and *bamiahs*—brought us to a wide canal, across which we were safely carried by three of our sailors, who contrived to make a capital *arm-chair* with their hands and arms. We had to pass a manufactory of earthen jars, and along a street of the miserable town of Edfou, before we found ourselves in front of that Temple so worthy of its fame. From the summit of the massive gateway we looked down upon the noble court (now used as a granary) with its yet perfect rows of columns—and the rich and fertile valley of the Nile. The river here

makes a very considerable bend. Close to the Great Temple is another building, but of very inferior dimensions.

We did not land at El Kab, although some grottoes and two or three small temples are to be seen there. Those of our party who were *able* to visit the ruins at Esné, described the portico of the Temple as exceedingly beautiful. The outside of this edifice is almost concealed by earth and sand, but its interior was entirely cleared in 1842, by order of Mohammed Ali. A fair was going on in the modern town of Esné. We anchored at Erment during the night, and reached Luxor the following afternoon. The Consul, Mr. Mustafa, repeated his kind offer of apartments in his house, but we were too ill to feel any desire beyond staying where we were. Mr. Brüksh, a Prussian gentleman—sent out by his government to make drawings and prepare a work on Egypt—had taken up his temporary abode at Karnak, in one of the lesser temples, and was introduced to us by Mr. Mustafa. Our desire to procure antiques received a sad check from the tidings that a French Commissioner had arrived at Luxor with authority from Abbas Pacha, not only to collect antiquities and take photographic views of the different buildings, but also with strict orders to prevent travellers from carrying away or purchasing even the merest trifles that might be found in the tombs or elsewhere!

On Thursday, November 17th, Mr. T. rode to Erment, the ancient *Hermonthis*—first crossing to the opposite side of the river in our barge—and on his return late in the day Miss —— and myself were each placed in a sort of litter—borne aloft upon the shoulders of our strong and active sailors, who chanted all the way—and proceeded to Karnak across the plain; advancing up that wondrous Avenue of Sphinxes which formerly extended from the gateway of the Great Temple to Luxor! Mr. Brüksh, who acted as our cicerone—giving us the advantage of his graphic descriptions, and the facility with which he deciphered

hieroglyphics—had contrived to make himself very comfortable in his classical dwelling, whose interior walls were rich in elaborate sculpture; and where both Champollion and Sir Gardner Wilkinson had lived before him. We actually *saw* but very little of the ruins! It seemed a hard case to be compelled to *grope* about Karnak, but there was no help for it. We took tea with Mr. Brüksh, and *tried* to look at his drawings and some curious old Coptic manuscripts which he had purchased. In spite of certain drawbacks we really enjoyed the cool evening air; and aided by a bright moon and the glimmer of our torches were soon safely carried on board the "Clothilde." In the morning Mr. Brüksh joined our early breakfast, and we crossed the river to the western bank. The litters were again put in requisition, and a hard day's work I fear it must have been for the twelve Arabs who bore them; although they now and then rested for a short time, and were relieved by others occasionally. The sun's glare prevented my seeing much of the wild and desolate track, and narrow gorge by which we approached the Tombs of the Kings. The tomb opened by Belzoni is considered far superior and in much more perfect preservation than any yet discovered at Thebes: it is entered by descending a rather steep staircase. The paintings on the walls are as clear and brilliant, and their outlines as distinct and sharp as they ever were. I cannot attempt to describe them: suffice it to say we had the full benefit of Mr. Brüksh's valuable explanations. He pointed out the leopard's skin, worn as an ensigna of priesthood—the funeral rites, &c. Told us—as exemplified by paintings—how the ancient Egyptians acknowledged four nations in the world; viz., the Egyptian, European, Asiatic, and Negro races. In one of the numerous chambers into which this tomb is divided are scenes of warfare—in another are rows of prisoners; while the Victor, attended by his scribe and other dignitaries, is in the act of receiving the various spoil of his vanquished foes. Among the paintings relating to religious ceremonies, the hawk-headed god, and a deity with the head

of some horned animal frequently occur. These chambers are supported by columns elaborately painted, and their deep-blue ceilings are studded with golden stars. Many of the designs are unfinished, their outlines being *cut out* ready for the colouring; and in several places portions of the walls are left blank. The occupant of this tomb was king Zithis. Belzoni sold the richly sculptured alabaster sarcophagus found here to Sir John Soane for £3,000. It is now in the British Museum. The sepulchres of the Queens are in a valley to the north-west of Medéenet Haboo: they are said to be much dilapidated. Those of the Assaseef, remarkable for their extent and the profusion of their sculpture, are situated not far from the Memnonium. We next passed along a ravine, the arid sides of which presented not a vestige of vegetation, towards a small temple—built by the same monarch whose tomb I have just described—and remained there while our men had some refreshment. Thence we proceeded to the Temple Palace of Rameses II., the fragments of whose colossal statue lie scattered around its pedestal. This stupendous monument of Egyptian sculpture was wrought at Syene and transported to Thebes, 188 miles distant, in a finished state!—since the quarry where it was hewn can yet be distinctly traced. This statue—one single piece of granite—weighed one hundred and eighty seven tons, five and a half hundred weight! How could any human power destroy such a colossus at a period when gunpowder was unknown? is the still unanswered question of every traveller. But what pen can describe the Memnonium!—its massive architecture!—its gigantic statues!—its highly finished sculptures! Numbers of sun-dried bricks of which the outward enclosure of the Memnonium was constructed lie scattered about. They are composed of clay mixed with chopped straw, like those described in Scripture, and *may* therefore have been the work of the children of Israel when in bondage in Egypt. Sir Gardner Wilkinson supposes that these bricks were a *royal monopoly*, from the oval names of Kings

stamped upon them. Not far from the Memnonium are the "Vocal Memnon" and its fellow statue, which have sat for ages in the midst of the vast plain of Thebes—that wide area once covered with the streets of a mighty city! Both these statues are scarred and injured by time and the hand of man. The brightest sunrise now fails to awaken the response recorded by poetical tradition, but Miss —— was determined to try the effect of a blow from her hammer! It succeeded admirably—a clear and ringing sound was produced—but the hammer at the same moment disappeared within the statue, and was about being left there to be discovered by future ages as a wonderful relic of antiquity, when one of the Arabs destroyed the romance we had conjured up by reproducing it! The period when Thebes was founded remains—as also regards Memphis, the Capitol of Lower Egypt—in great obscurity, nor has its extent been clearly ascertained: nevertheless, its immense wealth and power are freely acknowledged by all ancient authorities. The first step towards its decline was the removal of the seat of government to Memphis, and the flow of its commercial riches into other channels on the accession of the Ptolemies. It was subsequently destroyed, after a three years' siege, by Ptolemy Lathyrus. The principal part of the city lay on the eastern bank. At the time of Srabo's visit, Thebes was divided into small detached villages. From the sculptures on the tombs it appears that the inhabitants of superior degree had extensive gardens attached to their mansions. That portion of the city on the western bank which included the Memnonia and Necropolis, bore the name of the "Libyan Suburb."

A burning sun was over our heads as we recrossed the vast and arid plain to Kóorneh, where we had left our barge. Two *fellaheen* offered us antiques for sale; but were immediately seized, severely beaten, and carried off by the spies of some Shiekh in petty authority. We however purchased from the unfortunate men, and contrived to *keep*,

a part of the spoil. During our absence a *dahabéeh* had arrived at Luxor, with four English gentlemen on board; Captain Holden and Mr. Browne Clayton of the 13th Light Dragoons, a Mr. Starkie, and a Mr. Crosse. Mr. Brüksh and Mr. Mustafa dined with us, and in the evening we made up a merry party to Karnak by torch light. We all rode donkeys except Captain Holden, who was mounted on the Consul's horse. Again we enjoyed Mr. Brüksh's hospitality. The noble ruins rose before us in the clear moonlight with all their splendid proportions! Well might Napoleon marvel at the magnificence of the Great Temple of Karnak—the oldest ruin at Thebes—the largest in the world! This stupendous edifice was erected by several successive monarchs, each of whom strove to surpass his predecessor in the extent and richness of his own additions!

We returned briskly *homewards*; with other *steeds* than our well trained donkeys, and less experienced leaders than our Arab guides, our path might have been deemed somewhat *perilous*; for there were holes, rocks, and mounds to avoid. We passed close to the beautiful Temples and Obelisk of Luxor; and encountered a troop of the odious dogs of this country (like evil spirits) near the river's bank. The next morning, accompanied by Captain Holden, we again crossed the river, mounted donkeys at the landing place, and rode to the Temple Palace at Old Kóorneh—which was dedicated to Amun, the Thebian Jupiter, by Osirei. This building, though of no great size, is rich in sculpture. Fragments of brick walls and other ruins denote that numerous edifices must have stood in its vicinity.

From Kóorneh we again went to the Memnonium, to which we devoted more time than on the preceding day; and thence to the Great Temple at Medéenet Háboo, supposed to be one of the four mentioned by Diodorus; the rest being those of Karnak, Luxor, and the Memnonium. This temple, like many others, was used as a place of worship by the

early Christians. We had leisure to examine the sculpture and paintings on the walls and columns. Some of the ceilings are studded with stars and zodiacal signs. Of course, wherever we went we were hotly pursued by vendors of *spurious* antiques; *they* at least were quite free from government hindrance! We lunched within the spacious court; and then turned towards that range of sandstone hills, whose sides are honeycombed by the enormous Necropolis of ancient Thebes.

We dismounted at a spot beyond which our donkeys could not keep their footing; and scrambled up a most toilsome ascent composed of rock, loose stones, gravel, and sand—in the vain hope of finding a large mummy pit, described by Mr. Brüksh as being easy of entrance, and full of mummies of men, women, and children. The guide led us from one pit or cavern to another; but they were all so dark and apparently impenetrable, that we were on the point of abandoning our object altogether; when Captain Holden allowed himself to be carried by some Arabs down a yawning chasm, to the threshold of one of these sepulchres, where he beheld a confused assemblage of mummies and painted sarcophagi; but the dust and effluvia prevented his remaining more than an instant. Greatly disappointed, we with difficulty retraced our steps; and after a fruitless examination of some other tombs, we were told by our guide—who either was, or *pretended* to be ignorant of what we wanted—that he knew of a mummy pit, the mouth of which, although narrow, *might* be entered; and that it contained large chambers full of mummies! Nearly exhausted with heat and fatigue we at length reached the base of a very steep hill, where our conductor *called a halt* and pointed upwards. I am ashamed to confess that I suffered all the rest of my party to proceed on foot, myself staying behind with the donkeys and Antonio. After a long search—to give the most remote idea of the extent of this burial ground, with its pits and caves, thousands of which have been opened and rifled of their contents,

while countless numbers are yet unexplored, would be *impossible!*—they discovered a narrow entrance which the guide assured them led to the *promised chambers.* They accordingly took off some of their clothes, *slid* one by one on their hands and knees down the sloping passage, and *squeezed* themselves through a hole two feet square into a dark room—beyond which were doubtless *others,* for the Arabs had come provided with candles. The heat and stench were so exceedingly overpowering that they could not take more than a momentary glance at the mummies—whole and mutilated—which surrounded them above, below, and on all sides! As we traversed the plain of Thebes we took a last farewell of the "Vocal Memnon" and its comrade.

We had had a fatiguing day, and felt refreshed by a cool breeze from the river, for it was near sunset when we reached the "Clothilde." We passed a flock of fine pelicans: they allowed us to approach within a short distance before they took flight. There were gay doings on board our *dahabéeh* that evening! Vincenzo had arranged an entertainment for our sailors. We had fire-works—and no bad ones either! The vessel was lighted up most brilliantly! In addition to abundance of *glass* lanterns—lamps—and candles—were eight *fáuoos'* (folding lanterns of waxed cloth), which the dragoman had purchased for our *Desert* journey. Music and dancing, aided by the performances of *Ghawázees,* were kept up until a late hour. The Consul, accompanied by the Governor of Luxor and the Government Corn Agent, paid us a visit by torch light, and seemed to enjoy witnessing our festivities. We gave them *beer* and *sweetmeats!*—for like good Muslims they declined wine or spirits. Mr. Mustafa insisted upon our dining with him the next day—an invitation we gladly accepted, as we should thereby see an Arab dinner; and Miss —— and myself be introduced to the Consul's Egyptian wife and children.

Monday, November 21st, was an oppressively hot day; but as we

had not yet seen the edifices of Luxor, except from the river—or as we rode near them on our way to and from Karnak—we sent for donkeys about noon, and visited the Great Temple. Dismounting among the ruins, we walked past mud walls and hovels, and through an Arab school; where a troop of noisy urchins—to whom we evidently gave considerable amusement—were learning to read and write, by means of white wooden tablets—upon which their lessons were written—and reed pens. The temple was erected by Amunoph III and Rameses II, and a *dromos* connected it with Karnak. The noble court, with its peristyle, is choked up by mud dwellings and the mosque of the modern town. There are statues—sculptured chambers—and also a well preserved painting of the time of the Romans—(who had a place of worship here)—on one of the outer walls; but the glaring sunshine was so distressing to my eyes, I could not bear to look at it. Behind the temple is a stone quay, which by its direction shows a marked change in the course of the river. There was a report that Abbas Pacha had given the remaining Granite Obelisk of Luxor to the British government; and surely, covered as it is with beautiful hieroglyphics, it would be better worth removing than *Cleopatra's prostrate Needle* at Alexandria!

We enjoyed a few hours of welcome rest; and a little before six o'clock set off *on donkeys* to Mr. Mustafa's dinner party—duly equipped in white kid gloves, and—*au reste*—in that *demie toilette*, so easy for *French* and so difficult for *Englishwomen* to assume! Our host received us at the door—assisted us to dismount—and led us into an apartment with a skylight, a carpeted floor, and broad divans. There were also two or three chairs and a small table. The guests invited to meet us consisted of the Governor of Luxor and the Pacha's Corn Agent, Mr. Crosse, and Mr. Starkie. Two servants entered the room just before dinner was announced; one carrying a copper *ibreek* (ewer) of cold water—the other a *tisht* (bason) of the same metal, with a pierced cover that had

a raised receptacle in the centre containing a piece of soap. We washed our hands in turn; and a napkin richly embroidered with gold and coloured silks was given to each individual, with a request to keep it until the meal was concluded.

Mr. Mustafa then ushered us into a sort of gallery, in the centre of which—on a Persian carpet—were two large round trays, raised about a foot from the floor. Candlesticks were placed upon them, and flat pieces of bread were arranged like plates—and indeed were intended as their substitutes. On each of these trays was also a round tureen of soup. We were all soon comfortably seated upon the eight cushions laid ready for us—ate the soup *out of the tureen*—and were greatly amused by watching how the Arab gentlemen carved the two roast turkeys stuffed with raisins, tearing them with both hands limb from limb, and arranging the morsels round the dishes for the guests to take with their fingers. We helped ourselves to the gravy and raisin stuffing with our own spoons. The turkeys were succeeded by a variety of well cooked savoury viands, vegetables, pastry, custard, and indescribable sweetmeats: lastly, a dessert of oranges and dried fruits. Antonio had brought a supply of plates, knives, and forks from the "Clothilde;" but we preferred the novelty of dining for once in our lives *a' l' Arabe.*

When we rose from *table*, water was again poured over our hands, and Miss —— and I returned to the apartment we had first occupied, leaving the gentlemen to smoke their pipes. In a few minutes our host came to conduct us to the *hareem*, which was on one story with the rest of the house. Here, in a dimly lighted chamber—with two long shaped windows very near the ceiling—some shelves—a bed—a couple of chairs—and a raised divan—sat the extremely pretty lady we had come to visit. She rose as we entered, and extended her hand, saluting us by touching her forehead and breast with one finger, and making signs that

we should seat ourselves by her side. Much we regretted our inability to speak Arabic; but although we could not talk to each other, we contrived to be exceedingly merry. *Sitteh* Mustafa had large black eyes, a clear olive complexion, white teeth, graceful and unaffected manners, and a countenance beaming with goodness and intelligence. She wore a *kamees* of some thin material, a *shintiyán* and *yelek* of white muslin, an embroidered shawl round her waist, and a *gibbeh* (outer robe) of bright blue cashmere. Her *mezz* were of black leather, and when she stepped down from the divan and crossed the room she put on a pair of *kubkábs* (high wooden clogs or pattens). Her red *tarboosh* was encircled by a broad gold band, and a black gauze kerchief formed the turban. Her beautiful hair hung in plaited braids down her back, and was ornamented with gold coins: her long pendant ear-rings were also of gold. There was a lady with her—a visitor—who kept her plain but good humoured face carefully concealed until Mr. Mustafa had retired, and whose dress was comparatively simple. Her *gibbeh* was of crimson cashmere, her *mezz* of red morocco, and she wore a blue linen *tarhah* (head veil). She appeared rather older than *Sitteh* Mustafa; who, although only nineteen years of age, had been married seven years. According to Muslim custom she and her husband never met until they were actually united; and Mr. Mustafa's explanation in broken English of the way in which he procured his wife by commissioning the lady of the English Consul at Alexandria to choose one for him, was very ludicrous. They have three little boys; the eldest, Hassan by name, is an intelligent little fellow of four or five years old, with sparkling black eyes. The youngest was roused from its slumbers, and came squalling to be exhibited; while the third was permitted to sleep on undisturbed. These children looked very dirty, making all due allowance for their dark complexions; and their pink cotton shirts were sadly in want of washing. There were two young slave girls, one of

whom, called Leida, evidently prided herself upon knowing two or three words of English. The ladies showed no vulgar or troublesome curiosity in examining our dress and ornaments; but they seemed pleased when we showed them anything, brought forward their own belongings in return—and placed a chair opposite to the divan, with a candle upon it, that we might see each other more distinctly. We made a trifling present to our hostess, and after partaking of a cup of rather too strong and sweet tea, we bade farewell. The *Ghawázees* were dancing outside. Mr. Mustafa gave us two large bouquets of flowers, and promised me portraits of himself and family; but considering they are yet to be painted, and that pictures are contrary to Muslim prejudices, I have prudently resolved not to *set my heart* upon them! He then accompanied us on foot to the river's bank, where we parted—with many *civil speeches* on both sides. The Governor sent us a present of a sheep.

We left Luxor at eight o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, November 22nd—the Reis finding some plausible excuse for not starting earlier. A discharge of fire-arms from our vessel announced our departure to the other boats, as well as to the good people of Thebes. We had a favourable wind, and reached Keneh during the night. Our Nile maladies compelled us next morning to invoke the aid, not of some high sounding Egyptian Divinity, but of a most loquacious *French doctor;* who was so delighted to hear himself chattering his own language, that out of pure compassion we invited him to stay for breakfast, and he saw us off in our barge, bound for the opposite shore—beyond which, at the distance of an hour and a half, are the ruins of the Temple of Dendera. Mr. T. and myself were again obliged to tax the strength of the Arabs, and be carried on litters. The day was one of the hottest we had had since we came to Egypt, but nothing could subdue the cheerfulness of our sailors. Their labour was increased by the unevenness of the ground; and at one spot we were obliged to

cross a considerable piece of water, left by the inundation. We passed over land in process of culture, as well as much that was wild and barren.

The Temple of Dendera was dedicated to the Goddess Athor or Aphrodite, represented by a Hawk (the emblem of Horus) within a *House*. Two modern brick walls about a hundred yards in length extend in front of the portico, probably as a protection from injury, but the general effect is thereby much deteriorated. This portico, which bears a Greek inscription, was added during the reign of Tiberius to the original building. The antiquary discovers in the latter many imperfections, although few can deny that the edifice is grand and imposing on the whole. It moreover boasts of being the best preserved of the Egyptian temples. Whatever may be the opinion of *wise critics*, the flat roof and massive columns of the portico have a very heavy appearance to those who, like myself, know nothing of just proportions and conventional rules. The Zodiac is depicted on its ceiling; and here, as likewise at Esné, the *Sign Cancer* is represented by a Scarabæus instead of a Crab. On both its exterior walls occur the hieroglyphical names of the Cæsars. The portico, which is supported by twenty-four columns, is succeeded by a hall of six columns, with three chambers on each side; and through this first hall is a second, or central chamber, with two small rooms on one side and a stair-case on the other. The disgusting smell of bats, the total darkness—whose gloom our candles could scarcely penetrate—and the dread of snakes and scorpions, speedily drove us away from the former; but we mounted the stair-case to the roof, whence we *ought* to have had a fine view of the surrounding country. Alas! the heat and glare were beyond our endurance, and we speedily descended. A passage leads round the sanctuary, and communicates with six chambers. A *dromos* formerly extended in front of the Temple to a stone *pylon*, one hundred and ten paces distant, and bearing the

names of Domitian and Trajan. Behind the Great Temple is a smaller one, called by Strabo "the Chapel of Isis;" and in this and another not far from it are lateral columns, whose capitals bear representations of a Typhonian Monster. In the first of these lesser temples, to which also belongs a *pylon*, the Cow is figured; and it is said that the Sepoys prostrated themselves before it when our army was in Egypt. We were shown a closed doorway outside the *great*, and another outside one of the *smaller* temples, which had resisted the efforts of Mohammed Ali to force them open. Anxious to see the famous *kulleh* potteries at Keneh, we made the best of our way back to the *dahabéeh*—hired donkeys on the eastern bank—tried to forget our fatigues and infirmities—and as the sun was going down, enjoyed a cool ride across rough ground, and past fields and clumps of trees (among which were Pharaoh's fig-trees) towards the town—near whose gate was an artillery barrack. We entered an open enclosure within one of the narrow streets, and stood for some time watching the manufacture of those porous water bottles, the graceful forms of which—to say nothing of their utility—we had so long admired. The clay, ready kneaded with water, was handed in large lumps to a man seated on the ground before a small horizontal disc—which he worked with his foot—and who with wonderful dexterity and expedition shaped them according to his fancy. The necks were added after the globe of the *kulleh* was completed: they were then baked at a furnace. The clay is found in a valley to the northward of Keneh; and when prepared for use it is mixed with the sifted ashes of *halfeh* grass in proper quantities. In another street we found a court-yard with an abundant supply of earthen *dóraks* and *kullehs* ready for sale. The former have *narrow*, and the latter *wide* mouths. We purchased eighteen of them for sevenpence halfpenny!! How refreshed we felt by the evening air after the burning heat of that day's sun! Keneh is the chief starting place of the Mecca pilgrims for the port of Cosseir.

Late in the evening we anchored at Bellianeh, and the following day made a long excursion to visit the ruins of Abydus; setting off at a very early hour on donkeys which proved better than they *looked*, and performed their task admirably. Five hours elapsed before we reached our destination, and we felt but ill repaid for having exerted ourselves so much to see the remains of two Temples nearly lost in the sand. The small portion, not choked up, of the interior of one of them is so dark, and the smell of bats so exceedingly offensive, that it was impossible to take more than a hasty glance. The famous tablet found at Abydus, containing the names of several Kings, and agreeing with a similar one discovered at Thebes, is in the British Museum. Among the ruins we remarked some blocks of painted and sculptured granite. The cemetery, whence *stelæ* of many of the early Pharaohs have been brought to light, lies to the northward.

Our journey from Bellianeh to Abydus led across a generally wild and desolate tract of country; but here and there we saw fields where *fellaheen* and slaves were at work, and occasionally rode through a mud village or a grove of palm trees. At one place our sailors, of whom we took a sufficient escort, carried us over a canal; the donkeys following as best they could, after the saddles—our newly purchased English ones—had been taken off. The guide had not *studied his lesson;* for—having passed an extensive farm belonging to Said Pacha—we came to a wide sheet of water, almost too formidable for even our Arabs' strength to brave: however, with the help of their stout arms and shoulders, we were soon—to the infinite entertainment of a whole village—safe on the opposite side, the donkeys bringing up the rear. We went back to Bellianeh by a more agreeable route, the guide at last recollecting the existence of a certain bridge, built by Mohammed Ali; and notwithstanding that the distance was somewhat greater, we accomplished our return in three hours and a half; scrambling over

ditches, embankments, and all kinds of impediments. Our saddles turned continually—they were of course a great deal too large for the donkeys' backs—and besides, contrasted odly enough with their rope bridles and *very* shabby trappings. We saw some beautiful buffaloes, and fine flocks of long-tailed brown sheep; also a flock of white birds that we were told were ibises. Bellianeh stands on high ground, and is surrounded by a palm grove.

A strong breeze was against us all the next day, and we advanced no further than Bardées, which town gave the title El Bardéesee to one of the principal Memlook Beys. A *dahabéeh* going *up* the Nile passed us rapidly by with spread sails. We did not stop at Girgeh, and on Tuesday, November 29th—there being no wind at all—we floated gently down the river with the current. The weather had become much cooler, and we began to discourse upon the prudence of providing warm clothing for Syria.

After sunset we observed three fires on the eastern bank; their light had a pretty effect against the clear sky. As we approached Siout, or rather the port of El Hamra—where we remained twenty-four hours, to lay in provisions and have bread baked—the choruses of our Arabs became louder and louder! Mr. T. went on shore to buy earthen stoppers for the Keneh *dóraks*, and during his absence Miss —— and myself received a visit from a Sheikh of the Hadji (pilgrims) just returned from Mecca. He was a curious individual! His thin figure was clad in a coarse linen shirt, and on his head was a closely fitting cap of the same material—the back part of which was ornamented with cornelians. He wore large ear-rings, bracelets, and a profusion of rings set with stones (most probably *glass*). Over his shoulders were slung a number of common ropes. Round his body was a leathern strap, to which a padlock and other articles were attached—as well as a kind of drum, or tom-tom, covered with hide, and suspended from his waist by a steel chain. When

Vincenzo requested him to sound it, he instantly complied, turning it in the direction of Mecca; and accompanying its music—if such it could be called—by a sort of howling prayer. His pipe was of copper, and round its tube were no less than thirty-five trumpery finger-rings, set with bits of blue, green, red, and white glass: it was likewise adorned with festoons of beads, and near the mouthpiece was a brass button with a *French eagle* upon it!

We passed Manfaloot on Thursday, December 1st, and glided swiftly down the stream beneath a lofty range of excavated rocks. About seven in the evening, when we were drawing close to Shekh Abádeh, our sailors sang in chorus with all their might and main a most *boisterous love ditty!*

After breakfast next morning we visited the caves of Beni-Hassan. My litter was confided to the care of six Arabs, whose exertions I should have pitied as they toiled up the steep ascent of sandstone and fossil rocks—their feet continually sinking in the deep sand—but for their extreme hilarity, and their animated songs chaunted in no mournful cadences! The interior of the first tomb has a vaulted ceiling, chequered like a draughtboard, and supported by four sixteen-sided columns, slightly fluted: they are fifteen feet high, and nine in diameter. The walls are divided by lines into different compartments, representing the Egyptian manners and customs of former times in endless variety; and the colours of the paintings are marvellously preserved, considering their extreme age. Here one clearly discerns the processes of agriculture; the plough and the oxen—the former in no respect varying from that in present use—gymnastic exercises, revels, boating, the punishment of the bastinado, dogs, candlesticks and other articles of domestic utility, trades—in short, whatever pertained to daily life seems to be minutely and accurately delineated. Facing the entrance is a deep recess in the wall, containing an upright statue with a large stone slab at its feet. This tomb is of the

time of Osirtesen I, with whom Joseph is supposed to have been contemporary. All these grottoes have deep pits, and are unique in Egypt from the resemblance of their porticoes to the Grecian Doric: many of them are supported by two columns in front. Upon the walls of the second tomb are representations of the Nile, boats, fish, trees, buffaloes, goats, musical instruments, various occupations, and games. Some of the tombs have less pretensions to grandeur than others, and are without porticoes: they mostly communicate with each other, and several of the interior columns present specimens of the early Egyptian architecture, which imitated the lotus and papyrus. In one large chamber the roof is—or rather *was*—supported by three rows of columns, three in each row; the columns formed of four water-plants bound together by cords, to form their capitals: they are tapered at their bases, and swell out in the centre. We seated ourselves before the portico of the first grotto we had entered, our elevated position commanding an extensive view of the Nile valley.

A sudden change occurred in the weather about three o'clock, and it became extremely cold. A high wind arose, blowing clouds of sand (which at first we took for mist) from the Desert, and obliged us to remain at anchor. The Reis and crew put on whatever warm clothing they could find; and as I have before observed, the former has no contemptible wardrobe! His brown cloth *'abayeh* (cloak) looked remarkably well over his bright blue shirt. At night we had the novelty of some heavy rain, and the next morning—after leaving Minyeh, where we anchored for a few hours—we met a small *dahabéeh*, with an American family on board, bound for Wady Halfa. Vincenzo, hoisting his Maltese flag, went in the barge to enquire from them the "latest news" from Cairo; and brought back tidings of successes of the Turks against the Russians.

The sunset and *after glow* of that evening were indescribably beautiful!

The sky was a bright orange colour, shading into green, and the rocks on either side—we were floating down a comparatively narrow part of the river—appeared tinged with the most gorgeous hues! On the eastern bank appeared that range of steep cliffs, called the Gebel é Tayr, whose craggy sides afford shelter to great numbers of waterfowl. As we passed the Coptic convent there on our *upward* course, the *mendicants* who inhabit it allowed us to proceed unmolested by their importunities. This time, however, we were not destined to escape so easily; for, as we approached, a monk very much *en déshabille*, was descried swimming towards our vessel, and vociferating loudly for *backsheesh*—causing no small amusement to our servants and Arabs. The ascent and descent to and from the convent, which is situated on an exposed level space, is achieved by means of a natural tunnel in the precipice.

We continued to meet travellers going up the Nile—wisely preferring the months of December and January to those of October and November. The breeze was decidedly in our favour, and we glided on most rapidly. Having passed Beni-Souéf without waiting to renew our acquaintance with Osman Effendi, we reached Sakkára early on Tuesday, December 6th. Vincenzo had some difficulty in procuring the requisite number of donkeys from the country people, but was finally successful; and we were rowed on shore, having, for the only time during our long voyage, anchored in mid stream. We then mounted our *steeds* and trotted briskly through groves of palm and sont trees, and fields of vetches, beans, &c.; till we came to the village of Mitrahenny, near which are the mounds of ancient Memphis. Here it is supposed that Joseph was brought after being sold by his brethren. Tradition asserts that Memphis was built by Menes, the first king of Egypt; who is also said to have changed the course of the river, which previously flowed under the Libyan mountains. Before arriving at Mitrahenny, the Arabs carried us over a canal or dyke, which extends from thence to Sakkára,

and probably succeeded the ancient one that conveyed the water of the Nile to a famous lake, excavated by Menes. Across this lake, whose site is doubtful, the bodies of the dead were transported to the neighbouring tombs.

To the left of a large tank, surrounded by palm trees, we found the tent of *another* French gentleman employed by the Egyptian government to make drawings, search for the antiquities, and prevent their being taken away. Close to his temporary abode were arranged a number of peculiarly interesting relics, the result of his labours during the last six months. Our admiration was keenly excited by beautiful fragments of columns, capitals, the foot of a colossal statue, a small statue of red Syenite granite—resembling the Hindoo Gods in its posture and general appearance—another figure of some dark coloured stone, similarly proportioned, but which had two feet *at each side*—and numerous treasures equally valuable, though less striking to the eye. Traversing an enormous plain bounded by sandhills—the Nile, and now and then a plantation of palms, visible in the distance—we dismounted near an opening into a large tomb, lately discovered by the French Commissioner; and slided, jumped, or were lifted down this *excavated—not original*—entrance; until at last we stood within a great hall, whose roof is vaulted—or rather *arched*—in the centre, and supported by four columns on each side. Some sculpture adorns the upper part of this hall, out of which lead several smaller chambers opening one into another, and enriched—as is likewise a long corridor—with elaborate sculpture, still retaining traces of colour and well drawn hieroglyphics. Most of the ceilings—that of the corridor is particularly distinct—are covered with hieroglyphical cartoons. Deep pits were in the floors of all the apartments, except the great hall.

Having scrambled out again into the open air, we continued to ride over the same vast and sandy expanse, honeycombed with mummy

pits rifled and unrifled; and halted for a little while to examine a recently found sarcophagus of red granite, ornamented with hieroglyphics: the cover, whereon a human mummy was sculptured, lay close beside it—both were in perfect preservation. We then descended by a steep sloping entrance into a second recently discovered tomb, consisting of a single chamber without columns. The walls are richly painted on stucco, and the colouring is wonderfully vivid. The execution of the designs is however ridiculously incorrect. Here are portrayed the sacred cow, the ibis—and a number of human figures with blue hair; some of whose faces resemble that of the fox, and are red, while others are black like that of a wolf. There are also a few bird-headed human figures. A blue border embellished with golden stars runs along the top of these paintings.

It was now time to retrace our steps, and we found luncheon prepared for us within an enclosure before a mud dwelling. Fragments of sculptured stone lay scattered about where we sat; and leaning against a wall was a slab, displaying a finely wrought female figure and hieroglyphics. The ride back towards the Nile was delightful, for the day was like an *early* autumnal one in England. The pyramids of Dashóor were discernable on our right, and those of Geezeh on our left. We passed several deep pits, dug in the fields for purposes of irrigation: a trench is sometimes cut round a single palm tree to retain the moisture at its roots. Our donkeys were strong and active: the occasional turning of a saddle was no fault of *theirs*! The drivers of these useful animals often treat them very cruelly.

After one of the most glorious of Egypt's sunsets the "Clothilde" went on to Geezeh; and very early in the morning Vincenzo started for Cairo, with the combined objects of sending donkeys across the river to convey us to the Pyramids, securing rooms at Sheppeard's Hotel, calling at the British Consulate and Post-office for our letters, and giving orders for

tents and divers matters connected with our future journey. The donkeys were not long in making their appearance; and escorted by Salvo (brother of our dragoman, and called "the gentleman's valet,") some of our crew, and Antonio—the latter *of course* forgetting the footstools which were to facilitate our ascent of the Great Pyramid—we rode away from the busy bank of the Nile towards the curious old town of Geezeh. The costume of the men, who in winter generally wear *zaaboots* (long robes of brown woollen stuff) trimmed with fur, is even more picturesque at that season than it is in summer. Being anxious to see the place where eggs are hatched by artificial heat—a practice which dates from the time of the Pharaohs—our guide conducted us to a large mud building: into this we entered; passing through two low doorways and *a hole* into an apartment lighted from above, and perhaps thirty feet in length, the floor of which was thickly covered with straw. Here the eggs are laid round circular ovens. The place swarmed with fleas, and we quickly made our escape. From Geezeh our road lay along a broad avenue of sont and other trees, and through an extensive palm grove, to the canal; which we crossed by a bridge built by Mohammed Ali. Thence our track became more difficult; but we trusted to the unerring instinct of our sure footed donkeys, who bore us without accident over steep embankments, and across fields or swampy ground, until we reached a spot—the site of Napoleon's famous battle—in full view of, and *apparently very near* the Pyramids. We were in *reality* two miles distant!

And now commenced a confused clamour among the Arabs—for a crowd of people had followed us from Geezeh in hopes of being employed in some way or other. Fortunately we were aware that two Sheikhs are stationed in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, and in charge of them. It was therefore advisable to select *their* men from the disputants, a task by no means easily accomplished; and after arranging

the necessary preliminaries of *bargaining for going and returning*, we were each hoisted up on the shoulders of two Arabs—who carried us nimbly and safely through water both deep and shallow; and over bogs, stones, and hillocks, to the base of that sandy mound which leads up to the Pyramid of Cheops. Whenever we *could* walk a little, we willingly did so.

The ascent of this mighty structure is dreadfully fatiguing; but the Arabs are familar with every crevice, and so strong and active, one need not fear trusting entirely to their guidance. One man drags you up by your right hand, another by your left, while a third pushes you behind or prevents your falling backwards.

The French Commissioner chanced to ascend at the same time as ourselves. His tent was pitched on the plain below, and his photograpic machine stood near it, ready for use. Although we rested on a broad ledge about half way to take breath, we were scarcely more than twenty-five minutes in reaching the summit; where, completely exhausted, we gladly seated ourselves upon some of the detached fragments that still remain. I believe the platform is thirty-two feet square. The view from thence has been minutely and enthusiastically described by every traveller in Egypt. For my own part, I was thinking not of *fine prospects*, but of how we should ever *get down* again! We *did* descend safely, however, and with alarming rapidity! It was many days before we recovered from the effects of such an uncomfortable straining of the muscles!

The only time my head felt giddy was when I was treading the narrow ledge that leads to the entrance—a third of the height from the base. We sat down in front of that pointed arch, formed by two great blocks, which tends to support the roof of the sloping narrow passage. The Arabs lighted candles, and we all groped along for about a dozen yards; but the foul air, dust, and dread of bats and lizards, proved beyond our

endurance in addition to the labour we had just undergone. Accordingly, with the exception of Mr. T.—who pushed his way into the interior as far as the Sarcophagus—we turned back; and continuing our descent, ended by doing ample justice to a luncheon which Salvo had laid out on one of the lowest blocks of the Pyramid itself. These enormous masses are of limestone, and full of fossils. A French lady and gentleman had come from Cairo with the intention of seeing sunrise the next day from the top of the Great Pyramid. They were to remain all night in one of the excavated tombs.

We could not linger, for the day was wearing on apace; and turning to the right, we beheld at the extremity of a sandy ravine the colossal head and shoulders of the Sphinx. The whole of this enormous figure is cut out of the solid rock, with the exception of the fore feet, and a small temple formerly rested within its paws. The accumulation of sand was in ancient times prevented by walls of crude brick, vestiges of which may yet be seen. We found a *drier* but rather *longer* way back to the donkeys, and were ever and anon hoisted up and carried as before. The Arabs had picked up a few sentences of English, and tried to win our favour by the constant repetition of "Lady, no fraid, Arab strong man." In the midst of all their attentive care the prevailing word was "*backsheesh.*" These men live in tents near the Pyramids, and their encampment is in perfect accordance with the scene around them. A heavy shower of rain came on, but the most splendid rainbow I ever beheld made me entirely unmindful of the discomfort of damp clothes. One of our *escort* attempted to throw his cloak over my shoulders, and I hope I expressed sufficient gratitude for his well meant act of kindness, although I obstinately refused to profit by it. How quickly the crops spring up in this rich soil! and how fresh and green the fields appear even while they are still partly under water! We rode *homewards* at a very slow pace, the moistened ground being so

slippery that some of the donkeys could not keep their footing. It was quite dark when we entered our cabin, where our fatigues were for a while forgotten in the piles of welcome letters that awaited us. We proceeded to *Boulák*, our sailors chaunting their chorus in tones absolutely *deafening;* but as it was the last we were destined to hear, we bore the noise *most patiently*, and retired to rest rejoicing that our Nile voyage was completed. It had not been devoid of both pleasure and interest, but there were also many drawbacks. The *dahabéeh* and its arrangements were excellent, and we had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Reis and crew. Not once was the bastinado even *threatened.* I believe few travellers in Egypt can confirm this statement by their own experience. Our Maltese servants had latterly disagreed among themselves; as *Christians* they ought to have set a better example. Antonio and Paolo left us at Cairo.

We bade *adieu* to the "Clothilde" on Thursday, December 8th, and drove in an open carriage to Sheppeard's Hotel. It was market day at Boulák. An immense number of loaded camels were standing or lying on an open space to our left, and we passed many more on the road. This *Cairene* Hotel is the largest I ever saw; with its handsome stone staircases, wide corridors, and lofty apartments. There are good baths too, and a well supplied *table d' hote.* On the other hand, the beds are by no means so free from *creeping things* as they *might* be with proper care, and the attendance is woefully deficient. Certainly what *we* call good servants must be extremely scarce in Egypt.

The constant arrival of passengers to and from India keeps up an unceasing bustle and excitement. Young and old, married and single, black *ayahs* and English nurserymaids, sickly squalling children, yellow faces and dowdy dresses, disappointed hopes and ardent expectations—all assemble here! Of mere *tourists*, the Americans are at present the most numerous. They leave their own country with a fixed resolve to

see so much and *spend* so much within a specified time, and almost invariably perform to a hair's breadth what they have undertaken.

Seewáns (tents), vying with each other in gaudy decorations, were erected in the Uzbekéëh—for the annual festival had begun which celebrates the birthday and death of the Prophet, and is called the *Moo' lid en-Nebbée.* During the afternoon we rode through quaint old streets, where we had not been before, on our way to some of the shops and bazaars. I was never tired of admiring those high, projecting, elaborately carved and painted lattice-windows; from childhood rendered so familar to my imagination by books and pictures. The weather was cool and pleasant.

Shopping again the next morning—a slow process in the East, where the seller not only makes a point of demanding for his goods at least three times their value, but appears perfectly indifferent as to whether the purchases are eventually made or not! While *im*patiently awaiting the result of one of these bargains, my attention was attracted towards a water carrier, of whom I would gladly have made a sketch. His figure, already bent by age, stooped still more under the weight of the elegant, long-shaped jar of porous earthenware attached to his shoulders by ropes. Within the neck of this jar was a bunch of orange leaves. He held two or three brightly polished copper cups in one hand, into which he poured the water. Of the Bazaars, that for shoes is the most showy, with its gay colours and embroidered slippers. As we returned to the European quarter we passed several handsome old Mosques: they are generally painted externally in horizontal stripes of red and white. We met two marriage processions; and unless some of the covered baskets were *empty*, which I understand is not unfrequently the case, the brides must have been endowed with noble *trousseaux.* We also met a party of Hadji carrying banners and burning incense.

There was a grand *leave taking* that day—beginning with Paolo and Antonio, and ending with the first and second Reis. Reis *number one* was very proud of a new suit of clothes and a signet ring given him by Mr. T. in token of approbation.

We were by no means destitute of amusement at the *table d' hóte.* Flirtations were going on, while papas and mammas pretended not to see them! Many interesting topics were discussed, for the guests were of various nations and contrary pursuits. There were a few *genuine* Turks and Egyptians—and also some *Anglo-Arabs* (of course the least well bred of the party); English Officers; English speculators; English tourists; Americans; French; Italians; a German general; and a German baron. Lord Elphinstone was also at Sheppeard's Hotel, and a very indifferent band of music now and then played in his honour.

On Saturday, December 10th, we rode through the Bazaar of Arms, and Turkish quarter of the city; and beyond the Roumaylee gate, we dismounted near the Mausoleum of Mohammed Ali's family. Before admitting us a man carefully removed the dust from the soles of our boots with a cloth. This building, which is also a Mosque, is divided into two apartments and a long corridor. The inner chamber contains the yet unfinished tomb of Ibrahim Pacha. Workmen were busily employed upon it, and the adjoining tombs were covered with matting to protect them from injury. Each apartment has a dome; and within the corridor, from whose ceiling a large chandelier is suspended, every sepulchre has a separate one. Below these domes are windows of coloured glass. The tomb of Abbas Pacha's first wife, near the entrance to the outer chamber, struck me as particularly beautiful: it was of white marble, sculptured and painted. Among the rest that attracted our notice were those of Abbas Pacha's father (Toossoom Pacha, Mohammed Ali's son), of Hossayn Bey, of Ismail Bey, of Ali Bey Saloniklee, of Mohammed Ali's first wife (the mother

of Ibrahim Pacha), of one of the daughters of Mohammed Ali, and the tomb of an infant son of Abbas Pacha. The sepulchres of the male branches are, as usual, surmounted by a sculptured turban; while those of the females are sometimes adorned in like manner with a sort of cap. The *muezzin* was calling to prayer in loud and discordant tones. This edifice is approached by a narrow passage, on each side of which are the dwellings of people in charge, who extort *backsheesh* from travellers. Passing through a house close by, inhabited from similar motives, we entered the cemetery of the Memlooks. The most conspicuous of these tombs is that of Imám e' Shaffaee. It is said to have been erected by Yoosef-Salah-e'deen (Saladin), and is of white marble: its dome is supported by six columns. This tomb is richly sculptured, and beneath its lofty cupola are also two other scarcophagi; said to be those of Imám's daughter and of Ali Bey—the tomb of whose wife is at hand, its dome supported by four columns. Each quarter of Cairo has a distinct burial-ground; some of the sepulchres are very handsome, and are surmounted by domes or arches. Our intelligent young Arab guide (who had been employed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and spoke English pretty well) now led us immediately behind the Citadel, down a ravine, past a succession of Santons' and Sheikhs' tombs—and the cemetery of the 'Ool 'ama, chiefs of the Mohammedan priesthood, within the sacred boundaries of which none but Muslims are allowed to enter. A few houses in the neighbourhood are set apart for the wives of deceased 'Ool 'ama, when they visit their husbands' graves. Riding quickly onwards, we soon reached the tombs of the Circassian Memlook Kings—or Caliphs—of Egypt. Within the enclosure are several large old houses. Each tomb is a Mosque; and wherever any object of particular curiosity remains, they have their separate guardians. We first directed our attention to the beautiful Mosque El Kaitbay. The whole cemetery is thus denominated by the modern Cairenes; but the name is more properly

Káëdbai—who was the 19th Memlook Sultan, and was buried there A.D. 1496. We greatly admired its dome, minaret, and elegantly sculptured doorway. The exterior exhibits alternate courses of red and white; and a steep flight of stone steps leads up to the entrance, across which are suspended a lantern and some ostrich eggs: the latter are mostly imitation, being of fancifully coloured china. The massive portal of carved bronze is in wonderful preservation; the floors are of inlaid marble—red, white, and black; the windows, many of them broken, are of stained glass; and the pulpit, remarkably curious as a specimen of ancient carving in wood, is ornamented with painting. Facing the pulpit is an elevated wooden platform, from whence prayer is announced. Over every door—whose ponderous locks are quite in character with the rest of the building—is inscribed a text from the Kur-án, in white characters upon a black ground. The sarcophagus is covered with yellow cloth, whereon is a red scroll pattern; and its railing and canopy are of latticed and painted wood. Close behind the sarcophagus is an arched niche adorned with Arabesque patterns; and on each side of this niche is a wooden box—one of which contains a copy of the Kur-án. This chamber is surrounded by a painted surbase; and upon two raised platforms—one surmounted by a wooden, and the other by a copper canopy—are large stones, said to be marked by the right and left footprints of the Prophet; but where and on what occasion we were unable to discover.

The tomb of El Eshraf is less magnificent; and judging from the long time we were kept waiting until the rusty lock could be unfastened, not so frequently visited. The floors are of inlaid and polished marbles, like those of the Mosque I have just described; the inside of the dome is curiously painted, and is supported by four white marble columns, two of which are circular and two octagon. The chamber containing the sarcophagus is surrounded by a surbase of different marbles; as likewise the tomb itself, the upper part of which is of white marble. Behind the

sarcophagus, whose lid appears very much injured, is a niche most beautifully inlaid with mother of pearl and coloured stones in tasteful and elaborate Arabesque patterns—with a painted arch, or semi dome. The tomb of El Bêrkook, first Sultan of the Memlook dynasty, has two domes and two minarets. A rather narrow passage—paved with square stones, most of which are broken—leads into an open court, with a large tamarisk tree in the centre, where was once a fountain. Cloisters surround this court; their arches are slightly pointed, and some more so than others. We were not admitted into the interior of this Mosque. Within the cloisters are two rows of octagon columns; arched, and supporting domes. These still gorgeous mausoleums of the Desert are fast hastening to decay. Time, neglect, and the hand of man will ere long, it is to be feared, entirely destroy them. As we approached Cairo we passed an immense number of windmills, erected upon a range of hills. The *Sibéels* (public fountains) abound in richness of sculpture; we saw two of them above which schools were established.

When dinner was over we walked along the Uzbekéëh in front of the *Seewáns*, which were gaily and prettily illuminated with small lamps of coloured glass. Each tent belongs to the head, or Sheikh, of a set of Dervishes from some particular town or village; and in many instances the decorations are costly, and the lighting up brilliant; while others are nearly dark and of very mean appearance. The *seewán* of the great Sheikh of the Sáadéëh—who was not present himself, but sent his deputy—was, as might be expected, the *grandest*: that of his brother was almost as splendid. But every feeling of admiration ceased when we heard and saw the revolting performance of the *zikr*, as it is called, which the interiors of these *seewáns* displayed. In the centre stood the Sheikh, directing the movements of his followers, who surrounded him in a circle holding each others hands, jumping, dancing, bowing, shaking their heads violently, and—in loud and

scarcely human tones—howling a certain form of words, of which "Allah! Allah! Lá, Lá, Lá!" were all I could distinctly hear. Their gestures were more and more frantic, until at last they reached a point of absolute frenzy! When any of these poor deluded devotees fell to the ground insensible, a spectator was always ready to take his place. This scene is often kept up by the same dervishes for three days and nights in succession, without rest or food, except short intermissions now and then for pipes and coffee! Such is the effect of fanaticism! In commencing the *zikrs*, the performers *(zikkeers)* were *seated*, and nothing extravagant was observable in their demeanour: gradually, however, their brains became completely intoxicated by intense excitement. Some *zikrs* were performed round tall masts—called *sárees*—secured with ropes, upon which lamps were arranged in fanciful designs. The *zikkeers*, who were chiefly of the lower orders, had no distinguishing costume, and they all wore turbans. There were hardly any women amongst the crowd. This festival was instituted by Sultan Murad, the son of Selím (better known as Amurath III.) A.D. 1598—or 996 of the Hegira. It is held on the return of the pilgrims from Mecca, lasts about a week, and is often falsely described as a *fair*; on account of the swings and merry-go-rounds, and the booths for selling sweetmeats, dates, cakes, beans, &c., which are stationed here and there. A bright moon shed her pale rays over the more retired portion of the Uzbekéëh; whither, after satisfying our curiosity as travellers, we gladly turned our footsteps.

The following day was Sunday, and with thankfulness did we avail ourselves of the opportunity of attending divine service in our own tongue, and according to our accustomed form of worship. We rode along some narrow *alleys*, communicating with each other by low gateways, which are closed after sunset; and dismounted at the residence of the Reverend Mr. Lieder (a German Missionary), where a large room is fitted up as a chapel. Mr. Lieder has a slightly foreign

accent, but reads and preaches remarkably well in English. He gave us a good plain sermon—probably not his own composition, for I had heard it before. The subject was Jacob's interview with Pharaoh, on that patriarch's arrival in Egypt.

Monday, December 12th, was the last and *great* day of the *Moo 'lid en-Nebbée*. Immediately after breakfast an open carriage conveyed our party to that part of the Uzbekéëh considered most favourable for viewing the ceremony of the *Dóseh*; near the house of the Sheikh El-Bekree, who presides over all the dervishes in Egypt, and is the reputed descendant of Abu Bekr e' Sáadéëh—the friend and successor of the Prophet, and father of his favourite wife, Ayesha. An immense crowd had already assembled—such a motley concourse as can be seen in Grand Cairo alone! There was no disorderly conduct, for drunkenness is not a prevalent vice in Mohammedan countries. Certainly, however, two stones were thrown into our carriage, but no one was hurt. We had scarcely stopped when a dervish came up to ask alms, holding towards us a boat-shaped metal bowl. His embroidered red cap was in the form of a sugar-loaf, his black hair hung down each side of his swarthy face in greasy ringlets, he wore a full white shirt, and had three rows of large black beads round his neck. Then appeared one of those dervishes who obtain their livelihood as water-carriers: his earthen jar slung across his shoulders by thick cords, was adorned with charms and trumpery ornaments. There were several of these water-carriers among the Mecca pilgrims: some of them carried skins instead of jars. We had two hours to wait, but the time did not *appear* so long. There were Arabs; Syrians—(the wealthy traders of Damascus); happy, honest looking Nubians; Turks in richly embroidered capotes; a fair proportion of Europeans; Egyptian ladies enveloped in their black silk *habarahs*, over robes of blue or rose-colour; females of the middle class, dressed entirely in white, except their plaid or striped *miláyehs*—

(a sort of wrapper, similar to the *habarah*)—of silk and cotton mixed: some of these were of cotton only, while the poorest women still wore the blue linen *tarhah*. Flags were flying, and *zikrs* were performing round poles and masts firmly secured by ropes. There were sherbet vendors, games, jugglers, and merry-go-rounds; men were carrying enormous trays of bread and cakes; bouquets of roses and geraniums, fruit, and toys were offered for sale; as were also some curious dish covers, made of plaited palm leaves, and pointed at the top; women bore their dirty infants on their heads in baskets, or astride on their shoulders; the haughty Bedouin of the Desert, guiding his noble steed with difficulty through the dense multitude, was seen—tempted by the occasion—for once to mingle with his more civilized fellow men; nor must I forget to mention one *charming* figure of a dervish, dressed in what is called a *dilk* (a patched coat made of cloth of all sorts and colours) ornamented with silver: his conical cap and petticoat were made of patches in like manner; and he held in his hand a staff, to the top of which shreds of coloured cloth were attached. In short, every variety of costume that can be imagined met the eye; the least attractive of them all were the military uniforms. People were seated on mats, or high up among the branches of the trees. We saw too the European Consuls and their families, each preceded by a *kawass* (janissary), enter the house of the Sheik El-Bekree; whose tent—of blue, red, white, and yellow stripes; and supported by poles painted green and red—was pitched close by. At last we became aware that the ceremony had commenced. Some hundreds—I could never learn how many—of dervishes, and I believe others also, lay down side by side and close together upon the ground; their backs upwards, their arms crossed beneath their foreheads; and the following procession passed over them:—First came two men carrying green banners; then a serpent eater, devouring a live snake, and accompanying this disgusting act by the most frantic gestures; thirdly,

a man with a kind of mace upon a green pole, followed by a couple of standard bearers—and lastly, the Sheikh of the Sáadéëh himself, on *horseback!* He was held by two attendants, one of whom walked on each side of him and guided the horse. This procession passed twice over the same prostrate devotees. The Sheikh had, as he advanced, merely a black or very dark green *tarboosh* on his head; but on his return, he wore also a turban of the same colour. He was an old man, and seemed half stupified. His aversion to performing the Dóseh was so great, that for several years he positively refused to do so, except by a deputy—who was *blind*: that individual died, and since then the Sheikh has yielded to the entreaties of his dervishes. It is asserted that by some supernatural power, and the repetition of certain prayers, these deluded fanatics can endure the tread of the horse without being injured in the slightest degree. *The truth* is not easy to ascertain; but we saw many of them lifted from the ground quite insensible, or in convulsions! On the whole, there could not be a more repulsive spectacle, or one more degrading to the better feelings of humanity. The performances of the *dancing* dervishes may be witnessed every Friday at Old Cairo. *These* men are all of one sect, though of different nations. Travellers who desire to obtain correct information respecting the dervishes in general, are much puzzled by contradictory reports.* They are said to have some just notions of spiritual religion, in spite of their gross superstition and unhallowed rites. A great many of the dervishes in Egypt are Turks and Persians: there are also a few Nubians among them.

Illness prevented my seeing more of the wonders of Cairo. In the mean time most active preparations were going on for our speedy departure, and our collection of Egyptian curiosities was sent off to England.

* See Lane's "Modern Egyptians," and Pococke's "Travels in the East."

My party visited some of the old Mosques, and obtained an order to enter that of El Ez'her, in which is the University. The attendance of a *kawass* was also necessary, for Christians are by no means welcome within those learned walls. Indeed, notwithstanding all due precautions, the students were evidently so annoyed by this intrusion, that their demeanour became violently excited. They jumped upon the benches, vociferating in loud and angry tones: one of them even struck Miss —— with a book; and the Sheikhs of the College, the *kawass*, and the guide, had great difficulty in restoring order. This College is considered superior to any other in the East, and students who flock thither are gratuitously supported. Owing to the rapacity of Mohammed Ali, who seized upon the property of the Mosques, the funds of this establishment are very much reduced, and the professors are allowed no pecuniary remuneration. The building is of considerable size, and was erected at different periods. There is an asylum for blind men attached to the University: many of them are likewise admitted as students.

The next excursion they made was to Mataréëh, a little beyond which is the site of Heliopolis—the On of Scripture. Mr. and Mrs. Lieder accompanied them, and the ride there occupied about three hours. They described the road as being the prettiest they had seen near Cairo. It passes through the richest part of the Land of Goshen—redeemed from the Desert by Ibrahim Pacha. Near the mounds of Heliopolis is a garden where once grew some *balsam* trees, said to have been originally planted there by Cleopatra, who brought them from Jericho. This precious drug no longer grows in either of these localities: it is now cultivated near Mecca, whither the plants were eventually removed from Mataréëh. It is to this balsam—or balm—that allusion is made in the Bible. "And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes, and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead

with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry *it* down to Egypt." * The old sycamore with hollow trunk—beneath whose branches tradition asserts that the Holy Family reposed on the occasion of their flight into Egypt—and the well at which they are said to have slaked their thirst, are still shown to travellers.

Of the ancient city of Heliopolis, so celebrated for its learning—within whose temples it is supposed that Moses was instructed *in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*, and where Plato learnt the immortality of the soul—but one single obelisk remains standing! It bears the name of Osirtesen I, and is about sixty-two feet high. The seat of learning was subsequently transferred to Alexandria, as were likewise those two obelisks known by the name of *Cleopatra's Needles*. Bricks made *without straw* have lately been found at Heliopolis—which have given rise to much curious speculation; and *inscribed* bricks are constantly turning up among the mounds. The prophet Jeremiah lived for some time in this vicinity.

On Thursday, December 23rd, Mr. Lieder kindly took Mr. T. over the Citadel, so long the residence of Mohammed Ali.† The mint is also there. In the afternoon Mr. T. went to see the Pacha's gunpowder mills at Toora, about three hours ride from Cairo, accompanied by the Minister of War.

* Genesis xxxvii. 25.

† The following extract from Colonel Chesney's "Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829," was omitted in its proper place—

"The details of some of these attacks on the Russian redoubts, were related to the author by an individual who took an active part in these proceedings. This was Hemén Pasha, who had brought a force of upwards of 2,000 irregular troops from his government in Konia. These men were animated by the same determined spirit as their chief; whose great anxiety was to serve his sovereign by overcoming the enemies of Turkey. Hemén, in touching upon his own history, mentioned that he was one of the Mamelukes at the time of their destruction by Muhammed Ali; and his Kaïa, or lieutenant, afterwards filled up this outline by informing us that it was Hemén who had leaped his horse over the wall at

The French government send one of their most talented physicians to Cairo, for the purpose of making enquiries respecting the causes and treatment of the Plague: he is recalled at the end of five years, and another takes his place. Dr. Burguères has held that appointment for more than three years, and has had abundant opportunity of studying the manners and customs of the modern Cairenes. His professional visits to the *harćems* seem to tax his patience severely; and no wonder. First, one of the eunuchs must be summoned; and after a great deal of needless parley, that individual sets off to inform the ladies that the *hakím* (doctor) has arrived. At the end of ten minutes—generally much longer—the eunuch comes again, with a request that the *hakím* will step into an adjoining room, smoke a pipe, and drink a cup of coffee—which *performances* cause an immense delay; besides that the poor *hakím* must wait another full hour, perhaps, before he is admitted into the chamber of the invalid, who remains all the time closely veiled!

We rode to Shoobra on the afternoon of Friday, December 23rd, along a wide avenue of fine acacia trees, the favourite *promenade* of Cairo. The distance is four miles from the Bab-el-Hadid, near which is pointed out a spot famous as the scene of a fierce encounter between Richard I. and Saláh-e'-deen, and where are the remains of very ancient walls.

The weather was delightful, and I enjoyed it the more after my long *imprisonment*. The road gradually approached the Nile as we advanced towards the village of Shoobra, and at last ran close along the river's bank. Arrived at the outer gate of the royal pleasure grounds, where are

Cairo: he was, consequently, the solitary individual who escaped that massacre. The expression of Hemén Pasha's dark countenance and rolling eyes, as he related the hope he had conceived during one of the sorties from Schumla, of making the Emperor Nicholas prisoner, are strongly impressed on the memory of the author. 'Had this been effected,' added he, 'we should only have released him on the condition of his restoring the Crimea to the Sultan!'"

the Pacha's stables, we dismounted; and at the end of a short avenue came to a second portal, with a very shabby lodge attached to it. The gardens are extensive, and most beautifully kept. Chrysanthemums, roses, geraniums, and several of our greenhouse plants were in blossom; the weeping willow and the pomegranate were to be seen here and there; but the principal growth was that of the orange, lemon, and citron. One of the gardeners gave us bouquets of flowers; and some oranges, like those of Malta, produced by grafting upon the pomegranate tree. The broad straight walks radiate from centres, and some of them are covered overhead with trellis work. We started a pretty gazelle from under some trees. The Octagon Pagoda of gaily coloured glass cost 7,000 purses—the *kees* (purse) being equivalent to £5 sterling. Its interior is fitted up as a saloon, in the centre of which is a bronze fountain, and also a candelabra of carved wood. The floor is curiously inlaid, and the part that immediately surrounds the fountain forms a circular pattern of crescents and stars. The next object of attraction was the Great Fountain *Kiosk*, or according to our guide, the Pacha's *Divan*. The erection of a gas-house for supplying the lamps has ruined the general effect of the building. An enormous marble *reservoir*, containing water four feet in depth, is surrounded by balustrades, which—as well as the columns and mouldings of the open corridors—are from Carrara, and were worked by Italians. At each of the four corners is an apartment fitted up with divans: the first we entered had a painted ceiling, plate glass windows, and splendid silk hangings; the floor and panelled walls were of inlaid wood. The framework of the chairs and tables—for there was a mixture of the European with the Oriental style—struck us as being exceedingly paltry, compared with all around them, and their own rich damask coverings. Another of these rooms contained a billiard table, and in a third was a full length portrait in oils of Mohammed Ali—considered an excellent likeness. Some artists were employed in repairing injured portions of

those paintings which adorn the ceilings of the corridors: the late Pacha's portrait, *al fresco*, is conspicuous there likewise. Resting with its oars against a wall, we observed a small green and white boat, used as a sort of plaything for the amusement of the *haréem*. At the opposite side of the gardens, near the Palace—a square ugly mansion—we ascended a flight of steps, bordered by terraces gay with flowering shrubs, to a platform; whence we were assured was to be seen a view of the whole demesne of Shoobra, the Nile, and the distant mountains; but the neighbouring trees have grown gradually larger, and have quite spoiled the prospect so far as the gardens are concerned. We had just rejoined the donkeys when one of the Pacha's carriages and four drove up; some veiled ladies alighted from it, and the gate was instantly closed behind them. As we rode back to Cairo we bade farewell to the Nile, which we beheld no more.

The railroad now making, between Cairo and Alexandria, will—when completed—be a great convenience to travellers. It was begun several years ago by Mohammed Ali. Another railroad is also in progress between Cairo and Suez.

How precisely have the sacred prophecies been fulfilled! "And the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof; and I will destroy the counsel thereof: and they shall seek to the idols, and to the charmers, and to them that have familiar spirits, and to the wizards. And the Egyptians will I give over into the hand of a cruel lord; and a fierce king shall rule over them, saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts." * "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations." †

We rose early on Saturday, December 24th, for our *caravan* was to be despatched betimes; while we ourselves were to join it on the confines of

* Isaiah xix. 3, 4. † Ezekiel xxix. 15.

Route on the Nile
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
MOUTHS OF THE NILE.
ALEXANDRIA
ATFEH
ROSETTA
CAZA
PALESTINE
Dead Sea
EGYPT.
Isthmus of Suez
Desert
WADY EL ARISH
LOWER EGYPT.
BOULAK
CAIRO
SUEZ
LAKE MENZALEH
LAKE MAREOTIS
LAKE BEDEAH
LAKE EL TIMSAH
GULF OF SUEZ
RED SEA
CENTRAL EGYPT.
MINYEH
BENI HASSAN
SHEKH ABADEH
MANFALOUT
SIOUT
MENSHEH
GIRGEH
BARGEES
BELLIANEH
KENEH
DENDERA
LUXOR
KARNAK
HERMONTHIS
ESNEH
EDFOU
KOM OMBO
ELEPHANTINE
ASSOUAN
1st CATARACT
NUBIA

the Desert, and be conveyed thither on donkeys. We left Cairo by the Bab-el-Hadid soon after nine o'clock, a. m.—rode past many gardens of prickly pear, orange, lemon, and citron trees; and were seated aloft upon our camels in little more than an hour. Of course we had the escort and protection of a powerful Bedouin Sheikh, with twelve or fourteen of his followers—all armed with swords; for they were not allowed to carry fire-arms. In point of *numbers*, we were a pretty formidable party. We had altogether twenty-eight camels and dromedaries—the dromedary being but a smaller breed of the camel; whatever children are taught about *one and two humps*. Our seats were made as comfortable and soft as possible; for the clumsy wooden saddles were piled with carpets, down quilts, cloaks, and cushions. We stalked away at the rate of three miles and a half per hour; and although the rocking motion is very fatiguing, and therefore can scarcely be termed *agreeable*, it was not nearly so unpleasant as we had been led to expect. We followed the broad sandy track along which the vans—*now* belonging to the Egyptian government, but *originally* to the East India Company—actually *post* between Cairo and Suez! On either side the view is bounded by sandhills; and between them and the road extends a barren plain. Our first day's journey was a short one. We encamped near some sandhills; where I picked up abundance of pretty snail-shells: snails do not thus abound in the Desert, further south, I believe. A young Nubian, nearly black, called Mohammed, replaced Antonio as "ladies' valet;" and our *burly* cook was an Arab, Bekéeh by name.

We were charmed with the unexpected comfort of our tents, of which two were for our own especial use. The dragoman and his three subordinates had another. There were mats, Persian carpets, tables, camp stools, iron bedsteads, mattrasses, down quilts, cushions, and plenty of clean linen; besides all that could be wanted in the way of plate, glass, and china. Our dinners were always excellent. We had soup every day;

three or four dishes at the first course; always one, and frequently two sweets; followed by a dessert of oranges, biscuits, French bon bons, and dried fruits. We had wine and brandy of *our own*. The six great water casks (the Arabs carried *their* supply in skins) were filled whenever an opportunity for doing so occurred, and we were never denied the luxury of washing in *warm* water. With regard to our stock of provisions; unless some untoward accident should happen, we were not likely to *die of famine* in the Wilderness! We started from Cairo with sixteen live turkeys, eighty chickens, six hundred eggs, and everything else in proportion. Unfortunately for our provider, prices have been continually rising (as I have already stated), particularly upon grain, for some time past. The dry pure air had at once a marvellous effect upon our appetites; and the *mountain* of a pilau—the omelet—no matter what was placed before us—all were perfection! Our sleep was so sound too! the Arab watch might sing or make what noises they pleased, but they could not disturb *us!* The fires round which the Arabs sat were lighted at a little distance from our tents. There were usually two of them, but sometimes it was deemed expedient to light more—I suppose to give our encampment a more formidable appearance after dark. Beyond these was a circle of the heavy baggage—for Vincenzo took the trunks which contained our clothes into his own tent; while outside of all lay the camels, divested of their loads and trappings—the latter of plaited leather, adorned with cowrie shells and tassels. These animals were led by a thick rope of twisted goat's or camel's hair instead of a bridle. One hardship alone crossed the even tenour of our Desert life; viz., our early *breakfasts*, which were *al fresco* in every sense! However hot the coming day might be, the cold was often intense before sunrise; and then we had such a scramble to be dressed quickly enough! No mercy was shown towards us if we chanced to feel sleepy: ready or not ready, down came the tents within half an hour from the time we were called! We did not

always ride with the baggage; but Vincenzo and the Sheikh invariably accompanied us, and there was a man to lead each of our camels—or rather, there *ought* to have been—for they were very fond of making excuses to leave us tied one behind another, and wander off to amuse themselves. They took especial care to reappear at luncheon time, between eleven and twelve, when we had an hour's rest. Our day's journey seldom exceeded eight hours, and we generally stopped about half past three or four o'clock. So methodical were the arrangements, that in twenty minutes the tents were pitched and ready for our reception; and an hour had hardly elapsed before dinner was smoking upon the table!

Christmas day in the Desert! My camel was frisky, and his capering obliged me to hold fast with both hands; for a single day's experience was not sufficient to accustom one's head to such an *elevation*, from whence an unlucky tumble would be attended with serious consequences. We found great quantities of petrified wood near our mid-day halting-place; and passed a palace belonging to Abbas Pacha, which cost 100,000 dollars, and is said to be magnificently fitted up. He is fond of the chase, and comes here to enjoy it: we saw a pack of his greyhounds.* Vincenzo provided us with as good Christmas fare as we could have at home; viz., soup, roast turkey, ham, omelet, and—by way of a plum pudding—stewed prunes within a wall of rice: he also produced a bottle of Maraschino, to drink the health of our many absent friends.

We adopted the plan of winding long scarfs tightly round our waists; and I strongly recommend all travellers in the East to do the same. It is an invaluable support to the back, and prevents one's being so shaken by the motion of the camel.

* While this work has been passing through the press, accounts have reached England of Abbas Pacha's sudden death; and his being succeeded by his uncle, Saïd Pacha, the only remaining son of Mohammed Ali.

Between Cairo and Suez are twelve post stations—plain, whitewashed buildings—and attached to each is a circular semaphore, also whitewashed. As soon as an Indian steam packet arrives at Suez, the number of passengers is telegraphed to Cairo. We always encamped near one of these stations. Now and then a horseman galloped past us, but we met very few people. The sunsets were *glorious!*

Our Arabs wore sandals on their feet. The Sheikh was a young man with a goodhumoured countenance, and was civil in showing us every attention in his power. His dress resembled that of other Egyptians: on his head he had a red *tarboosh* and white muslin turban. We rode past the carcasses of several dead camels, upon one of which at least a dozen vultures were feeding; and so intent were they on their repast, that our near approach did not disturb them. As we advanced, the Suez mountains became more and more clearly defined. At rare intervals we observed a solitary tree; and there is a prickly shrub (the Spinus Christi) that grows in the Desert, of which camels are extremely fond. Beans are the ordinary food of these animals, and coarse sacks of them were fastened behind our saddles.

On Tuesday, December 27th, we were in sight of the Red Sea, and white sails were visible in the distance. The weather was charming during the early and latter part of the day, but oppressively hot towards noon. The following morning we came to a large *khan*, the usual halting-place of the Mecca pilgrims. Here was a pool of water; to which, however, our camels seemed strangely indifferent, although they had had none since they started from Cairo. I am sure these poor beasts do not deserve the character so often given them of stubbornness and ill-temper. Although some are most kindly treated by their owners, many are exactly the reverse; and the backs of those which convey baggage are frequently so rubbed and sore, that they may well growl hideously, and show signs of displeasure while package after package is heaped upon them. Three

of our camels carried the water casks (two each); the three tents were divided between two camels; one was loaded with the bedding; &c. An ordinary load is about three hundred weight. It is difficult to break in a camel at first, as we had an opportunity of witnessing.

Before we entered the massive old gateway of Suez, we passed another *khan;* and were shown, on our right, the opening into the *Wadee el Arraba* (valley of the chariots); the place where, according to Arab tradition, the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. Suez is a wretched looking town, notwithstanding its shipping and merchandize, and all the arrivals and departures of caravans and steamers. The principal modern buildings are the English Consulate, and an Hotel: the latter is kept by an Englishman, but belongs to Mr. Sheppeard of Cairo. An influx of passengers from India was hourly expected, and preparations were already made to receive them. We walked through the crowded bazaars, and bought different kinds of bread, some of which was very good. We also tasted a sort of cheese—a nasty compound of *lébn* (some milk), flour, and *barley straw* chopped fine. A large proportion of the inhabitants seem to be Nubians; but there are likewise a great many Maltese; and in short, people of almost every nation in the world may be encountered in this busy thoroughfare.

Our caravan was sent round the head of the Gulf of Suez, while *we* crossed the Red Sea—whose bright blue surface was unruffled by a single wave—in a barge belonging to the hotel. A small island lay towards the north. We could not approach nearer to the Arabian shore than half a mile; but as the water was only a foot in depth, we were soon safely landed. We loitered about for nearly an hour; willing to believe that—on the very spot we were then treading—did Moses, Miriam, and all the host of Israel once raise their voices in thanksgiving to God for their deliverance! We picked up a few shells; and what an infinite number of beautiful specimens might we not have treasured, had we been nearer

home! A long and fatiguing walk through deep sand brought us to *Ayoun Moussa* (fountain of Moses). It is in the midst of a garden of palms, sont trees, olives, tamarisks, figs, and a profusion of lovely roses—bouquets of which a man in charge presented to us: a *khan* is also here, the frequent resort of visitors from Suez during the summer months. Our tents were pitched in the Desert, immediately outside the garden wall. Two dogs—ugly creatures, it is true; but *sociable*, and evidently accustomed to be petted by strangers—came to cheer us with their company.

There was considerable delay in starting the next morning; for the camels had to be watered; and the casks, skins, and leathern bottles filled from the fountain. At last all was ready, we turned our faces southward, and "went out into the Wilderness of Shur."* The track was wearisome for the camels—through heavy sand, covered with stones—and was about a mile from the sea. For the first four hours after leaving Ayoun Moussa we saw quantities of mica strewing the ground, some blocks of which shone in the sun like crystal.

The early part of our journey on Friday, December 30th, was very monotonous, and the heat most oppressive. We greatly rejoiced when we came to a pool of rain water, the taste of which was particularly cool and refreshing: our camels did not appreciate it, for they were provided with an ample supply imbibed on the previous day. A few hours afterwards we reached Ayoun Howárah (the supposed Marah of Scripture). A stream *does* still flow into the pool; although an author, whose name I do not now remember, asserts the contrary. We tasted the water, which was slightly brackish, but nevertheless extremely grateful to thirsty travellers like ourselves; and we could not but accuse the wandering Israelites of being in truth a set of thankless grumblers, to murmur as they did at its bitterness. Even the camels appeared to relish the water of Ayoun

* Exodus xv. 22.

Howárah, although they had turned carelessly away from the pool we had so lately passed: the animal I rode drank three bowlfuls which the driver gave him. We each secured a branch from one of the two stunted, bushy date-palm trees growing near the spring. As we proceeded, we crossed several *wadees* (water courses): most of them were quite dry. From our encampment we enjoyed a splendid view of the sea, and range of blue mountains beyond; while the camels eagerly devoured the tufts of herbage and low shrubs, which are abundant in this part of the Wilderness: some of these are highly aromatic. Vincenzo had managed to procure goat's milk for tea—a wonderful luxury!—but at the price of five piastres (about a shilling) for one pint. His vigilant eye had espied a *veiled lady* at a distance, with her flock; to whom he immediately *gave chase.* Our Arabs have wooden bowls which serve them for drinking vessels—washing basons (?)—and wherein they make their bread; which is excellent when fresh, and is baked in a hole where fire has just been burning. They cover the loaf with sand, lay sticks upon it, and over these pile a quantity of camel's dung, which soon blazes up. Their corn is ground into flour, in a similar manner to that we see practised by the peasantry *at home*—between two stones.

Our next day's journey was among sandhills and sandstone rocks of considerable size. We passed a great heap of stones—a solitary grave!—and lunched beneath the shade of some palm trees; many of them of the same stunted and bushy growth as those at Ayoun Howárah. Here was a pool of brackish water too, at which the camels drank. Several deep holes were in its vicinity, and the ground was plentifully strewn with salt. The only living creature we saw was a pretty blackbird with a white topknot. A *few* writers assert that *this* is the true Marah: the Arabs call the place Oosayt.

Nothing can surpass the grandeur of scenery that opened upon us as we rode along the "Valley of the Wanderers." Rocks of stupendous

height, which apparently hemmed us in, were gloriously illumined by the rays of a finely setting sun. Another lonely grave was also here. Our tents were pitched in the Wadee Taybe (*wadee* signifies valley as well as water course)—a sandy plain, not far from the sea, and surrounded by high rocks and sandhills. Small tamarisk trees grew here and there, and the camels were glad to crop their scanty branches. Poor things! *They* are not too much pampered with delicacies!

Who shall decide whether scenes like these are more magnificent when beheld at the close of day, or in the early morning? I am utterly unable to decide the question *now*, as I was *then*. The richness and variety of colouring are so transcendently beautiful, either at sunrise or sunset in the East, it is impossible to find words to compare them! An hour's winding track brought us, by a sudden turn, upon the shore; we alighted, and had a long walk upon the beach, picking up shells and bits of coral. The sea was perfectly calm; we scarcely heard even the gentle ripple of its tide upon the hard smooth sand. A hazy mountain chain was all we could discern of the opposite coast; but on our left, and very near to us, rose the craggy peaks of Arabia Petræa. Mount Serbal—the Sinai of the early Egyptian Christians, 70,000 of whom are said to have encamped at its base, within the Wadee Feiran—was in our front. Remounting our camels, on we rode; till at last we came to a headland, and attempted to ford a bay. However, both animals and drivers were of one accord, and forced us to turn back. There was no help for it; and we most unwillingly submitted to be slowly and carefully led up and down *staircases* of smooth and slippery rock, until we found ourselves upon the shore again. With difficulty we waded through three or four other bays; much to our own amusement, and the discomfiture of the poor camels, who did not like being up to their knees in water: they are *ships of the Desert*, certainly, but not of the *Sea!* We passed the Wadee Leghan and the Wadee Shelal; and what boundless delight we felt in beholding such

unrivalled prospects! The rocks facing the sea are worn—through the lapse of ages—into the semblance of steps, turrets, terraces, and walls. Lovely indeed were the varied tints that sunset threw over the lofty sandstone crags and gullies, as we advanced with measured steps towards our resting-place in the Wadee Buddra! The after-glow was *gorgeous* that evening! Two very young kids had followed the caravan, and Salvo had taken them beneath his especial care. Their *mother* would have been a greater acquisition under existing circumstances.

We enjoyed our *Arab life* most thoroughly! The pure air was so buoyant and healthful that we felt half inclined to envy, *on the whole,* the wandering sons of Ishmael: and what a relief to be freed, even for a few short weeks, from the trammels of European society!

Early next morning we ascended, on foot, the steep and stony side of Gebel Buddra; pausing continually to admire a succession of magnificent views that each rise and turn presented. I had never beheld a nobler range of wild mountain scenery. The camels did not relish the adventure: it was hard work for them; and still more laborious for their leaders. Occasionally one of the former would fall down, or contrive to disencumber himself of his load. Both men and animals were in strange keeping with this rocky pass, whose barren peaks appeared so beautifully diversified, as we gazed upon them in the morning sunlight. The ground whereon we trod was covered with salt. From the summit we descried the Red Sea, which we saw only once again—from Mount Sinai.

Passing through the remainder of Wadee Buddra, we turned to the left, into the Wadee Magara. Inscriptions—some of which must be very ancient, while others seem to be quite modern—are cut in the face of the rock. Whether any of these tablets were wrought by the children of Israel, I leave *others* to determine. Their discovery has already led to much learned discussion; and I trust that, ere long, all doubts as to their

origin will be satisfactorily explained. A Bedouin Sheikh, with a number of loaded camels, here crossed our path: he had travelled with Vincenzo five years ago, and looked pleased to meet him again. He was conveying a cargo of charcoal—an article for which the Bedouins are famous—to Cairo. This charcoal is made from the branches of the invaluable sont tree; which produces gum in great quantities, and whose timber is highly prized for ship building. It is probably identical with the Gopher wood, used by Noah for the construction of the Ark; and also with the Shittim wood of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness.* The Sheikh I have just named informed us that we should find several inscriptions high above where we stood, if we felt disposed to take the trouble of climbing for half an hour to reach them; but the sun was hot; and as we were drawing near the Gebel Mohkatteb, or *Written Mountain*—where we knew we should see many more—it was judged advisable to proceed thither at once. This unexpected *rencontre* gave Mr. T. an opportunity of exchanging his camel—which was completely tired out—for another and a better one. The Arabs gathered a few wild gourds for us: they were the size of large oranges, of a pale yellow colour; and extremely bitter to the taste. "And one went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds his lap full, and† came and shred *them* into the pot of pottage: for they knew *them* not."†

We wandered about the Mohkatteb for at least an hour. Many of the inscriptions are marvellously preserved, if they were *verily* traced by the wandering Israelites: but if not, by whom *were* they written? They *may* be relics of the early Christians, as some travellers suppose; and this was my own first impression; but I have since heard such powerful arguments in favour of their greater antiquity, that I must patiently await the decision of more competent judges. I had, perhaps too hastily, formed

* See Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible.

† 2 Kings iv. 39.

my opinion upon the appearance of these sandstone rocks themselves; whose surface, time and the action of the elements have worn, in some parts, into large holes and fissures. Pieces of curiously variegated granite lay scattered about. We descended towards the Wadee Feiran over uneven and rocky ground; the blue peak of Mount Serbal towered high above those of its neighbours; and more beautiful than ever was the after glow of sunset. A couple of friendly Sheikhs visited our camp that evening: they helped to form a very merry party, round a blazing fire, in front of the tents. The weather was so exceedingly warm that we could not bear the covering of a quilt at night.

I always found *some* amusement during the half hour that elapsed between breakfast and starting time. If any wild shrubs or tamarisk trees chanced to grow within reasonable distance, I loaded myself with food for my camel; and when *that* was impossible, I picked up bits of granite—of which there were such endless varieties!—or whatever else I could find. And then there was the *sunrise!*—upon which one never could gaze long enough—the naked rocks too, of every colour and fantastic form—and last of all, the busy scene of our encampment; where canteens were packing, camels growling angrily beneath their loads, Arabs lazy and grumbling—and Vincenzo, with *coorbash* in hand and threatening gestures, storming furiously!

I quite agree with Miss Martineau, that one of the greatest nuisances in travelling is *keeping a journal.* One is far more disposed to lie down and rest, after a fatiguing ride of eight or nine hours on a camel, beneath a burning sun; than—having made a hasty *toilette*—to take out one's writing materials. I *persevered,* however, and rejoice that I did so.

Tuesday, January 3rd. It was well that we had arrived within two day's journey of Mount Sinai, for our camels were quite worn out with fatigue: luckily, there was great abundance of aromatic herbage for them. We passed a prostrate palm tree, washed by the winter rains from

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some gardens a few miles distant, cultivated by Bedouin Arabs. The extremely fine weather we enjoyed was a cause for great thankfulness; for the month of January is always included in what is considered the wet season of the year; and how many beds of mountain torrents—then quite dry—bare evidence of what *had been!* Our friends duly warned us, before we left Cairo, against the probability of our progress being thereby very seriously impeded; but time was precious, and Mount Sinai was one of the principal objects of our pilgrimage. As we advanced, we saw more rocks with inscriptions; and about noon reached the gardens to which I alluded just now. We rested near them, under the shade of some fine sont trees. Palms grew here, and also Nabbuks; the latter bear a small fruit which resembles the Siberian crab apple in appearance, and tastes like the arbutus berry. There were a few rude huts, not far from where we sat; built in the usual manner, of mud and stones, with flat roofs. This is a lovely spot—an *oasis* in the Wilderness. It is situated within a narrow ravine, on one side of which rises a lofty range of broken cliffs. Our Arabs called the place Hashwár. Continuing our way, we soon came to still prettier gardens, thickets, and plantations—of sont, tamarisk, and palm trees—whose branches frequently met over our heads; so that it was difficult, in our *exalted position*, to avoid being caught in them. The camels drank from a pool of water; and ate the bulrushes that bordered each side of a path, leading through the midst of this comparatively fertile tract. Some Bedouins, in *tarbooshes* and brown cloth *'abáyehs*, looked remarkably picturesque: they exchanged friendly greetings with our escort. The inhabitants of this valley are about fifty in number, and live in tents and huts. A woman and a young boy, who were driving a large flock of goats, ran to hide themselves among the rocks. Another female, with a bundle of sticks on her head, was less bashful; and quietly stood still to gratify her curiosity as we rode by; she wore a profusion of necklaces; and entirely concealed her features by a sort of

mask of coarse white linen, down the centre of which was a black stripe. The surrounding mountains were higher than any we had yet seen in the Wilderness. Besides goats, we saw plenty of sheep and young camels. This day passed more agreeably even than usual; so glad were we to meet with this flourishing little *territory;* to hear once more the barking of dogs, the bleating of flocks, and the merry voices of children at play. Near the last of these gardens, was an opening between rocks so smooth and perpendicular, that it almost appeared as if made by the hand of man. This *gallery* is one hundred feet long and nearly eight feet wide. Contrary to custom, we had the start of our baggage camels; and reached the place of our encampment, in the Wadee Emrich, before them; but they were not far behind. Bekéeh (the cook), unused to the conveniences of an English kitchen, was in the habit of leisurely plucking his fowls as he rode along.

We had scarcely dismounted when we received a visit from a Bedouin Sheikh, whose tents we had just passed: he politely invited us to dinner, but we pleaded fatigue as an excuse. Mr. T. made him a present of tobacco. His dress was of very handsome striped silk, in which red and yellow were the prevailing colours. We had completely turned Mount Serbal, which now appeared under a different aspect, and was divided into many towering pinnacles.

The next morning was bitterly cold, and we hastily swallowed our *open air* breakfast, with blue faces and shivering limbs. There was a marked and sudden change in the temperature, and the wind blew keenly from the north east. After luncheon we walked for an hour or two, to warm ourselves; and ere long reached a plantation of sont and tamarisk trees—whence two *very juvenile* camels would fain have followed us; but of course they were driven back. Great quantities of gold were observable in the sand and granite. Late in the afternoon we passed a range of castellated rocks, which extended a long way; and rode through a fine ravine, about

half a mile in length. The night was frosty, but we did not feel cold in our comfortable tents.

As we approached Mount Sinai, granite rocks of stupendous height seemed to close in upon us; although Gebel Moussa itself is not visible until one arrives within a short distance from its base. On our right we saw some Arab tents—the women, as usual, running away as we drew near; and not very far from thence we came to two wells of water; at one of which we were accosted by the *Basha*, as he is called—Turkish government agent—who with no small difficulty wrote down our names in a book.

A broad pathway—made by the monks of Mount Sinai—leads, by a gradual ascent, to the *fortress convent;* a gloomy looking building—with its massive turreted walls, loopholes, and bristling cannon. Voices were heard, and faces peered through a door—perhaps thirty feet from the ground—which is masked by a wooden projection. The letter we had brought from the Greek bishop at Cairo—for this convent belongs to the Greek Church—was forthwith produced, drawn up by a windlass, and carried to the Superior. Without this sort of introduction, a traveller cannot be received here on any pretence whatever. Only two nights previous to our arrival, a man with his dromedary, and a single attendant, joined our encampment for a few hours. He was returning from Mount Sinai to Cairo; having been refused admittance into the convent, because he had neglected to provide himself with the required document; and notwithstanding that one of the monks was his own brother!

Our claim to hospitality accepted, we were not raised aloft, as we rather *hoped*—according to the *every day* mode of ingress and egress—but were led round to the back of the building; and entered, by a very low postern, into the midst of a perfect *chaos* of uncouth erections! Walls, churches, and houses, stood huddled together in strange confusion! We were paraded through dark passages and badly paved courts; up and

Drawn by John Brenan.

Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen.

"CLOTHILDE"

down awkward stone staircases and wooden ladders; until, at *long last*, we reached the "Strangers' Corridor;" where we found apartments much more spacious, clean, and comfortable, than we had anticipated. Each of them was furnished with a broad divan, covered with gaily printed calico, and well supplied with cushions; a few plain chairs; and a common deal table, with a brass lamp upon it—which had three burners, like those from Pompeii, and of which so many are used in Italy at the present day. To these our own mattrasses, sheets, pillows, quilts, and carpets, were speedily added; so that we had no reason to feel otherwise than quite satisfied with our quarters. The walls of the rooms were whitewashed; and the floors, like that of the balcony upon which they opened, were paved with flag-stones. The monks immediately sent us coffee; a plate of sweetmeat made of dates and almonds, for which this convent is famous; a bottle of *araki*—palm brandy—likewise manufactured here, and habitually drunk in the refectory; and, what *we* had learnt to relish above all things—a decanter of delicious cold water. Our luncheon over, a priest conducted us into the church of the "Transfiguration," where service was going on—to celebrate the Greek Christmas, which agrees with our old style of reckoning. The monks were chaunting mass; while their venerable Superior was scattering incense from a silver censor, as he walked round the nave, attired in his robes of office. We remained but a short time, and were then shewn the "Chapel of the Burning Bush." Before entering, we were requested by our *cicerone*, who spoke Italian, to take off our boots.—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." * Beneath the altar is a silver plate, covering the sacred spot, and where lamps of silver are always kept lighted. Other lamps, of most elegant design, are suspended from the ceiling: the floor is richly carpeted. Of the many well executed paintings that adorn the walls, one is said

* Exodus iii. 5.

to be the work of the Emperor Constantine.* It is in compartments, and does the artist great credit.

The date usually assigned to the foundation of the convent of Mount Sinai is that of the sixth century after Christ; most writers agreeing in the belief that it was founded by the Emperor Justinian; and not by the Empress Helena, who merely built a *tower* there. Within the walls, which form an irregular quadrangle, are twenty-five small churches, besides that of the "Transfiguration;" and—marvellous to relate—a mosque and minaret! Policy seems to suggest this concession; and we were coolly told by a Greek priest, that, since the Muslim religion was so tolerant towards other creeds, it doubtless merited a like treatment at *their* hands! However, tradition asserts that this Mosque was erected by the Prophet himself; when he, on one occasion, visited Mount Sinai.

We had hardly finished dinner when an ecclesiastic paid us a visit, who introduced himself as "Professor of Theology." His black cloth cloak, lined with wolf's fur, was a handsome addition to the rest of his costume. His features were regular, and his bright dark eyes were piercing and animated. He spoke French fluently, and said he had lived in France for many years. Like *all* the monks of Mount Sinai, he is by birth a Greek. He told us he was educated for the medical profession, but had preferred that of the church; and from his conversation he seemed content with his mode of life, although the ideas of a *ci-devant* man of the world were still sufficiently apparent. With all the eagerness of a schoolboy, he quickly devoured a plate of bonbons, drank two or three wineglasses of pure brandy, and finished with a cup of tea. There was a certain restlessness in his manner, which tended to confirm Vincenzo's belief that his family sent him here for *change of air!* There is some *talent* in his madness, at any rate.

* There are likewise a few painted shells in this chapel, which are exceedingly curious.

In the evening we attended vespers: the church was but dimly lighted. A silver salver and vase, containing the sacred elements, were placed in the centre of the nave; and while the Superior pronounced a benediction, the other officials walked round them in procession. At midnight we were awakened by a most discordant ringing of bells, summoning the brotherhood to prayers. This was *Christmas day*—the sixth of January—and the monks had a busy time of it! The six cannon were fired at sunrise; when, quite unable to go to sleep again, we opened the windows, and looked down upon our Arabs; who, not admitted into the convent, were sitting in a circle round a cheerful blaze outside; the camels lying near them.

As we left the breakfast table, a Russian pilgrim—of whom vast numbers visit Mount Sinai, on their way to and from Jerusalem—came singing towards us, and begged for a little sugar. We then sent for a guide; also for one of our own men, who was to carry the luncheon; and hastily prepared to ascend Gebel Moussa; which I *hope*, and would fain *believe*, is the *true* Mount Sinai; whereon—"the Lord descended in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly." *

Leaving the convent by the low postern I before mentioned, we at once began the ascent. On the opposite side of the ravine rose Gebel Harouf. The first individual whom we met was our Sheikh, who approached with smiling face, and shook hands with us. Our priestly conductor could, unfortunately, speak no language but Arabic; however, we had implicit faith in the guidance of *Messrs. Murray and Stephens*, whose books were our constant companions. At our heels pursued a whole army of followers, who *would* not be driven back. They pressed upon us—even more closely than the people who beset visitors to the field of Waterloo, with their bullets, buttons, and bits of iron. These Arabs had crystals to sell, which

* Exodus xix. 18.

they find among the rocks, and were willing to run the chance of being employed in some way or other during the day.

We felt the heat very much, for there was a fiercely burning sun over our heads; although the road lately made by Abbas Pacha, on the occasion of his visiting this locality, and which extends nearly two thirds of the whole distance, renders the task of climbing Gebel Moussa comparatively easy. We passed a group of women, whose faces were concealed by masks of coarse white linen; their glossy black hair was fastened in front by a small ornament of coral; and they wore necklaces, rings, and bracelets, in profusion. They remained seated on a heap of stones, and did not seem at all afraid of us. In about an hour we came to a place where a quantity of bricks had been deposited, by order of Abbas Pacha; for the purpose of erecting a station, or house of rest. Here we sat down for a few moments to enjoy a refreshing breeze; and to look below and around us over the deep gorge, with its craggy peaks, its gullies, and varied lights and shades. We hardly dared to glance *upwards:* the summit—ten thousand feet above the level of the sea—was still so far off. The scenery became wilder as we proceeded: huge projecting masses of rock threatened to overwhelm us! I walked on, in advance of the rest of my party; and when I paused to take breath, had ample leisure to gaze upon the awful grandeur which surrounded me. Apart from Scriptural association, the picture was in itself sublime! On the right was a fearful precipice, on the left towered perpendicular cliffs of tremendous height! At the end of Abbas Pacha's road is a gallery, pierced, for perhaps two hundred yards, through the solid rock. From thence we descended into a hollow, and turned abruptly to the left. A third hour—and half a one besides—from the time of our leaving the convent, was now to be occupied in difficult and most toilsome scrambling. Exhausted and breathless, we were thankful to reach the highest point; and have some rest and refreshment, under shadow of

the walls of what was formerly a chapel. The monks had sent—as a *supplement* to Vincenzo's luncheon—coffee, oranges, bread, and a bottle of *araki:* the three first were particularly welcome. A fire was soon prepared for making the coffee; and before the cups were filled, the guide stirred it several times with his walking stick! Close to our resting place the Arabs pointed out a cave, and said "Moussa." There is another small chapel here, surmounted by a Greek cross, upon whose simple altar flickered a solitary candle. A little below the summit, from whence we had a last and distant view of the Red Sea, is shown the grotto into which Moses crept—says tradition—while the "*Glory of the Lord*" passed by.

We did not return by Abbas Pacha's road, but continued our descent straight forward—not forgetting to look at the legendary footprint of Mohammed's camel—through the most magnificent mountain gorge ever beheld by mortal eyes; until we reached the little chapel of St. Elias, built over the cave where that prophet is said to have spent forty days and forty nights in commune with his God.* Facing the entrance is an inscription, traced upon the rock—in Sinaïtic characters, like those of the *most ancient* on Gebel Mohkatteb. Near a fountain of excellent water—dug, say the monks, by St. Elias' own hands—is an old cypress tree, of enormous girth; planted more than a century ago, by St. Damianos, a hermit. The Arabs sprang aloft like monkeys, to gather for us some branches with ripe cones attached to them. This open space is considered to be the summit of Mount Horeb. We soon arrived at another fountain; called the "Well of St. Simeon the Cobbler," from the following legend:—A shoemaker, who was performing a pilgrimage to the top of the holy mountain, sat down to rest beneath the shadow of an overhanging rock. Meanwhile, he took out his cobbling materials; and turning his thoughts towards heavenly things, resolved to quit the temptations of the

* 1 Kings xix. 8, 9.

world for ever, and end his days on this very spot. There was no water here *then;* but the instant the pious shoemaker had made this resolution, a spring gushed forth, and has continued to flow ever since!

Within half an hour from hence we came to a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and passed through two narrow archways, originally secured by gates of iron; where, in former times, it was necessary for pilgrims to show a pass from the Superior of the convent, before they could proceed to their devotions in the once numerous and richly decorated chapels, erected on the upper part of Gebel Moussa. The ascent was by three thousand steps.

After our fatiguing walk we were glad to reach the convent, and re-enter the low portal, which was most cautiously and deliberately opened to admit us. A crowd of beggars, of both sexes and all ages, among whom was a very old man—a dwarf; besieged our party with cries for *backsheesh.* The "Professor" paid us another visit in the evening, and took us out upon a terrace, overlooking the entire of this extraordinary maze of buildings. He was anxious to persuade us to ascend Mount St. Catharine the next day; but when at last he frankly acknowledged that to reach the summit, go over the Latin convent there, and return before dark, would require a start at sunrise; we gave up the idea—although we thereby missed seeing the place where Moses broke the Tables of the Law (?)—and arranged with our *friend* that he should accompany us to the "Convent of the Forty Martyrs." He readily obtained permission from the Superior to act as our *cicerone;* and delighted as a child "*to have a walk,*" he set off at such a quick pace, in the broiling sun, that we could scarcely keep up with him. In vain we pleaded the fatigues of yesterday; he only laughed at us, and *tore away* faster than ever! We passed a huge pile of bricks; ready for the intended erection of a palace, by Abbas Pacha. He was charmed—and no wonder—with the pure air of these mountains; and having a family of delicate children,

INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT ON MOUNT SINAI

he determined to fix their abode here during the summer months. Whether this scheme will yet be accomplished, or has been laid aside since Abbas Pacha's sudden death, remains uncertain. The "Professor"—in reply to some question of mine—said, rather sharply, "How can the Pacha be a man of much information, when he is *married?* What leisure can any man have for duty, who takes upon himself the *cares of a family?*"

Continuing along the base of Mount Horeb, we came to a large stone—the mould of Aaron's golden calf!—and were requested to look into a hole, or vault, wherein the gold was melted! We stood in the midst of a vast plain, where—tradition informs us, and we may credit her statement—seventy thousand Israelites were assembled. On our right was the "Mountain of Aaron," with the black line of an Arab encampment at its foot. I need scarcely say we had quite as many clamorous followers in our train as before. Further on—also on our right—is the burial ground of those Israelites who died in the Wilderness! and on the opposite side of the plain are some high rocks, from whence fountains gush out most abundantly. Here our enthusiastic conductor pointed to the *identical spot*—beneath a tremendous cliff—where the earth opened, and swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram!—giving at the same time a version of his own, a little at variance with the Scriptural story. "They, and all that *appertained* to them, went down alive into the pit, and the earth closed upon them: and they perished from among the congregation."*

We now turned to the left, into an opening between the mountains; and pursuing our rocky way, we seated ourselves from time to time—gazing with wonder and delight upon the huge boulders, scattered in chaos on every side; the broken crags; and the wild *vistas* between them. Nor did our Arab *escort*, the "Professor," and the *priest*

* Numbers xvi. 33.

guide, at all mar the general effect of such a picture. No writer has altogether done justice to the terrific grandeur of Mount Sinai. It is in truth a scene of *awful desolation,* such as no pen can fully describe; and yet, in strange contrast, here are *fruit gardens* belonging to the monks; the soil of which is washed from the heights above. Near these gardens—in the valley of Rephidim—is shown *the rock,* whereof the Lord commanded Moses, saying, "Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel." *

This rock is more than twelve feet high, and there are several deep marks from whence the water flowed. Close by is shown the place where the golden calf was set up—on a column! Belfagor—*signifying calf*—is the name applied equally to this spot, and to the place where the golden calf was made. After a little more scrambling over sharp and slippery stones, which cut the soles of our boots almost to pieces, we arrived at what are called the "Gardens of the Forty Martyrs;" and sat down to rest upon a low wall, at the edge of a large pool of stagnant water, backed by a plantation of poplars. Here was a fine grove of Olives protected by stone fences; and in various directions were dug channels for irrigation. Between this grove and the garden in which the ruined convent stands, is an enclosure, surrounded by rudely constructed walls of stone; where, during the month of October, people take up their quarters for days together, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase; and find abundance of gazelles, hares, quails, partridges, and storks. Some beautiful specimens of gazelle's horns had been already offered to us for sale, by the monks and Arabs of Mount Sinai. In the garden of the Forty Martyrs—the particulars of whose martyrdom is by no means clearly explained—we saw, besides olive trees, several

† Exodus xvii. 6.

cypresses of considerable growth, although they are all exceeded in dimensions by that of St. Elias. The convent is still kept in a *slight* degree of repair; and a man, in charge of the place, resides in part of the dilapidated building. Service is occasionally performed in the chapel—whose interior walls were once adorned with painting, now nearly obliterated. The olive wood bell was made to toll its feeble sound for our edification. Over the door is a curious old window of coloured glass, in circular compartments; and light is also admitted through an aperture from above. Leaving the chapel, we mounted up two flights of stone stairs, to a terrace; on one side of which are a few small apartments, wherein adventurous travellers sometimes spend one night, in hopes of being rewarded by a view of sunrise over the highest peak of Mount St. Catharine. Between that peak and the terrace rose Gebel Moussa, upon whose barren top we had so lately stood.

We returned to the garden, and found luncheon ready, and our cloaks spread beneath the shade of one of the largest cypress trees. Again had the fraternity contributed towards our repast, by sending excellent bread, coffee, oranges, and *araki;* also some very unpalatable cheese made of camel's milk, and which comes from Cairo. The "Professor" seemed, however, to think it very good, for he ate an *immense* quantity of it before he smoked his pipe! As we retraced our steps along the valley of Rephidim, we had leisure to notice the variety of valuable wild plants springing up between the rocks; such as the vanilla, bella donna, and many others most useful to the monks. High up in an opposite cliff is a cavern, which was once the dwelling of an anchorite, but how human feet could ever reach such a spot, it was impossible to imagine!

This day's excursion was an exceedingly pleasant one. The "Professor" dined with us; but refused to eat meat, as being contrary to his *vows:* he had however, a childish love for sweet things, and—*sotto voce*—a still greater fondness for the brandy bottle! He gave us a good deal of information

respecting the convent and vicinity of Mount Sinai; which called forth our patient endurance of his long *sittings* in an evening—when his conversational powers generally became somewhat *obscure!* He was, on one occasion, boasting of the wealth of the great church here; when, with the artful cunning of a Greek, he suddenly recollected himself; and, abruptly changing the subject, groaned over the *extreme poverty* of this particular brotherhood!

The apartments occupied by travellers were built about nine years ago, at the joint expense of a rich Cairene cousin of the "Professor," and the present Superior of the convent. The original "Strangers' Corridor" was on a lower story, and is now allotted to the use of Russian pilgrims only. Our little *ménage* at Mount Sinai was most snugly compact and comfortable.

We were taken into a room where the monks keep for sale—sweetmeat of dates and almonds; crystals found in these mountains; gazelle's horns; shells and coral from the Gulf of Akaba; rosaries made of black worsted; and silver rings of rude workmanship, stamped with the insignia of St. Catharine—with which every visitor takes care to provide himself, as a token of pilgrimage. There are also small round tin boxes of what is called "*the true Manna of the Israelites,*" sold here. This manna is of a gummy substance, and as sweet as honey: it exudes at certain seasons of the year from the lesser branches of the tamarisk tree, and is produced by the bite of an insect. Vincenzo told us that he had seen it in great quantities near Baghdád, and that it dropped upon his coat as he rode along.

The "Professor's" next act of kindness was to show us all that was to be seen within the convent walls. We entered the church of the "Transfiguration" by the elaborately carved wooden gates, of the time of the emperor Justinian; and were once more conducted into the chapel of the "Burning Bush." Here an amusing dispute occurred, between

our *friend* and the priest who spoke Italian, upon the probability, or otherwise, of Constantine's having executed the painting ascribed to him; the former being decidedly against the imperial legend, while the latter firmly believed in it. The "Professor" settled the matter to his *own* satisfaction, at least, by adding, "As for me, I occupy myself with *great* things, while you have merely to attend to *trifling* matters!"

Our attention was now turned towards the interior of the church itself; and first of all, to the tomb of St. Catharine, the patron saint of Mount Sinai; who was—we were told—broken on the wheel at Alexandria, during the reign of the emperor Maxentius, in order to be put to death; but the wheel snapping in pieces, she was afterwards beheaded, and her body carried by angels to the top of the mountain, which bears her name! It was subsequently discovered there by the monks of Mount Sinai, and they laid it in its present sepulchre. Some doubt is expressed as to whether the whole body is deposited here, or only the head and one hand. This tomb is of carved white marble—with a canopy of the same material, from whence are suspended three gold and four silver lamps, beautifully wrought and designed; to some of which pieces of red coral are attached—valued at two thousand piastres each—and also pearls of extraordinary size and value. The *gold* lamps are Venetian. Several pear-shaped crystals are likewise hung from the canopy.

This edifice—considered by Pococke to be a perfect model of an ancient Greek church—consists of a nave, two side aisles, and three chapels. The nave is built higher than the aisles, and the aisles are higher than the chapels. The walls are covered with Greek paintings of all sizes; many of which are very valuable. The Madonna and Child appear in every direction; and in some instances, their aureoles are of embossed silver. One picture—of the Virgin and infant Jesus—is said to be by the hand of St. Luke! Near this, is a well executed portrait of St. Michael, and another of the Angel Gabriel. St. George and the Dragon is a favourite

subject here; the Last Judgment is represented over and over again; so are the Forty Martyrs; and of course St. Catharine and her Wheel are not omitted. The ceiling of the nave is divided into compartments of blue and gold. The marbles used for the pavement, &c., were, according to the monks, found near Mount Sinai; but Pococke says they were brought from Damascus.* The dome above the altar contains a curious mosaic picture of the Transfiguration—the gift of the emperor Justinian†—and in front of this dome is an immense gilt cross, whereon is painted the figure of our Saviour. Sculptured images are not allowed in Greek churches. The altar, confessionals, reading desks, and many of the picture frames, are inlaid with tortoiseshell, ivory, mother of pearl, and silver—the work of artists within the convent. Elegant silver lamps, like those in the chapel of the "Burning Bush," and over the tomb of St. Catharine, hang from the roof: to one of them is suspended, by silver chains, a boat with oars—also of silver—symbolic of the "Word." The golden crown of St. Catharine, set with precious stones, is kept near her tomb; and we likewise saw her ivory crozier, which is fastened upon a small column—or shaft—of inlaid mother of pearl, silver, and tortoiseshell. Some very ancient but well preserved priestly vestments—one of which was French—were displayed to us: they were magnificently embroidered in gold and colours. In addition to all these curiosities is a large piece of Indian tapestry, that must have been handsome in its day, although sadly faded now. Upon the altar—which is one hundred and sixty-two years old—are placed the magnificent silver gilt vessels, required for the church service: also a copy of the Gospels, bound in silver gilt, and adorned with fine enamels. On each side of the altar are two bronze candlesticks, one very much larger than the other. The fonts for Holy Water are extremely pretty: they are formed of three white marble basons, of different sizes—

* See Pococke's Travels in the East, vol. 1, p. 150.

† Stephens made a strange mistake in calling this beautiful mosaic a *coarse painting*.

the smallest at the top—and the water flows from the upper and middle receptacle into the lowest, like a miniature fountain. Our guides next led us up a staircase, to a chapel; through which was an inner apartment, containing several portraits. The most conspicuous was that of the present Greek Pätriarch, who resides at Constantinople; and who was once Superior of the convent of Mount Sinai. Below the portraits were some quaint old maps; but the *grand* treasure was a manuscript copy of the Evangelists—beautifully written on vellum, in letters of gold, by the emperor Theodosius. This highly prized volume is of the ordinary dimensions of a "Family Bible," and abounds in exquisite paintings. The binding is of silver gilt. No less curious, is a small Psalter—written eight hundred years ago, by some *young virgin* who died in the Desert. Within a recess stood a large water jar of white marble, carved and painted: close to it was a carved ivory reading desk. We were then shown a cross of embossed silver gilt, about a foot in length, and divided into compartments, in each of which was an admirable piece of carving in *gopher wood*—"the same," said the "Professor," as was that of Moses' staff, when he struck the rock for water!" In the Library of the convent we found the Superior, who received us very kindly; but as he speaks no language except Greek and Turkish, we could merely exchange a few commonplace civilities, through the medium of an interpreter. There was a curious print against the wall, intended to represent the scenery of Mount Sinai—Moses—St. Catharine—and I know not what besides—all jumbled together like figures at a masquerade! The books were divided into two parts—the manuscript, and the printed ones. We had no desire whatever to visit *all* the chapels here—which are poorly furnished, and not worth seeing; but went into that of St. Demetrius, for the sake of its extraordinary echo.

Opposite the apartments occupied by the Superior, are those of the monks. We were invited to enter the Vicar's cell, as well as that of the

"Professor;" but their state of almost *incredible* dirt and discomfort was so excessively disgusting, that we made as speedy an exit as possible. These cells are supplied with shelves, a chair or two, and a table: mattrasses are laid upon a stone bench. Outside are stone divans, with one end raised to support the head. The "Professor" showed us his case of books—some of which have been given to him by travellers—his surgical instruments; and his medicine chest; for he was, as I before mentioned, educated to be a doctor. Mr. T. has made him quite happy by promising a contribution to his stock of drugs.

The Belfry contains three bells, and when they are all ringing together, the noise they make is anything but harmonious: one is of olive wood, another of bronze, and a third of iron.

In honour of certain days, flags are hoisted on the outer walls: there are two of St. Catharine, with white grounds and green borders; one of the Forty Martyrs; and a fourth of St. George and the Dragon.

Two wells of good water are within the convent: one goes by the name of "St. Stephen"—*a* St. Stephen who was stoned to death here—while the other is declared to be *the* well at which Jethro's daughters found Moses!

Besides the "Professor" and our *paid* guide, we had with us a goodly escort of monks and priests, who led us along dark and winding passages innumerable. The clumsy old locks and hinges were generally very obstinate, although force compelled them to yield eventually. We walked through the gardens, which are carefully cultivated: the monks, being forbidden to eat animal food, depend chiefly upon herbs, fruit, and vegetables, for their subsistence. Their corn, and much of the soil for their gardens, is brought from Cairo. Olives, peaches, vines, date palms, pomegranates, and almond trees—the latter in full blossom—flourish among lofty cypresses. There are only two orange trees; but they are remarkably fine ones, and extremely productive. Near these

gardens is an old tower—inhabited by Arabs, who are employed in various ways by the monks—called the "Observatory of St. Helena."

I must now endeavour to describe the *Charnel House*. The inmates of this convent—thanks to the salubrity of the air they breathe—frequently live to a great age; but when Death does at last seize upon any member of the brotherhood, his body is buried in the ground, in the usual manner, and left undisturbed for the space of three years. By that time—all putrefaction being at an end—the bones are put into an open basket, which is ticketed with the name of the deceased, and deposited in the charnel house. As we entered within this dreary abode of *departed monkhood*, a lighted taper—thin and spare in dimensions—was given to each individual. A scene—strange indeed, and how contrary to *our* cherished notions of *respect for the dead!*—then ensued. The baskets were freely rummaged, and their contents even jokingly criticised by our companions, in their search for some former acquaintance! Skulls were heaped on the ground, one upon another, like cannon balls; shelf upon shelf was piled with human bones! The St. Stephen—whose well we had just seen—is here, decked out in his robes of office. One large chest is set apart for the remains of the Archbishops of Mount Sinai!—and a *boxful of archbishops* is by no means a sight of every day occurrence! Another chest contains the bones and iron shirts of two young Persian princes, who died here. The skeleton of an anchorite hangs from the roof, arrayed in tatters; and there is a curious old iron cross and girdle, that belonged to some saintly devotee. But we had no desire to linger among this ghastly assemblage; and returning to the convent, we were taken into the *refectory*; an apartment perhaps sixty feet long, with a vaulted roof. The table, in the centre of which was a bronze hand-bell, is placed across the further end; and on one side is a pulpit of painted wood; whence, during the single daily meal, one of the holy brotherhood—of whom there are twenty—reads aloud. Whenever

the monks want to eat between one day's meal and the next, they are allowed a certain quantity of bread, and common *horse beans* soaked in water! The "Professor" walked towards the door of entrance, and taking down a rosary that was hanging there, commenced chaunting from a book, in most discordantly nasal tones, the form of words always pronounced at the ceremony of washing the feet of Russian pilgrims.

Different trades are practised within the convent. We passed a blacksmith's forge as we were leaving the refectory; and I had a pair of boots very well repaired by a *monk cobbler.*

That evening we received a visit from the Superior, who was attended by a priest. He evidently wished to be exceedingly civil to us; and *we* desired to leave nothing undone on our own part. However—with all our attempts at conversation, and many polite speeches on both sides—it was, I am sure, a considerable relief to *everybody* when he rose to depart. He presented each of us with a print, relating to Mount Sinai and signed with his name. He is a fine but stern looking man, about sixty years of age, and has a long white beard. The "Professor" did not, of course, forget us on this our *last evening*; and we once more gazed from the terrace upon the *quaint little city* enclosed within the convent walls. We prepared to leave Mount Sinai with feelings of regret; and I would gladly have carried away *agreeable* impressions alone from that sacred spot; but the greedy forwardness of the monks, in trying what they could extort from us, was too provoking to be patiently endured. Vincenzo angrily exclaimed—"They think ourself *bazaar!*"—when the *holy brotherhood* crowded round him; begging for tea, sugar, coffee, candles, brandy, and whatever they imagined his canteens contained.

Monday, January 9th. The weather was clear and frosty—perhaps rather too cold. We hurried over our breakfast, and were conducted by our *indefatigable friend* to the apartments of the Superior—previous

to the commencement of church service at seven o'clock—in order, according to custom, to bid him farewell before our departure. The "Professor" had caught a heavy cold, and wrapped his warm cloak tightly round his thin figure as he approached the low portal; close to which he pointed out to us a hole in the wall, that we had not observed before, through which bread is passed every morning to the Arabs. He then led us along a subterraneous passage, and across part of the nearest garden, to the front of the convent—where the camels were loading. Shivering from head to foot, we seated ourselves on the edge of a large stone reservoir of water; into which, at one corner, is a descent of stone steps. Fortunately, we had amusement enough in watching our *belongings,* animate and inanimate, as they were—one by one, by means of a thick rope—let down from the high door. It was, as may easily be supposed, a tedious business so far as *time* went. When the crate of fowls descended with *cackling sounds,* the anxious face of the cook was seen watching over its safety.

Our Arabs made noise sufficient for a whole legion of brigands. Two of them fought desperately, in a dispute as to which of their camels was to have the additional weight of a carpet bag; but Vincenzo's strong arm speedily settled the quarrel, by throwing the *bag* of contention in the face of each combatant; giving them, at the same time, a few blows with his *coorbash.* He then turned towards the Sheikh—who behaved disgracefully in not preserving better order—and gave *him also* a good beating! By degrees a crowd of mendicants gathered round us, urging all sorts of unreasonable claims for *backsheesh*—every one having been already paid to his utmost desert.

Vincenzo procured an ample supply of the excellent bread made in the convent, which kept quite sweet and good for a fortnight. Bread was likewise given by the monks to our Arabs through the hole near the postern; and some more was thrown from the high door, to "cheer us on

our way." At the moment of starting, the Sheikh ran up to Vincenzo, threw his arms round his neck, and kissed him!—So ended their quarrel. We bade adieu to the "Professor" with mutual expressions of good will; and exchanged greetings *en passant* with the Turkish Basha, who had met us on the day of our arrival at Mount Sinai, and was again smoking his pipe at the well. A fine perspective of the distant mountains opened out before us: their varied tints were truly beautiful; and we passed a Sheikh's tomb, which at the first glance we mistook for a tent. The air was delightfully fresh and bracing. Our halting place was in a sheltered nook, protected by high rocks. The tents of our Sheikh's father were pitched at about three hours' distance; and the former, pushing on alone, to give tidings of our approach, remained all night with his tribe: while the old Sheikh himself joined our camp at midnight, and escorted us early the following morning to his *Desert home—the dwelling of his ancestors!*

This encampment of the Bedouin tribe of Lassayd, whose chief has authority over two others—those of Howára and Legghát—consisted of a line of seven or eight black tents, made of woven goat's hair; which, being raised upon poles, lower at the sides than in the centre, possessed the advantages and appearance of a sloping roof. The two Sheikhs assisted us to dismount; and leading us into one of their tents, made signs that we should sit down upon a carpet. The old Sheikh had a dignified and courteous manner, with a countenance of stern resolve. He *looked* what in fact he *was*—a Bedouin chief!—whose "hand" *could* "be against every man."* His beard was grey, and not very long. His dress was of no more costly material than that of his inferiors; but the handles of his dagger, sword, and pistols, were of richly chased silver. Some stranger Sheikh was also here, equally distinguished by the handsome weapons which he carried in his girdle. A fire was instantly lighted for preparing coffee; and at the same time we heard the process of grinding corn

* Genesis xvi. 12.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

SHEIKH OF THE DESERT.

to make bread. Our young Sheikh now requested that Miss —— and myself would pay a visit to the *ladies;* and we accompanied him first to the tent of his father's two wives. The principal lady—who had just completed her hospitable task of baking a loaf—advanced towards the entrance; took each of us by the hand; kissed our cheeks (without removing the white gauze mask, adorned with coins and gold embroidery, that covered her face); and made signs that we should seat ourselves upon a cloak of snowy white cashmere, spread upon a carpet in one corner of her simple dwelling. Her movements were extremely graceful; her limbs beautifully formed; and although her features — with the exception of a pair of fine dark eyes—were entirely concealed, we fancied she must be very young. Two thick plaits of glossy black hair hung down behind, nearly to her feet; and she wore a great variety of ornaments, among which were bracelets composed of silver and leather. Her companion was neither so finely attired, nor so closely veiled as herself; and there was nothing remarkable in her general appearance, save that she too had dark and expressive eyes. With a trifling gift to the first lady, we took our leave; having terrified nearly out of her senses a little girl of five years old, who ran screaming away to a distance. This child's hair was fastened over her brow with a mother of pearl medallion.

The young Sheikh had also two wives; and in duty bound, we paid our respects to them likewise. His first wife was stone blind; and her head and face were closely enveloped in a black cloth *habarah*: taking our right hands in her's, she raised them to her lips. The other female stood by her side, and removed her veil for a moment: she was quite a girl, but not at all pretty. Both these ladies wore strings of beads, and silver ornaments; which were neither so costly nor in such profusion as those of the old Sheikh's wives.

Once more seated within the *great man's* tent—the flat newly baked loaf was placed before us, raised from the ground upon an earthen jar; and

coffee was served in little china cups. We then broke off with our fingers pieces of bread from the loaf, and dipped them into a deep pewter plate of *dibs* (dark coloured honey) which stood near us. Our wild entertainers sat before us—outside—in a semi-circle round the fire, smoking their pipes. Born to deeds of desperate daring, and governed by laws of their own, they are not without their *savage virtues.*

Before we went away, Mr. T. bought one of the largest sheep I ever saw, with a noble fleece of wool, as a gift to our Arabs in honour of the day; and presented *our host* with some scarfs and handkerchiefs. When these important matters were satisfactorily arranged, we shook hands with the old Sheikh—thanking him for his hospitality in the very few words of Arabic our party could muster—and resumed our journey. The young Sheikh had not the least idea how old were either his father or himself!—for the Bedouins keep no account of ages.

In an hour afterwards we came to a winding, steep, and rugged mountain track—called by the Arabs Gebel Lusia—some parts of which were very slippery and dangerous, being mere ledges of rock. However, the gorge through this pass is exceedingly fine; and is quickly succeeded by sandy plains, abundantly strewed with the lovely white broom, and many shrubs and flowers besides—particularly the delicate white crocus. Wild sorrel too, was springing up here and there.

During the afternoon we unexpectedly saw again the old Sheikh of the Lassayd. He had taken a *short cut,* with only three of his tents—which were already pitched—and came forward to greet us. We repeatedly crossed the now dry beds of what must, after heavy rains, be furious torrents; and I need not say how *more than fortunate* we considered ourselves in escaping them!—notwithstanding their grand and terrible effect amid the wild scenery of the Wilderness. Our encampment was on a broad and level expanse of sand, with Mount Sinai still in view. The Arabs had a famous *feast;* and Vincenzo could scarcely rouse

them the next morning from their *apoplectic slumbers!* They devoured the whole sheep—inside and all!—cutting it up into small pieces, which they threw upon their fire; and snatching them—when done enough—from the burning embers with their fingers!

Wednesday, January 11th. We started a little later than usual—for the reason I have named—and riding close to the foot of Gebel Tyh, soon entered upon a beautiful mountain pass. It was steep and sadly toilsome for the poor camels; who seemed as though they had eaten nothing for days past, so greedily did they crop a certain shrub (*Gatta*) that grew plentifully in our track. The Sheikh, who is of course our *guide*, loitered—contrary to custom—in the rear with the baggage camels; and when, at last, we reached a spot where it appeared uncertain whether our proper course lay to the right hand or the left, an argument necessarily ensued between our dragoman and the camel drivers. Three or four times did we "advance and retire." We even began to speculate on the chances that—like the Israelites of old—*we also* were perhaps doomed to wander out our remaining days in this barren and thirsty land; when, to our great relief, we were joined by the rest of the caravan. Vincenzo was in no mood to be *humbugged* with idle excuses about *protecting the luggage:* he scolded *furiously;* and again did not scruple to make free use of his *coorbash* upon the delinquent's shoulders! The almost instantaneous result of his words and treatment were quite *marvellous!* Thoroughly humbled, the Sheikh continued ever afterwards in close attendance!

Peace restored, we progressed slowly but steadily. The rocks were high, and worn into an endless variety of architectural forms. We ascended and descended, and then advanced with caution up a frightfully precipitous path. Often did we pause upon that steep ascent, and glance with awe and wonder on the towering crags and dark ravine below; while in the distance we beheld plain after plain of yellow sand, divided from each other by rocky mountain ranges; and further still—far as

the eye could reach—rose the hallowed peaks of Mount Sinai! How inconceivably magnificent must that noble prospect appear, when rapid torrents roar and foam down those deep gullies; bearing along, in their mad career, immense masses of stone! Through one lofty rock, Nature has made a rounded arch of enormous, and nearly perfect, proportions! The camels were led with extreme difficulty; and, to the imminent risk of losses and breakages, frequently relieved themselves of their loads. Both they and their owners were a charming addition to such a scene; as—winding up the pass—they were occasionally lost to sight for a brief space, and then suddenly came in view once more. The weather was delightful; and doubly agreeable to our feelings, because we had so lately anticipated the reverse. The wind was so high during the previous night, that we trembled for the *stability of our tents:* in the early morning the sky was very cloudy, and we had every probability of rain, instead of that bright and lovely day! We observed many varieties of flints lying on the ground; some of them would bear a high polish. After a gradual ascent of more than two hours, we found ourselves upon a vast *plateau* of barren table land. The tents were pitched in a hollow, strewed with infinitely diversified specimens of flint and limestone formation.

Our breakfast the next morning, before day had fully dawned, was in truth *al fresco.* The sky was grey and lowering; but, with a little discomfort, we gained at least *one* advantage; for we beheld the *moving panorama* of our Desert life, tinted with shades of colouring altogether new. On one side was a chain of mountains, on the other the interminable Wilderness: while, to complete this Eastern picture, were thrown out in clear relief—the dark faces of our Arabs, the camels loading, our servants, and the entire paraphernalia of our encampment. As usual, the Arabs were lazy; and Vincenzo was urging them to greater exertion in loud and angry tones.

That day we passed some very curiously stratified limestone rocks; and ate our luncheon in most romantic style, within a shady bower of Tamarisks! We had hardly started again, when we met three Arab women, seated on camels; and soon came to a well of good water, at which a herd of about thirty camels were drinking. They belonged to one of the proudest and most independent of the Bedouin tribes—the Towári. The water was raised in a skin bucket; by a boy, whose hair was arranged in four short plaits, hanging straight from his head. The camels drank from a bowl scooped out of a block of limestone. There was famous pushing and gesticulating, chattering and wrangling, between the two tribes; for, of course, we and our animals must be satisfied, as well as the Towáris. The camels were nothing loth to join in the affray. Those of Towári were remarkably fine creatures: one of them fell flat on its side in the general *mêlée*, and was with difficulty raised again. So great were the noise and confusion, that we felt quite bewildered; and even rather alarmed for the consequences. I was, for some minutes, held fast between a couple of our loaded camels. Two pretty little donkeys stood quietly by, the very personification of patience! I hope their virtue was ultimately rewarded; but I fear they must have waited a long time, poor things!—for their unwieldy rivals appeared as if they never could imbibe a sufficient quantity of water; they were evidently taking in a supply that was to last for several days. Rajéeb is the name of this well. We encamped in the Wadee El Arish, which is surrounded by low chalky hills, full of fossils. Tufts of parched herbage were scattered here and there in the sand.

A fine sunrise cheered the early part of our next day's journey, which was otherwise unusually dreary. Far distant, in our front, were chalky cliffs, as white as those of Dover. It was quite a subject of rejoicing, when—after several hours—we passed a few isolated masses of sandstone, that looked like ruins until we rode up to them: some of these rocks

were of pyramidal form. A high but hot wind blew the sand about in clouds; and we were glad to protect our eyes by means of veils and goggles. The evening was very gloomy; and a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on—accompanied by heavy rain—which lasted five hours. It was an awful night! In the solitude of the Desert we beheld frequent and vivid flashes of lightning; and heard the noise of a rushing stream, and loud peals of rolling thunder reverberating among the mountain crags! The rain poured down in torrents; and twice were channels dug round the tents, to carry off the water. To all appearance, the behaviour of our Arabs was full of careless levity, for they seemed to laugh and sing gay songs the whole time; and yet, it is just possible that they were chaunting some strange religious exercise; so forcibly did the sounds they uttered remind us of that Sheikh of the Hadji, who came on board the "Clothilde" at Siout; when he recited his wild prayer, and beat his tom-tom for our gratification. Of course, no one could sleep until the storm abated. Thanks to the stout oil cloth covering of our tents, our clothes were only a *very little* damp when we put them on in the morning. The rain had then ceased, but the sky was overcast and threatening: nevertheless, precisely at half past seven we were on our camels, obeying Vincenzo's strict injunctions to hold fast with both hands, the two upright pieces of wood—or pegs—with which the saddles are furnished. Some of the baggage camels fell—so insecurely did they tread upon the wet sand; and we ourselves were in constant fear of a tumble. We soon passed Gebel El Arish. This mountain is of no great elevation; but its shape is peculiar—caused, probably, by the action of the wind. It resembles a building of circular form, with a sloping roof, and a chimney in the centre! The watercourses were no longer *dry;* we *crossed* several of them, and *saw* many more that had swollen in one night into deep and rapid torrents. At last we reached a wider stream than any of the others. The camels waded through it most

unwillingly, and one of them went down upon its knees in a fit of obstinacy: indeed they occasionally lost their footing, and were carried away to some distance by the current. It was a long time before the whole caravan assembled on the opposite bank; and we were really astonished that no accident happened. *Our party* landed first, and stood watching the proceedings of the rest. Salvo's chief anxiety was for his own bedding: he carefully secured *that*, and left his camel to an Arab's care! Bekéeh (the cook) had his own especial objects of attention. From hence—Nakhel, our destined halting place, was indistinctly visible.

After this adventure we traversed, for at least two hours, an immense plain; half of which was under water, and the ground frightfully insecure and slippery. All ended well, however; the drivers were exceedingly careful, and we held on tightly, for fear of being *jolted off!* A Bedouin, handsomely dressed in rich Damascus silk of bright crimson, joined our caravan at the ford. He was a fine looking man, and the best *picture* of an Arab of the Desert that we had yet seen. His turban was striped red and gold colour: weapons, with embossed handles, were in his girdle; and slung across his shoulders was a long and clumsy blunderbuss. Dismounting from his camel, he requested our Sheikh to ride the animal in his stead; while he accompanied us on foot. His single attendant also rode a camel, and carried a gun in the same manner.

We encamped between a tolerably wide stream and the citadel of Nakhel. The town is small, and its inhabitants appear wretchedly poor. Attached to the fortress are some neat gardens, enclosed within low stone walls; and bordered by the prickly pear, which makes an admirable fence: channels for irrigation are cut at regular intervals. Vincenzo was obliged to lay in a fresh stock of provisions, and found them comparatively very dear: fowls were two shillings a couple. It was deemed prudent to have five watch-fires burning all night.

Sunday, January 15th. This was a day of welcome rest from travelling. Soon after breakfast we repaired to the citadel—a large square building, with buttresses at each corner—to pay a visit of ceremony to the *Governor*, who resides there with a military force. Nakhel is in reality a place of greater political consequence than its extent and general aspect seem to justify. *His Excellency* was literally "sitting in the gate"—cross-legged upon a stone divan, spread with matting; and gravely smoking a long pipe, at the extremity of an arched entrance. He had handsome features, and the expression of his countenance was rather prepossessing than otherwise. He at once made signs that we should seat ourselves on the divan—placing Mr. T. next to himself, and offering him his own pipe; while Vincenzo sat at his right hand, ready to act as interpreter, and go through the form of reading our passport. The Commandant of the garrison—which consists of five and twenty soldiers—now came in: his manner was courteous and gentlemanlike; and he wore a handsome dress of striped silk. His subordinates—of different sizes and ages—were attired in every imaginable variety of Arab costume. Some sat on the ground, others at the lower end of the divan; and most of them were smoking: one was plaiting dried palm leaves, while another sewed the plaited pieces into mats. All this time we were busily exchanging bows, smiles, and compliments, with the *Basha* and Commandant; we also *heard* and *smelt* coffee preparing; and anon appeared an attendant with a tray of steaming *fingaus* (coffee cups) in little copper *zerfs*, one of which was presented by a second servant to each guest. The coffee was highly spiced, but we thought it very good. Mr. T. had enough to do in the *smoking* way! He had already disposed of a couple of pipes—those of the two *grandees*—when the Basha's secretary, a black man with a flattened nose, stepped forward with a *third!* Luckily, Vincenzo saw what was going on, and came to the rescue with a civil apology. "His Excellency" informed us that Abbas Pacha, when here about

two months previously, had changed the name of this place from *Nakhel* (which signifies date tree) to *Sakhel* (a plain). Certainly a spot more destitute of trees could scarcely be found. We saw none of any kind except one single sont, that grew in the court of the citadel. There was not much to interest us in the interior of the fortress. Our conductor showed us a great water-wheel like those of Egypt, worked by men, and which supplies the large cisterns outside the walls; for *Sakhel* is one of the principal watering places of the Mecca pilgrims. Quantities of yellow palm leaves were being soaked in water, to prepare them for plaiting. A steep stone staircase led to the *hareem;* and at the top of another flight of steps stood a cumbersome old cannon—of which I believe there are four. When we rose to depart, Mr. T. made the Basha a present of tobacco. Nobody now living can remember such a dry season as this: it had rained only three times within five months! The stream that flowed rapidly in front of our camp last evening had already dried up.

The Lassayd Arabs—destined to leave us on the morrow—were all day busily employed in grinding corn and baking bread. They and their Sheikh would fain have continued the journey; but the "higher powers"—the Basha and Vincenzo—decreed otherwise; besides their camels were quite worn out. The Bedouin who joined our caravan at the ford, likewise accompanied us on our visit to the citadel. He was one of the tribe under whose protection we travelled from *Sakhel* to Gaza, and always walked close to Vincenzo's camel. "His Excellency" was strongly suspected—on what grounds I do not know—of wishing to throw obstacles in the way of our speedy departure; although he had despatched a messenger on our behalf at three o'clock in the morning, to the Sheikh of the powerful Towári—whose camels we had met at the well Rajćeb; and who has three thousand men under his sole command. That powerful chief sent his eldest son to negociate the terms of our escort, of which he was also to take the lead. A most stormy debate ensued, which

lasted at least two hours. Down came the Basha, Commandant, and somebody else; to give authority, and be witnesses to the final settlement and signature of this contract between young Towári and our dragoman. The glorious sunset looked upon a scene that ill accorded with the wonted stillness of a sabbath eve! Poor Salvo's face was the picture of gloom: he was very hungry, and it was long past dinner time! We turned our eyes with interest from one picturesque group of figures to another. There were the two sets of Bedouins; some of the good people of Sakhel; and our servants—not to forget the red capped and burnoosed attendants of the Basha—assembled round Vincenzo's tent. When all was satisfactorily arranged, we were introduced to the youthful heir of Towári, whose age might be eighteen or nineteen. He was tall and thin, with a remarkably plain unmeaning face; and dressed in crimson silk,* with a yellow kerchief wound round his *tarboosh*. The Basha sent us a guard of soldiers before dark; and treated our party to a very fair display of fire works—the rockets were the best I ever saw. A pretty, bright eyed mouse ran into the tent; it was larger than our English mice, and of a paler colour.

Our patience was sorely tried the next morning; for the confusion and uproar that took place before we were allowed to start are indescribable! The two tribes quarrelled and abused each other to such a degree that they were on the point of an *appeal to arms;* when their respective Sheikhs wisely consented to abide by the decision of the Basha, and went together to the citadel. The Basha returned to the camp with them, accompanied by the Commandant, and remained until all was ready. We had great cause to complain of the extreme rapaciousness of the Lassayd, but it was certainly equalled by that of the Towári when *their* day of parting arrived.

* Abbas Pacha, on the occasion of his visit to Sakhel, distributed about thirty of these dresses among the different Bedouin tribes.

The latter are a much finer race of men than the former, and also better clothed. Most of them were supplied with sheep skins, which served as a cloak by day and a bed at night: one man had a gazelle skin. A few wore sandals, but the generality—among whom was the Sheikh—walked barefoot. They carried long guns over their shoulders; and had swords, the hilts of which, as well as their powder flasks, were inlaid with brass. They were likewise armed with thick clubs; and fixed in the trappings of one of the camels was a very formidable spear, belonging to the Sheikh. Although extremely civil and attentive—scarcely leaving the camels for a moment—they had the countenances of a ferocious set of cut-throats! They were exceedingly joyous among themselves; their hearty peals of laughter were incessant, and I never heard such deep toned voices. Like all Bedouins, their limbs were remarkably small and well formed. Many of them wore their hair in four short plaits, like the boy who was drawing water at the well. We saw an Arab whom we thought must belong to the Towári tribe, with an immense pair of French postilion's boots, and a brace of French pistols! One of the baggage camels was led by a woman, who went a few days' journey with the caravan, in charge of an Arab of our escort—the latter receiving five piastres for his trouble. Across her back was slung a coarse linen bag, which contained a naked baby! A black cloth cloak covered the whole affair; and how the child could breathe it is impossible to imagine. Our track was over a great barren plain, and the weather miserably cold. We encamped near a water course: another fire, lighted by some Bedouins, glimmered in the distance. There were two Nubians among our men: they may have either voluntarily joined the Towári, been taken prisoners, or originally bought as slaves.

Tuesday, January 17th. We breakfasted by moonlight, and the air was so frosty we could hardly make use of our fingers. The journey continued as uninteresting as before; until—far away to our right—we

beheld for the first time that wonderful phenomenon the *Mirage of the Desert,* and fancied we distinctly saw water and trees! The reflection of some clouds upon a broken range of sandstone mountains in our front, was strikingly beautiful. At one spot were growing a few small tamarisks, and fortunately for the camels, abundance of *gatta* : the sand seemed full of snail shells. The merriment of a couple of our Arabs was, almost—like the too rough play of school boys—ending in a more serious manner than might have been agreeable; when the Sheikh wisely interfered with one slight touch of his *coorbash,* and the doubtful skirmish instantly ceased. Our Towári camels were very good ones, although of a small breed, and travelled at a steady regular pace. Vincenzo had an *argument* with the Sheikh, who desired to detain us beyond the stipulated six days from Sakhel to Gaza; but the dragoman, as usual, carried his point.

Our breakfast table the following morning was surrounded by a dense fog; and as the rising sun gilded the summits of some lofty rocks to the westward, a belt of vapoury mist extended all along their base until it gradually dispersed. One of the Arabs coolly took possession of Mr. T.'s mackintosh; and put it on with a look of evident self complacency, as though he had done a very clever thing; and that he would be allowed to keep it. These Towári were always begging something; coffee, tobacco, sugar, or whatever they could think of; and in the mornings Vincenzo had the greatest difficulty in making them leave their fires—of camel's dung, or brushwood—and act their proper parts in assisting to strike the tents and load the camels. The latter duty was often so badly performed that the animals were able to shake off their burdens with ease; thereby causing tiresome stoppages and unnecessary delays.

We were still journeying over the same barren plain; but towards the north west extended a fine chain of mountains which reminded us of Kerry; and we passed, on our left, a line of hills abounding in gazelle.

Lizards—we had now and then observed them before—were running along the sand. Some flowering white broom grew near our encampment, and the sight of a flock of goats gave promise of milk for tea and breakfast. Camel's milk, which we had occasionally, was—in *my* opinion at least—*most objectionable!*

Thursday, January 19th. I wandered to some little distance while all was preparing for our start. The sun rose with his accustomed splendour, and I found abundance of pretty shrubs and flowers—even the tiny Forget me not—amidst the white broom. To the westward appeared a *mirage of lakes!* In an hour or two we reached a valley overgrown with tamarisk bushes; and to these the camels attached themselves so voraciously, it was no easy matter to proceed. We saw gazelle tracks upon the sand in all directions, and crossed the mostly dry beds of several torrents. Our midday halt was among some rocks, close to a stream of water; from whence, although it looked rather muddy, we obtained a fresh supply. We passed two Arab graves, far distant from each other: the last of them happened to be the burial place of a Towâri; and not one of our men failed to take up a few handfuls of the sand that covered it; with which, for the sake of old fellowship, he sprinkled both himself and his camel. In the course of the afternoon we came to moist ground; where grew patches of some lowly plant bearing a delicate white flower, and whose foliage was of the most brilliant green. Three times we started a large flock of quail: our Arabs shot at them; but one only was brought down and given to Vincenzo, who amused himself by plucking it as he rode along. We tasted this bird the next day at luncheon, and pronounced it very tough and insipid. A variety of lovely flowers were springing up beneath the camels' feet—particularly the star of Bethlehem; and on either side we observed extensive tracts that had recently been ploughed in close drills, for sowing grain. The young Sheikh beguiles the tediousness of his

journey by smoking; and singing (?) the same tune and words over and over again, with a very disagreeably nasal twang. The tents were pitched on a sandy plain, and we breakfasted the following morning at half-past five—by moonlight! Vincenzo was more than ever plagued by the begging propensities of the Arabs. "They think ourself coffee shop," he exclaimed.

We continued to traverse a wide plain, and passed corn fields like those we had seen the day before: it was quite delightful to behold such a multitude of early spring flowers, so welcome in our gardens at home. The tulip was not yet in bloom; but there were, in gay luxuriance, the scarlet anemone; crocus; lily; iris; and I know not how many *old familiar friends* besides. Our Arabs gathered, and ate, wild roots that looked like turnips. We saw the ruins of two modern towns; their sole traces consisting of quantities of stone in heaps and scattered, and the remains of walls. Tortoises are common hereabouts; our men picked up two small ones, not worth keeping.

A party of Arabs met us during the day; they had donkeys with them, and a large flock of goats and sheep: among the latter were some pretty little white lambs with black heads. All that afternoon the mountains of Hebron rose before us. At night, a solitary traveller claimed the protection of our caravan, and shared the comfort of its fires. Our guard "called the watch" and replied at regular intervals, which they never did before.

The next morning we were witnesses to a cordial greeting between the Towári and a few of their acquaintances; they shook hands most affectionately, and kissed one another's cheeks.

Signs of cultivation became much more general as we advanced. At last we reached some stone cisterns, made by pilgrims; which were either round—or pear shaped, like those near Cairo. Between three and four o'clock Vincenzo quickened his pace, and preceded us to Gaza—in order

to announce our approach; and, if possible, ensure our admission into the lazzaretto, should we be delayed beyond sunset. We had five days' quarantine to perform there; the day of arrival and that of departure each counting as *one*. It is not easy to make camels go faster than they choose; and still more difficult to quicken the pace of a heavily laden caravan: we accordingly watched the declining sun with anxious fears as we pressed forward. On our left were occasional glimpses of the Mediterranean; and we passed the ruins of a small mosque. The sandhills of the Desert gradually yielded to those of marl; and we entered upon a broad straight road, with corn fields on either side. Presently we were accosted in Arabic by a quarantine officer on foot, who turned back with us; and in less than half an hour we reached the foot of a hill, where stands a Sheikh's tomb—now used as a watch-house, and overshadowed by a single tree. This was fortunately *quarantine ground*: it was already ten minutes past five; at *half* past we should have been too late! Here we were met by a grey bearded Turk on horseback. He was speedily joined by an Arnaout (Albanian)—who rode a pretty grey horse, and at once began exercising and careering for our amusement. It was really surprising to see the powerful and spirited, but well trained little animal—obeying the gesture of a finger; turning on its own length; and enabling its rider to display admirable horsemanship—firing pistols every now and then at full gallop! The Turkish veteran, on his bay, was almost as accomplished a rider as the Arnaout. We followed a winding path through a valley, until we came to a succession of lanes; bordered by neat gardens of fig, apricot, and almond trees—protected by hedges of prickly pear. The almond blossom was beautiful!

A party of shepherds were duly warned by the Arnaout that they must not pass too near us, or they would be compelled to share our fate. It was precisely six o'clock when we entered the gateway of the lazzaretto;

and Vincenzo had considerable difficulty in persuading the captain of the guard to admit us. While the camels were unloading, and the rooms being thoroughly cleansed—a very necessary precaution!—we seated ourselves in the open court upon piles of cushions, quilts, carpets, and cloaks. Although dreadfully tired after our long journey of eleven hours and forty minutes; and completely chilled through—for a cold north east wind had blown full in our faces—we sat watching that noisy scene of bustle and confusion with deep interest. Camels, luggage, Arabs (who had been *assiduously polite* all day!), servants, and the *guardiano*, were alike indistinctly visible through the increasing darkness. In a wonderfully short time—perhaps one hour—we ascended by a wooden staircase to a turret, and found our camp equipage comfortably arranged in a whitewashed apartment. Very soon we heard the welcome *fizzing* sound of preparation for dinner, which immediately afterwards made its appearance. It is astonishing to observe how the Arabs of the Desert can walk on and on for so many hours, at the same quick pace; and be apparently as fresh at the end of the day as the beginning! Their camels were much more easily fatigued than themselves! While still in the Desert, we had seen a bird—resembling a large duck—which one of our men attempted to shoot, but missed his aim.

Sunday, January 22nd. We awoke from our sound sleep this morning, rejoicing in the prospect of a Sabbath rest. Our windows—protected by iron bars—had no glass in them, and closed from the outside by means of wooden shutters. The view was very lovely: we were in the midst of a fertile plain, bounded by hills; and had entered the "Land of Promise!"—once the country of the Philistines, but eventually part of Simeon's portion; having first been given by Joshua to Judah.* What rapture must the Israelites have experienced, when—after their lengthened wanderings in the Wilderness—they came to inhabit this fruitful soil!

* Joshua xv. 47.

Even we ourselves, at the end of one short month's pilgrimage, gaze with intense delight upon the green fields, the olive groves, gardens, and rich pastures with their flocks and herds.

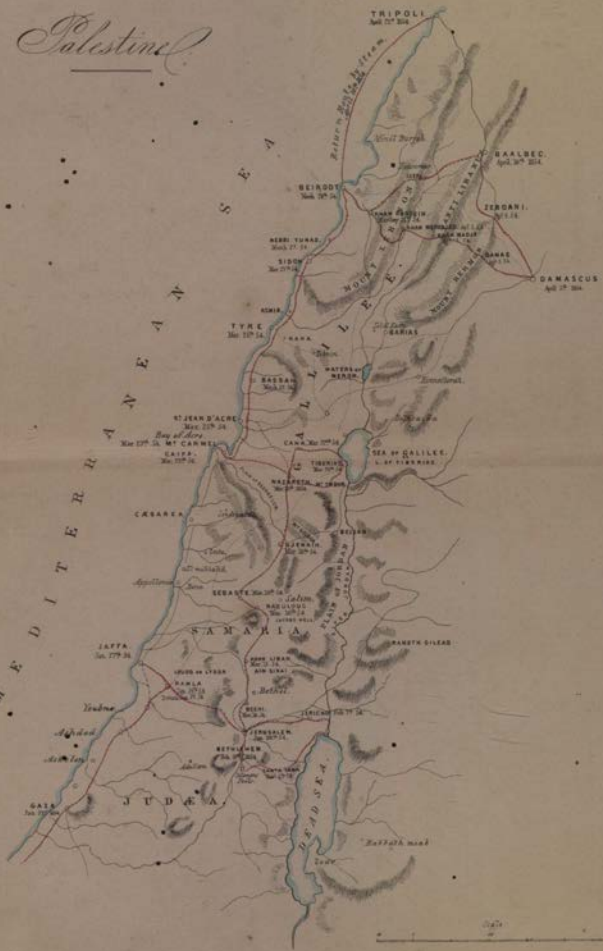
Within the lazzaretto reside about twenty people; and a tower is erected over the gateway, occupied by the *hareem* of the Governor; whose house, with a little garden in front, stands close by. At each extremity of the further wall—that facing the entrance—is a turret allotted to the use of travellers. Pilgrims of inferior degree stay in the open court, the centre of which contains a tank and fountain. The Arnaout soldiers who compose the guard, and our servants, were provided with apartments on the ground floor; in one of which Mr. T. was—by his own desire—at first located: but the noise of this lower story was so wearying and incessant, that he subsequently removed into the opposite turret—gaining however no advantage by the exchange; for his room was the permanent abode of rats, fleas, bugs, and lizards; while a whole family of bats had built their nest above his bed! There is one place set apart where provisions are brought to the lazzaretto: and of course everything of the kind, though good, is very dear. The fruit and vegetables were exceedingly fine; I never saw such enormous cauliflowers and lemons. We were also shown a recess from whence those within can speak through a lattice to persons outside. As regards the *prevention of disease*, the quarantine at Gaza must be as inefficient as any other. One would certainly suppose that a journey hither from Cairo, across the long Desert, must be enough to purify the *most tainted!* More than twenty-five years have elapsed since any cases of plague broke out here.

The following morning was bright and dewy—one of the most beautiful that ever dawned! A large caravan of merchandize arrived during the day; and some very quaint personages accompanied it, among whom were two or three black women with their children. The quarantine flag is always hoisted over the *hareem* tower at sunrise, and taken down again at sunset.

That night a violent storm of wind, thunder, lightning, and rain—during which the turrets rocked and creaked fearfully—commenced about eleven o'clock, and lasted until daylight. The rain continued, and we were apprehensive of delay. In any case the ground would be slippery for the camels, of which a new set were to carry us as far as Ramla—a two days' journey from Gaza. After dinner we descended our wooden staircase to be *inspected* by a Piedmontese doctor, who lives just beyond the walls. *He* pronounced us all healthy—*we* bowed and scraped—but had scarcely returned to our apartments, when a heated brazier of scented wood was set down on the floor, and left for a few minutes only!

The canteen man holds his situation from the Turkish government at the rate of ten thousand piastres a year, with the exclusive privilege of supplying the lazzaretto with provisions; and was in chains for attempting to cheat Vincenzo—who lodged a complaint against him with the Basha—by charging higher prices than the tariff allowed. Every one of our Arabs too—Sheikh included—were put in prison for making a disturbance and beating the *guardiano!* If any of us ventured into the court, we were well watched and closely followed. The Arab servants employed in the lazzaretto, appeared on the whole better clad than any we had before seen: particularly a water carrier, who was dressed entirely in white and perfectly clean clothes. Vincenzo had a Turkish bath prepared for our use, which was a great luxury.

Wednesday, January 25th. Notwithstanding dark and heavy clouds, the sun rose gloriously over the verdant plain of Gaza; lighting up to peculiar advantage that part of the town which extends from the hill opposite the lazzaretto into the valley below. From our high turret the place appeared to be of considerable size and importance, with its lofty minarets towering into the sky; but a nearer view would probably have left a very different impression. It is separated from the sea by a wide sandy beach; and for some miles inland the ground is plentifully strewed


Palestine
TRIPOLI
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ANTI LIBANUS
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
GALILEE
ACRE
CAIFFA
CANA
TIBERIAS
SEA OF GALILEE
CÆSAREA
SAMARIA
JAFFA
RAMLA
JERUSALEM
BETHLEHEM
JUDÆA
GAZA
DEAD SEA
JORDAN

with sea shells. From its advantageous situation as the key to Syria, Gaza has been subject to many revolutions.* How fresh the fields and gardens looked after the rain!—we had moreover ample leisure to admire them; for Vincenzo had roused us at ten minutes before five, by coming into our rooms with a lighted *fanóos*. So earnestly were our thoughts engaged, that we felt but little anxiety as to whether the camels and their Arab owners would come for us or not—*this* being, as to weather, decidedly what we call "a doubtful day" in England. Leaning over the balustrade, we feasted our eyes upon the lovely scene, and talked of Israel and "the Promised Land." Strange as it may seem, we could not quit the lazzaretto at Gaza without *some* feelings of regret. We had enjoyed three days' rest from the fatigue of constant travelling, and found abundance of occupation to prevent the time from hanging heavily on our hands.

At last we espied our dragoman walking across the court between a couple of well dressed Arabs; one of whom was middle aged and athletic—the other much older, with a long grey beard. Vincenzo looked full of importance; and held in his hand a paper, which he afterwards informed us was a certificate, or testimonial, that—having duly performed quarantine at Gaza—we became entitled to admission into Jerusalem. The old Arab was the sheikh, or more properly, *owner* of the camels; and we were to start when all was ready. The wise ones predicted showers and *tumbles;* but no matter, *go we must!*

To leave Gaza without visiting the reputed house of Samson was impossible! Accordingly, we set off on foot, attended by a guide; and almost immediately passed, on our left, five *portions of columns* in a row, called "Samson's Pillars;" but *why* so denominated we could not learn. We met fine flocks of sheep and goats; and herds of remarkably small cattle—among which were the *very tiniest* calves

* Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible.

and young donkeys I ever saw in my life! For some distance our path was bordered on both sides by hedges of prickly pear, evidently of very old growth; and beyond these were fields and gardens. We likewise passed a Muslim cemetery; and at the end of half an hour reached the "House of Samson," which stands at the foot of a hill, below the town of Gaza. Two prostrate half buried columns are gravely asserted to be *the* identical pillars of the famous temple of Dagon! * Crowds of idlers gathered round us—each group displaying great variety of costume—while search was made for the key of a side door. The missing key was not forthcoming; so we scrambled by means of broken stones over a low wall, and entered the building—doubtless very ancient—which is at present used as a Mosque. A woman in a *white 'abáych*—more generally worn among the females of Palestine and Syria than the *black* ones—requested us to look through a star shaped aperture into a dark room, or vault, which she said was the "Tomb of Samson!" As we retraced our steps to the lazzaretto, we saw an immense flight of sparrows, and came in for a heavy shower of rain. We had not long to wait before finally starting; but the ground was so excessively slippery, that we walked for nearly a mile before mounting our dirty ugly camels; which had been accustomed to convey *cargo* only. They were unprovided with saddles; consequently we sat upon carpets and cushions—balancing our bodies as well as we could, by holding with both hands the ropes that held the former in their places on a wooden frame—we had not even the security of stirrups. By degrees we began to feel *at home;* and the animal's motion was less fatiguing than before, now that our seats were broader and softer. We rode past a succession of gardens and olive groves, and saw many picturesque figures carrying water jars. There are potteries by the road side—simply large holes dug in the ground—and kilns for baking the earthenware when moulded into its proper form.

* Judges xvi.

The clay is originally red, but becomes black when hardened by fire. The dwellings of the peasantry in this neighbourhood are more wretched than one would expect, judging from the prosperous and fertile appearance of the surrounding country. Several of them are mere excavations in the side of low hills. We soon came down to the sea shore, having chosen the coast in preference to the inland route, as the latter must be slippery and dangerous in wet weather. It was very cold; the wind blew keenly in our faces, and we had at least an hour's rain. The Arabs drank fresh water from a brook marked *Eshcol* on the map: near this—quite close to the beach—are the ruins of Askelon, the birthplace of Herod the Great. A number of columns project horizontally from the walls—most probably thrown into their present position by the force of an earthquake. How truly has prophecy been fulfilled! "For Gaza shall be forsaken, and Ashkelon a desolation: they shall drive out Ashdod at the noon day, and Ekron shall be rooted up. Woe unto the inhabitants of the sea coasts, the nation of the Cherethites! the word of the Lord is against you; O Canaan, the land of the Philistines, I will even destroy thee, that there shall be no inhabitant. And the sea coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks." *

We took luncheon in a sheltered spot among sandhills. Our pace did not exceed two miles an hour, for these Arabs of Palestine are a strikingly different race from the active Bedouins of the Desert. Their make is much more clumsy, and they are infinitely less capable of exertion, since they cannot—perhaps *will* not—walk long at a time. The camels were fastened one behind another, and to the leading rope of the foremost was tied a very diminutive donkey!—of which we had about half a dozen in our train, that their lazy owners (larger than themselves) might ride them whenever they felt disposed. The sand—to confess the truth—was soft and deep, which in a great degree excused our slow progress. This

* Zephaniah ii. 4, 5, 6.

was a fortunate circumstance for Vincenzo and the cook, who each made a harmless summerset over the head of his camel! We encamped among sandy mounds.

The weather was delightful for the ensuing day's journey, which continued for several hours along the sea shore. We passed four prostrate granite columns, and the ruins of Ashdod. "And the Philistines took the ark of God, and brought it from Eben-ezer, unto Ashdod. When the Philistines took the ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon. And when they of Ashdod arose early on the morrow, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord. And they took Dagon, and set him in his place again, &c." *

A sudden turn to the right brought us to a common, covered with bright verdure. Here grew abundance of wild fennel, rhu (the smell of which was very powerful), flowering tulips, the iris, narcissus, and scarlet anemone. After this we came to cultivated fields—where the narcissus was springing up among the corn—and heard the cheerful notes of birds. Oxen were at the plough: we saw one team that consisted of three oxen and a donkey! The ploughs were made of a piece of wood, which in some instances had grown naturally into the shape required. The cows were small but very pretty. Later in the day we reached a neat and thriving little town, called Youbna, where the traditionary tomb of Reuben is still preserved and venerated. The Basha of Gaza and a few of his gaily attired Arnaouts were exercising their beautiful horses on a broad esplanade. We passed well kept gardens, abounding in fig, almond, and olive trees, and bordered with prickly pear, like those at Gaza. Thence we crossed an old Roman bridge; saw more corn fields—and a village. The peasants were busily employed in agricultural labour, and there appeared to be excellent pasture for cows, sheep, and

* 1 Samuel v.

goats. By this time it was near sunset, and Vincenzo had worked himself up into a furious rage with the owner of the camels on account of his extreme tardiness; threatening to beat him with his *coorbash* all the way to Ramla, and not pay either himself or his men one para of *backsheesh!* This storm produced the effect of somewhat quickening our pace. Gardens and trees at last gave earnest that we were approaching Ramla; but it was almost dark when we slipped and waded through its ill paved streets to the Franciscan convent—a square *fortress* building with an arched doorway. Here, after knocking and thundering for at least a quarter of an hour, we finally gained admittance; Vincenzo first enquiring whether there was sufficient accommodation for a *hareem!* By the glimmer of a solitary candle we groped our way through gloomy courts and passages, and up a staircase into a clean looking suite of apartments—including bedrooms, dining room, and kitchen. The monks—with the exception of two Italians—are all Spaniards. A *perfect picture* of a monk lighted a candle for us, placed it on the table, and silently withdrew. He was immediately followed by an attendant, a handsome young Nazarine, bringing cups of delicious coffee.

The next day was devoted to an excursion to Jaffa—the ancient *Joppa*. We had quite done with *camels*; and gladly exchanged their fatiguing motion for the quick easy ambling walk of some steady, well trained, and sure footed little horses, which were brought from Jerusalem for our use. Before starting, Mr. T. and Vincenzo had a noisy dispute with the Gaza camel drivers, who very properly did not receive more payment than was strictly due to them. Their words, looks, and gestures, were *frantic!*—but to no purpose—they had to deal with *adamantine hearts* that *would* not be softened! The weather was lovely beyond description. We passed a large burying ground, gardens, and fields: in the latter both men and women were at work. The women had black crape face coverings, adorned more or less with coins, beads, or embroidery—often

with all three combined. Their heads and shoulders were enveloped in white *'abáyehs*, and they wore a profusion of ornaments—particularly necklaces—composed of coins and beads. Many of the horses, mules, and cows, had a single bead attached to their head gear, as a charm against the "Evil Eye." The plain between Ramla and Jaffa—a distance of about three hours—is for the most part covered with so rich a soil that crop after crop springs up without the aid of manure. The prickly pear and sycamore flourish spontaneously, and we had abundant opportunities of observing different growths of the olive tree—from the tiny sprig just planted, to the hoary veteran of centuries. They are generally placed at regular intervals, and seldom come to maturity with the same *stiffness* as those of Italy. The oldest among them—displaying hollow trunks and gnarled branches—would make admirable studies for the artist's pencil; and the British Consul at Jaffa informed us that they were confidently believed to have been standing at the time of our blessed Saviour's sojourn on earth. Rabbits are numerous in this neighbourhood, and we guided our steeds carefully in order to keep clear of their burrows: the camels had shown wonderful sagacity the day before in avoiding them. On our left, not far from Jaffa, stood a handsome mosque surmounted by nine cupolas—the highest in the centre. From thence the road was broad, sandy, and on the whole pretty good. Our horses refreshed themselves from a fountain of excellent water, at a Sheikh's tomb with four cupolas, the pavement in front of which was bounded by three prostrate columns. We then rode through *lanes of gardens*, hedged in by the never failing cactus (or prickly pear). Mulberries, figs, apricots, vines, nabbuks, almonds, lemons, citrons, and above all—*oranges*, which are sent from Jaffa to every part of Syria—thrive here to perfection. The water melons also are particularly celebrated. We met a vast number of donkeys laden with oranges, and the rind of this fruit lay upon the ground in such quantities, one would suppose

the inhabitants chiefly lived upon them. The trees were literally *loaded*, and bent down with their weight. Before entering the town we had a fine view of Jaffa and the bright blue sea beyond, whose foaming waves broke over a chain of rocks that stretches nearly across the harbour. The streets are narrow, as usual, and excessively muddy. We went at once to the British Consulate, and ascending a flight of awkward stone steps, were shown into a good sized drawing room—half Eastern half European. The Consul, Mr. Assaad Yacoob Kayat—author of "A Voice from the Lebanon"—received us very kindly: he speaks English remarkably well, and with great fluency. One end of the apartment was occupied by a raised divan, where we sat for some time talking to Mrs. Kayat—a fat, good humoured, handsome woman, whose age might be about thirty-five—and who had just finished smoking her *nárgeeleh*. She wore a *bárège* gown with flounces, and a loose jacket of dark blue cashmere lined with fur. Her head-dress was most extraordinary! A *toque* of gaily coloured gauze or muslin—in which were fastened two diamond brooches—seemed to be further secured by an equally smart gauze kerchief, folded crosswise, and tied over the toque on the top of her head—the opposite corners hanging loose below her chin. Her beautiful black hair fell straight down her back, intermixed with a countless number of small gold chains, to each of which a gold coin was attached! Her fingers were covered with showy rings. She immediately ordered coffee, and joined her husband in making all sorts of goodnatured offers; such as the use of their country house, servants, or horses. Mrs. Kayat did not speak English quite so easily as her husband; and sent for her children's governess, an Englishwoman, to assist our conversation. Three or four *nárgeelehs* stood on the floor ready for use.

The Consul began life by being dragoman to some Russian princes, who took him to London; where he and his wife, both natives of Beiroot,

were *lionized* in their Syrian costume—even to the presence of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria! Naturally clever, Mr. Kayat made the most of his opportunity, and was subsequently honoured with his present post at Jaffa. His regular salary is £300 per annum, but he is entitled to sundry fees besides, and has both a town and country residence. He is a self constituted physician, and I *might* add—a *clergyman!*—as he reads the Church of England service on Sundays, for want of a regular chaplain. He considers himself a member of our church, and spoke with interest of the Jewish Mission at Jerusalem. We walked with him to the Custom-house, from whence we had a noble view of the harbour and shipping: in stormy weather, the sea occasionally rises to these upper windows. The Director of Customs gave us orangeade; and as he only spoke Arabic, Mr. Kayat acted as interpreter. Jaffa is a place of considerable traffic, and screw steamers keep up constant communication between its port and those of England. Soap is manufactured here, and exported. The different Consulates are close together: that of Russia is the largest; but since the war began it has of course been abandoned. Mr. Kayat then led us to the house of "Simon the tanner," of which he firmly believes the identity. It is by the "sea side," and we mounted "upon the house top"—whither Peter retired "to pray," and "he fell into a trance, &c."* Through an aperture we looked into a dark chamber, now used as a mosque. Close by is a well, the water of which is drawn up in a bucket by a windlass; and near the well, stands a large trough—a convenient place for washing clothes—moreover, the *very* cistern that belonged to "Simon the tanner," wherein he threw his skins! A hole at the bottom of one side allowed the liquid to run off into a tank beneath—still perfect. At the distance of a few yards are the remains of an old wall, and hence the tanning refuse was thrown over the edge of a cliff into the sea. The *site* of this house agrees with Scripture, but the

* Acts x.

actual building can scarcely bear so ancient a date. Below the cliff we saw the two *great guns* of Jaffa: one was a brass mortar, the other a clumsy iron howitzer. There is a new Greek church, splendidly fitted up, and which contains some fine paintings. On our return to the Consulate, Mr. Kayat—to whom we were greatly indebted for his information, and the trouble he had taken to oblige us — gave Mr. T. the charge of a huge packet of letters and newspapers for Jerusalem.

We passed the Armenian convent, where Napoleon had his hospital, and touched for the plague! The Bazaars afforded no temptation to our purses; and being a market day, there was much consequent crowding. The market was held immediately outside the town; the commodities chiefly consisting of bread, fish, vegetables, oranges, and lemons. We went into a neighbouring garden for the pleasure of gathering oranges with our own hands, and at the cost of a few piastres brought away as many as we could possibly carry. We had a charming ride back to Ramla, which—with the verdant plain of Sharon—appears to peculiar advantage when approached from Jaffa, and near sunset. The undulating grass was sprinkled with brilliant scarlet anemones, iris', and tulips. Lydda—where the apostle Peter cured Eneas of the palsy*—was before us, but too far off to be distinctly visible. The hills are studded with villages and insignificant towns. In the evening we had a visit from the "honorary" British Consul at Ramla—an Arab—who spoke no language but his own. Vincenzo interpreted, and we all tried to look amiable! He stayed tea, and a long time afterwards, urging the absolute necessity of our being escorted to Jerusalem by a couple of *kawasses* (janissaries). I believe, however, that such a small guard is considered more in the light of a *compliment*, and as calculated to inspire certain feelings of respect in the country people, than any real

* Acts ix.

protection in case of attack. Ramla is by some writers supposed to be the Arimathea of the New Testament.

Saturday, January 28th. At a very early hour—preceded by the two *kawasses* fully armed and equipped, and leaving Salvo to take care of the luggage—we rode away from the convent; passed a large cemetery; and an old mosque, whose style of architecture reminded us of the English churches of by-gone days. We urged on our horses, for the "hill country of Judea"* bounded the horizon in our front; and Vincenzo duly warned us that our path would there be stony, steep, and difficult; and our progress unavoidably slow. We could not afford needless delay, having a long journey in prospect, and knowing that the gates of Jerusalem are always closed at sunset.

We saw several flocks of exceedingly fine sheep, and in two hours and a half reached the ruins of a town on our right. Vincenzo pronounced this to be "good travelling!" We soon came to a beautiful valley, where the ground was sufficiently rugged to try the firmness of even our sure footed Syrian steeds. This gorge is in fact a lovely garden, so abundantly grow the scarlet anemone, narcissus, daisy, cyclamon, white broom, iris, and cistus—the fancied "rose of Sharon!" Locusts and olives were of noble size: we lunched in a charming grove of these trees—the grass enamelled by an inconceivable variety of flowers, with bright dew drops still glittering upon them. Palestine is in very truth "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey." †

We crossed mountains, wound along ravines, caught one glimpse of the Mediterranean and the wide plain of Sharon, and arrived at Abougosh—called after a celebrated lawless chieftain of that name; whose son, yet lord of the village, often exercises Eastern hospitality towards

* Luke i. 65. † Deuteronomy viii. 7, 8.

strangers in the old castle.* Here are the remains of a substantial Greek church, said to have been built by the Empress Helena. Now and then the track was quite dangerous—up and down inclined masses of slippery rock!—but I never repented trusting to the instinct and steadiness of my well trained horse, rather than to my own scrambling. Fertile valleys and wooded hills were at last succeeded by the extreme of barrenness and desolation. Great was our joy—when, having gained the summit of one of those mountains "round about Jerusalem" †—we beheld the "Holy City!"—and *holy* indeed she appeared, as the declining sunbeams lighted up her walls, towers, and battlements—crowning Mount Zion with a golden diadem! For a brief space she was lost to view. We hastened on—the *kawasses* flourished and showed off their horsemanship. We remarked how blades of grass and scraps of verdure *would* peep out among the stones, and afford a scanty supply of pasture for cows, sheep, and goats: even a solitary tree was to be seen at rare intervals—and an occasional village. Once more we descried Jerusalem! We met soldiers—Greek and Latin monks—Jews—Christians—Muslims. Bethany was pointed out to us, about three miles to the left. Passing the convent of St. George, we crossed the Valley of Gihon, and entered the city by the Jaffa Gate—close to which we met Mr. Finn, H.B.M. Consul, to whom Mr. T. delivered the parcel entrusted to his care by Mr. Kayat. The streets are wretchedly paved, steep, slippery, dreadfully dirty, and full of holes. The houses have long dull walls, high latticed windows, and flat roofs—as in *days of yore*. Many a Jew and Gentile sat smoking in the doorways.

The Melita Hotel is tolerably clean, and as comfortable as one has any right to expect at Jerusalem; where, a very few years ago, hotels were

* This was formerly a most unsafe road to travel, and is still by no means free from danger—the inhabitants being notorious robbers.

† Psalm cxxv. 2.

unknown luxuries. We mounted up a gloomy stone staircase into a flagged court-yard, surrounded by the principal apartments. Miss —— and myself ascended a *second* flight of steps; and crossing another open space, were lodged in a turret chamber—not unlike a huge lantern—with four broad arched windows, which proved to be incapable of excluding either wind, snow, or rain. The stone floor was partly covered with matting, and the furniture consisted of three beds, two tables, a few chairs, and washing basons. There was no fire place, and we sat shivering in our cloaks—for the afternoon was bitterly cold—determined, at all hazards, to order a brazier of charcoal on the morrow. The side walls of the courts have tubes of pottery inserted in them, arranged so as to form a fanciful pattern. This is a common practice; its object being that persons within, particularly women, may look unobserved themselves into the streets below. Jars of flowers are also let into these white washed walls, to make an ornamental border. For some days we were the only travellers in this hotel, the landlord of which, Antonio Zamit, is a Maltese. We took our meals and generally received visitors in the public room—a dismal apartment with the vaulted roof and arched walls, nearly universal throughout Syria. A small inhospitable stove stood at one end. The *table d' hôte* was pretty good.

We could not be accused of having loitered on our way between Ramla and Jerusalem, having done in *nine* hours what gentlemen "without encumbrances" are marvellously proud of accomplishing in *eight*. *Ten* hours is the usual calculation for this journey.

We scarcely believed that we were actually upon Mount Zion!—close to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre!—and very near the Tower of Hippicus, erected by Herod the Great.*

Sunday, January 29th. A ten minutes' walk brought us to the handsome Church belonging to the Protestant Mission, where divine

* The Tower of Hippicus forms part of the Modern Citadel.

service commenced at half past ten o'clock. Prayers, according to the Church of England form of worship, were read by the Reverend Mr. Nicholayson; the Communion service by the Bishop of Jerusalem and another clergyman. The Bishop preached an excellent sermon from that text of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter iii. 1.—"Consider the apostle and high priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." Mrs. Finn played the sweet toned organ very nicely. The congregation was most attentive, and more numerous than I expected. This church occupies the site of Herod's palace: the architecture is in excellent taste—simple and appropriate. Anathoth—Jeremiah's birthplace*—supplied the beautifully white stone used in its construction. The pews are all open.

In the afternoon we took a walk beyond the Jaffa Gate, and turning to the left, crossed the Valley of Gihon by the Lower Pool—which is enclosed by walls of large and small stones placed alternately. Both this and the Upper Pool are now quite dry. The Aqueduct is erected on nine arches, and—like the Pools—dates from the time of Solomon. Even at present the inhabitants of Jerusalem make use of it, when—after heavy rains—the Pools contain sufficient quantity of water. The Valley of Hinnom, a continuation of that of Gihon, is deep and narrow; partly laid out in corn fields, and planted with olives: countless numbers of very ancient Jewish sepulchres are excavated in its rocky sides. "And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart. Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter: for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place." †

The Hill of Evil Counsel descends precipitously into the ravine, and is so called because here—"All the chief priests and elders of the people

* Jeremiah i. 1. † Jeremiah vii. 31, 32.

took counsel against Jesus to put him to death." * Upon its barren slope we were shown Aceldama! Here Judas Iscariot, having "cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed . . . went and hanged himself." † It is now used as a burial ground.

In the Citadel—close to the Jaffa Gate, and built over the same spot where once stood King David's Palace — resides the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem. An open space in front of this edifice serves for a fruit and vegetable market. We saw a great many women dressed in white, with black crape veils. Our guide—Tomaso by name—is a Jew, converted to Romanism, and was formerly a cook at the British Consulate. He has learnt his lesson well, as to the localities; but venture to ask a single question, or presume to visit one of the sacred sites out of the prescribed course, and you will find him altogether bewildered! He is universally acknowledged, however, to be the best cicerone in Jerusalem—*of the hirelings!*

The next day was wet and cold—not a chance of being able to stir out. Our breakfast table was hardly cleared when an Arab came in with a great basket of rosaries, crosses, and amulets. Then a Jew brought a collection of cut and uncut stones for rings or seals—bearing all sorts of scriptural devices, some of which were very pretty. This man engraves and sets the stones himself; and is a *protégé* of Vincenzo, who considers him *tolerably* honest in his dealings! Tomaso—a *merchant* as well as guide—next made *his* appearance with *two* large packages; and from him we made sundry purchases of crosses, amulets, rosaries, carved shells and stones, &c. He expressed a hope that we would look over his stock at his own house, and be "*introduced to his lady and children!*"

The Bishop of Jerusalem kindly called upon us in the course of the afternoon. He is a truly excellent man, and although Swiss by birth, reads and speaks English correctly. His lordship was attended by a

* Matthew xxvii. 1. † Matthew xxvii. 5.

kawass, who waited for him in the open court of the hotel. I fear the results of the mission still fall short of what its warmest friends desire, but yet many sincere converts have been added to our church of late years. It is very difficult to deal with Arabs—so long kept in ignorance and bondage, they have no consistency of character. All night the rain poured down in torrents, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and fearful gusts of wind.

Tuesday, January 31st. Both wind and rain continued, and we could not venture even to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was so near at hand. Our servants each received a present as a reward for their good conduct on the journey. Mohammed looked especially grateful, as his smiling black visage appeared at the door; he then kissed our hands respectfully, without saying a word, and walked away. The bells of the neighbouring Greek chapel—within the walls of the Holy Sepulchre—seemed to be incessantly ringing, and reminded us of our sojourn at Mount Sinai.

Wednesday, February 1st. The morning was fair, but it had rained all night, and Vincenzo pronounced the streets "*impassable!*" Miss Cubley, however—one of our fellow passengers in the "Ripon"—paid us a visit during the day, and talked about the Jews. Most of those now at Jerusalem are Spaniards—some are Germans—and *unyielding firmness* is required in their management. They account for English people coming hither, and being kind to them, by an idea that the former act thus in hopes of intercession on their behalf from the *chosen people of God* at the Day of Judgment! The desire to die here, so generally experienced among this fallen race, originates in a belief that when the soul leaves the body of any Jew—no matter *where* the event may occur—the body must travel to Jerusalem underground, and be tormented all the way by worms and evil spirits!

The inhabitants of Jerusalem are generally estimated at about fifteen

thousand—Muslims, Jews, and Christians, in nearly equal proportions. Great respect is entertained towards our countrymen by the Muslim population, who trample beneath their feet and cordially detest the unfortunate Israelites.

Last Saturday week was the twelfth anniversary of Bishop Alexander's arrival in the "Holy City," and the fifth of opening the Church. It is particularly affecting *here* to attend divine service according to our beautiful liturgy, while surrounded by those very spots once hallowed by our Redeemer's footsteps—those scenes His sinless eyes beheld—where He set us an example of godly life and love to one another—was despised—rejected—endured agony—died upon the cross for our sakes—and *rose again for our justification!*

The Bishop has no regular chaplain, but is assisted in his duties by Mr. Nicholayson and Mr. Crawford—both of whom are *in life and doctrine* well qualified for their important calling. The former—a Dane—has lived many years at Jerusalem. I thought he was an Englishman, from his accent, and manner of reading prayers at church.

Thursday, February 2nd. A violent thunder storm kept us awake during the night; and when morning came the wind blew a hurricane, accompanied by frequent showers. We had made arrangements for starting early, on an expedition to the Jordan and Dead Sea; but this unfavourable weather obliged us to postpone our departure until the following Monday. A brazier of charcoal in the centre of the room did not suffice to keep us warm without the addition of cloaks and shawls. Such a state of affairs was rather *desponding*; but after midday the sun shone brightly, the wind lulled, and we could not resist sallying forth, through the dirtiest worst paved streets that ever were seen—portions of which are covered in, and so dark that one is every moment in danger of slipping off a sharp high stone into some deep receptacle of mud and filth!

We went first to pay our respects at the Bishop's, whose house is close to the Protestant Church. Nothing could exceed the attention of his lordship and Mrs. Gobat to promote our pleasure and comfort during the whole six weeks we remained at Jerusalem; and I hope they will pardon my thus acknowledging their numberless acts of kindness, for we on our parts can never cease to remember them with heartfelt gratitude. Bishop Gobat has held his present sacred office about nine years, having been appointed by Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, to succeed the late Bishop Alexander. His Majesty and the Queen have written letters to his lordship—kindly read to me by Mrs. Gobat—expressing sincere friendship for himself personally, and interest in the mission, of which they are joint patrons with our own most gracious Sovereign.

From hence we walked outside the city from the Jaffa Gate to that of Damascus. The massive battlemented stone walls are broad enough to form a delightful promenade; and are furnished with towers, loopholes, and flights of steps at convenient distances. They were built towards the middle of the sixteenth century, by Sultan Suleiman, and enclose the whole of modern Jerusalem within a circuit of less than three miles. In many parts they are based upon the solid rock. "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together." *

We called upon Miss Cooper, an English lady who has established a school for Jewesses, and reads the Scriptures to them while they are employed in needlework. Thence to Dr. Macgowan's—the handsomest and most comfortable private dwelling in the city. Here we found Mr. and Mrs. Klein, from Nazareth. The latter was in a sad state of health. Poor young woman!—naturally delicate, she nearly sank under the hardships of her Desert journey, although it lasted but eighteen days; and I fear her physical strength will never equal the desire she naturally feels to assist her husband in his missionary labours. She came to Jerusalem

* Psalm cxxii. 3.

for medical advice, and Dr. and Mrs. Macgowan gave her apartments in their house. We *wallowed* to our hotel through the dirty streets, and filthy ill supplied bazaars—the latter entirely covered overhead with awnings—passing many a dish of hot *kebábs* (small strips of meat toasted with onions on a skewer) prepared for the evening meal. Just before dinner we received a visit from the English Consul and Mrs. Finn—both profuse in friendly offers of service; and I cannot forbear adding that nothing could exceed their good nature and readiness to oblige us on every occasion in their power. European society is of course very limited at Jerusalem; but its members are sociable, and zealous in the cause of truth. They have formed a literary club and a circulating library.

Rain was much needed in Palestine, and its recent downpour rejoiced the hearts of the poor; almost all the cisterns having become dry, and water consequently scarce. There had been a great deal of sickness, and the smallpox was extremely prevalent and fatal.

Friday, February 3rd. In spite of threatening clouds, we set off immediately after breakfast to "do" a round of sight seeing within the city walls. Monkish tradition pretends to point out the site of every important event connected with the scriptural history of Jerusalem; nay, the remains of *buildings* are confidently asserted to be actual relics of our blessed Saviour's time!

Proceeding along the Via Dolorosa, we saw Pontius Pilate's Hall of Justice—House of Santa Veronica—House of Dives (now used as a military hospital); and a large stone, hollowed in its centre, the receptacle for *crumbs thrown from the rich man's table!*—Place from whence Pilate pronounced the "Ecce Homo"—Governor's Palace of that day—and House of Herod! Beneath the great altar of the Church of the "Flagellation" was discovered—say the Franciscan monks to whom it belongs—"the very pillar to which Jesus Christ was bound!" We remembered having seen half of this column some years ago at Rome.

A group of clay figures in a glass case at the back of the altar represents the flagellation of our Lord, and below the slab five silver lamps burn day and night. The church contains a few good paintings, particularly a Madonna Dolorosa; and there is a print of Carlo Dolci's Madonna, from the original picture in the Pitti Palace at Florence. We next came to the House of Simon the Pharisee, "Where are ruins of a chapel erected by the Empress Helena: and also a manufacture of common pottery: we purchased six little earthenware lamps for half a piastre—not quite one penny farthing! Tomaso called our attention to *the* stone whereon Mary Magdalene washed Jesus' feet with her tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, &c."* From hence to Herod's Gate,† near which the Crusaders entered Jerusalem under Godfrey de Bouillon, A.D. 1099.—House of Pontius Pilate—Two of the nine gates leading to the Mosque of Omar—Tower of Antoninus—House of Joachim and Anna, parents of the Virgin Mary; the Turks took forcible possession of this edifice, and built a mosque over it. A fountain and oblong cistern, still in use, is called the Virgin's Bath! We were now close to St. Stephen's Gate, near the spot where Stephen suffered martyrdom; and turning to the right, stood by the Pool of Bethesda—then dry; but which was formerly supplied from the Pools of Solomon, and even yet occasionally contains a little water after heavy rains.‡ The walls are most picturesquely covered with wild flowers and creeping plants. While Tomaso was gathering *bouquets*, the funeral procession of a dervish's son issued from an arched gateway of the Mosque of Omar. A few men playing on drums and cymbals marched in front, followed by friends of the deceased, and a party of wailing women brought up the rear. We longed to look through the archway into the area—or "Haram"—but Tomaso *determined otherwise!* Indeed, not very long ago, a lady—rashly attempting to enter within the forbidden

* Luke vii. 38.

† This Gate was closed by the Turks. ‡ Acts vii.

precincts—had been severely beaten; and two others also who ventured *suspiciously near* were followed by a hooting multitude, and compelled to make a speedy retreat!

We were told that a splendid prospect might be obtained from the Barracks; however, to our disappointment, the guard refused to admit us—as contrary to rule. Fortunately, the Turkish General in command chanced to appear at that moment, and asked our guide whether we were "English or Americans?" Tomaso replied "English travellers"—whereupon the General immediately said that our request should be granted, and conducted us by a broad stone staircase to the roof! Although the atmosphere was hazy, we enjoyed a fine panorama of the Holy City; whose most prominent feature is that Great Mosque, crowning the summit of Mount Moriah—the site of Solomon's gorgeous Temple, "whither the tribes went up . . . to give thanks unto the Lord," * and worship Him with a purer faith than that of *Islam!* Its wide area is laid out in lawns planted with tall cypress trees; and surrounded by baths, public kitchens, schools, and dwelling houses. Some steps lead to a platform, where woman's foot may not tread, and even *men* dare not presume to step thereon without first taking off their shoes. The "Haram" is evidently kept with scrupulous neatness and care, and a paved causeway leads from the mosque to each gate of entrance. How unlike is a view of Jerusalem to that of any other city, not merely as a *picture*, but in absorbing interest!

The Hospital of St. Helena is still devoted by the Turks to the pious purpose for which it was designed; and soup continues to be boiled—*they say*—in the original enormous copper cauldrons! An immense mortar for pounding, and the huge oven, claim an equal share of antiquity. The cleanly, grey bearded old baker would have made a capital drawing. He gave us a piece of excellent bread to taste, one

* Psalm cxxii. 4.

hundred and eighty *oks* * of which are distributed each day in charity at the Mosque of Omar, where sick and poor Mohammedans flock to receive these bounties. This bakehouse and kitchen are underground—supported by massive arches; and a machine for grinding corn, turned by a donkey, was at work on an upper story. The exterior of this hospital is imposing; with its handsome Saracenic gateway, and arabesque adorned recesses faced with red and white marble. The former is the common stone of Jerusalem, bears a high polish, and is much prized for ornamental carving. Near the gateway we remarked a curious *bowl shaped* window.

On our way back to the hotel we called at a repository—patronized by the Jewish Mission—for the sale of olive wood boxes, paper cutters and weights, card cases, rulers, watch stands, &c. There were likewise a few trifles made from *Abraham's Oak at Mamre;* and to account for the probability of these latter being *genuine*, it appears that a branch of that venerable tree was blown down two or three years since, and purchased on the spot by an English gentleman then visiting Hebron—who gave part of it to Mr. Finn, part to the Mission, and carried the remainder to England.

After a short rest we set off again; and behind a tailor's shop in an adjoining street were requested to look into a large reservoir of water, named Hezekiah's Well. It is at present used as a bath, and is fed from the Upper Pool of Gihon. Hence we walked through the filthy Jewish quarter and bazaar, and along a narrow tortuous passage, until we reached a retired enclosure—the Jews' Place of Wailing—where that now degraded people are permitted every Friday to approach the outer boundary of the Mosque of Omar, for the sad indulgence of bewailing the fallen condition of Judah and imploring God's mercy and forgiveness. Men, women, and children, generally assemble here in great

* I believe there are about two *oks* to one pound.

numbers; but on the present occasion—the weather being excessively damp and cold—there were four men only!—who did not exhibit any signs of real grief, such as I am assured is often the case. They seemed intent upon muttering from a book certain prayers and lamentations—which they fondly believe will reach the *Holiest of Holies*, and find sure acceptance at the Throne of Grace, by keeping their faces close to the holes and crevices wrought by time between those great blocks of stone—each bordered by a cornice cut round its edge, and fringed with weeds—that form the lower portion of the wall, and are supposed to be the sole remains of Solomon's wondrous Temple! These poor Israelites had small leathern boxes upon their heads, containing the Ten Commandments.* One Spanish Jew, who took no part in the ceremony, was apparently a man in some sort of charge; but perhaps he displayed officiousness to attract our attention, and in hopes of *backsheesh* from the strangers. The Turkish Hall of Justice overlooks this retired spot.

Remains of a bridge that formerly connected Mount Moriah with Mount Zion are plainly discernible amid all kinds of *débris*. The prediction of the prophet Micah—"Jerusalem shall become heaps"†—received strong testimony to its literal fulfilment when a solid foundation was required for the Protestant Church; the workmen having cleared away fifty feet deep of stones and rubbish before the building could be safely commenced!

Two or three dirty lanes, strewed with offal and dead camels, brought us to what the monks call the Dung Gate; whence we gradually ascended upon the city wall, and beheld—far beneath—that great Jewish burial ground, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its innumerable sepulchres hewn and sculptured out of the solid rock—Pool of Siloam, channels from which irrigate a succession of terraced gardens, the most productive near

* *Phylactery* is, I believe, the correct term for one of these scrolls.

† Micah iii. 12.

Jerusalem, and the probable site of the *King's Garden* mentioned in Scripture—Mount of Olives—Well of Nehemiah (or Job)—En-Rogel—Mount of Offence, whereon Solomon established his idolatrous worship—and Hill of Evil Counsel. We passed the House of Ananias, and—just within the Zion Gate—the Lepers' huts, enclosed by a fence. Quite unconscious where we were going, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of this colony of wretched outcasts; but instantly retreated, followed by some of them calling loudly after us for *backsheesh!*

Immediately beyond the Zion Gate is the House of Caiphas, which serves for the chapel of an Armenian Convent. Many parts of its exterior walls are covered with inscriptions. Under the great altar is preserved, we are told, *the stone that was rolled away from the sepulchre!*—coated with tiles, between which small apertures are left here and there, in order that devotees may be able to kiss it on certain holy days. To the right of the altar is a dark chamber, the *Prison of our Lord!* In the open court "*Peter stood warming himself at the fire, and denied his Master!*"* We even saw the precise spot where "the cock crew!"—and likewise a curious old vine, the growth of ninety years.

Neither Jews nor Christians are permitted to approach the Tomb of David, over which a mosque is erected; but within the *building* we were shown *a large upper chamber* divided by stone arches—called the "Cœnaculum"—where our blessed Saviour supped with His disciples before *His Agony in the Garden!* From one corner of this dismal hall, a narrow staircase—surmounted by a cupola, chiefly resting upon an antique spiral column—descends to the grave of that anointed King of Israel, whose "sepulchre" said St. Peter "is with us unto this day."† We did not remain here many minutes, being dreadfully plagued by a troop of unruly urchins; among whom was one little Nubian. Tomaso—the most *prudent* of mankind—deemed it unwise to have recourse to

* Luke xxii. John xviii. † Acts ii. 29.

violence, lest their parents—"very bad people"—should retort upon us in a similar manner!

The Virgin Mary's house—miraculously transported to Loretto—also stood upon Mount Zion, and its reputed site is close to the Armenian cemetery. Lower down, we were attracted by some remarkably fine pine trees in the garden belonging to the Armenian Patriarch.

Soon after seven we started from the hotel to spend the evening at Bishop Gobat's. As it had rained for hours previously, the streets were in a *deplorable* condition! Mrs. Finn most kindly sent her donkey for my use, and the Consul's kawass accompanied it; so that with Vincenzo, Salvo, Mohammed, Bekéeh—and plenty of *lanterns*—we mustered a formidable party. On we went at a necessarily cautious pace, slipping, sliding, and splashing!—but were well repaid by the agreeable society it was our good fortune to meet. Before we separated, prayers were read in English by the Rev. Mr. Klein.

To escape the *malaria* of the summer months—which might so easily be prevented by common attention to cleanliness on the part of government—nearly all the European residents of Jerusalem take up their abode in tents, outside the walls, from May until the end of September.

Saturday, February 4th. About nine this morning we mounted our horses, and guided by Tomaso—who does not like to be *hurried!*—rode out of the city at the Damascus Gate. We then turned a little to our left for the purpose of examining a portion of the old walls, the present line of circumference being totally changed from that of ancient days—and hence the great uncertainty in which we are at present involved as to many sacred localities. Yawning caves appear in all directions—the Jewish sepulchres of times gone by. Above one of them—now a fountain, and picturesque beyond measure—flourished a beautiful almond tree loaded with blossom.* Near this well are the Tombs of the Judges.

* The Almond is indigenous to Palestine.

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DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM

The largest has over its entrance an entablature surmounted by an architrave; and a door within the portico leads to an inner chamber, where are recesses for coffins at each side, and pits (or vaults) in the floor. Nebbi Samwil (Tomb of Samuel)—perhaps the ancient Ramah—is distinctly seen from this spot, crowning an eminence to the northward. A short ride through scattered groves of olive trees brought us to the Tombs of the Kings, which are much handsomer and more elaborately sculptured than those of the Judges; and are approached by a deep trench descending into an area about ninety feet square*—through an archway pierced in a wall of solid rock. On one side of this court is an excavated portico about twenty-five feet broad, richly adorned with carved fruit and foliage, and formerly supported by two columns—broken away by the Turks. We had come provided with candles, or doubtless an aged Arab who was seated in the portico by a blazing fire, could have supplied us with them. The entrance is at the left corner, down a flight of steps, and through a very low door into an antichamber; from whence lead several smaller apartments, each containing niches hewn in the rock for sepulture. One of these crypts—larger than any of the rest—was originally entered by a central door of panelled stone. This, as well as the doors of all the other chambers, lies prostrate on the ground beside huge fragments of splendid sarcophagi. Facing the middle arch, and at the extremity of a dark passage, is an isolated hall with a vaulted roof—which Mr. Bartlett suggests may have been "the resting place of honour."† We then rode to the Muslim burial ground at the top of Mount Scopus—where Titus' army was encamped—for the sake of a charming view of the Holy City and its environs. In the distance we observed the square white tomb of a Dervish. Near Herod's Gate is the Cave of Jeremiah, where probably that inspired prophet wrote his "Lamentations" for the fall of Jerusalem—and not at Heliopolis.

* "Walks about Jerusalem."—Page 128. † Ibid.—Page 130.

Tomaso pointed out the remains of a tower which had once been Jeremiah's prison (?). Crossing the Valley of the Kedron, we began to ascend the Mount of Olives; the Dead Sea, Hills of Moab, Plain of the Jordan, lofty Mountains of St. Saba, and the dreary country between Jerusalem and Jericho, grandly opening before us as we advanced. On the summit are a few wretched dwellings, the Church of the Ascension, and a small mosque—built over the traditionary *foot print* of our Lord when he ascended into Heaven! From the minaret we beheld a panorama—to which, in point of interest, no prospect in the world can be compared!

A short way down the slope are the ruins of a small convent—the supposed spot where Jesus—"beheld the city, and wept over it." * How imposing and "beautiful for situation" † does Jerusalem *still* appear from hence! Alas! *within her gates* all that pass by exclaim, "Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, and joy of the whole earth?" ‡ The general aspect of Olivet itself may not be greatly changed; although its groves, fields, and fruit gardens, must once have been more carefully cultivated than they are at present. Amid cries for *backsheesh* we were allowed to gather a few sprigs of olive; and passing several excavated sepulchres, we crossed to a lower ridge of the Mount—picking up little bits of tessellated pavement by the way—to some caverns called the Tombs of the Prophets. There seemed to be but one entrance, from which we were told many passages and chambers diverged, but we did not take the trouble of exploring them. Partly retracing our steps, we came to a fountain, where it is said the Apostles composed their "Creed." Here we found an assemblage of women with water jars—most of whom wore head bands and necklaces of silver coins. The cloth cap of one female in particular was absolutely *loaded* with them; it was really wonderful how she could possibly endure their weight! This custom

* Luke xix. 41. † Psalm xlviii. 2. ‡ Lamentations ii. 15.

originates in a law forbidding the ornaments of a wife—carried upon her person—to be seized by her husband's creditors; and very seldom did we chance to meet with any gold or silver piece that had not a hole bored near its edge. According to tradition, our Saviour composed the "Lord's Prayer" at a short distance from this well.

We then rode, through groves of olive and almond trees, along a narrow path skirting the Mount of Olives—and which overlooks the valley of Bethphage—until, in about half an hour, we reached the probable site of that place whither our blessed Lord "sent two of his disciples, saying, 'Go into the village over against you; in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat: loose him, and bring him hither.'" * In a field, before we reached Bethany, our guide showed us a flat stone—marked out by a circle of smaller ones—whereon Martha stood to await the coming of Jesus (?), and pronounced the words—"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." † This is the true neighbourhood of Christ's Ascension. St. Luke informs us that "He led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." ‡ Bethany is a peculiarly retired and humble village;

> "Yet save the neighbouring city, it were hard,
> If Palestine were searched, to find a spot
> On which the Christian traveller should muse
> With fonder interest, than Bethany." §

The so called Grave of Lazarus is evidently very ancient, and consists of two vaulted subterranean chambers, one below the other. There is less reason to doubt the identity of this Tomb than that of the House of Lazarus and his sisters, which stands upon a rocky hill—or rather *did*

* Luke xix. 29, 30. † John xi. 21. ‡ Luke xxiv. 50, 51.

§ "Walks about Jerusalem."—Page 110.

stand—for its sole remains consist of part of an old wall enclosure, within which is a fountain. We thence descended into the beautiful Vale of Bethphage—passed the Mount of Offence—Pool of Siloam (at the entrance of the Tyropœan Valley), where Jesus Christ desired the blind man to wash*—and arrived at the *Garden of Gethsemane.* Of this locality, so hallowed! so beautifully situated! there can happily be little doubt. It occupies a space of nearly two hundred feet square, surrounded by a wall; and is in charge of Franciscans, who cultivate flowers and keep the garden with extreme care. Eight venerable olive trees, which may at least have *sprung from the roots* of those beneath whose shade our Lord endured *His Agony,* stand apart within a low fence: heaps of stones piled about and filling their hollow trunks answer the double purpose of supporting them and retaining the moisture. A sullen Italian monk, who was planting a passion flower, seemed indisposed to indulge us with either information or relics: after a while, however, his manner so far relaxed that he gave us a *bouquet,* and said we might pick up any sprigs of olive lying on the ground—but on no account were we to touch the trees themselves.

Immediately outside the garden wall is shown the spot where the *disciples slept!*—that where Judas betrayed "the Son of Man with a kiss!"—and where "there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him!" †

We thence descended by a noble flight of marble steps into a deep cavern, held sacred as being the Tomb of the Virgin Mary; but its identity is very much questioned. The Greeks and Armenians have contrived to wrest this sepulchre from the Latins: the Copts likewise have a small chapel here. The grotto is partly natural, partly artificial; and its numerous lamps, suspended from imitation ostrich eggs of porcelain, produce a strangely picturesque effect. There is a curious Greek portrait

* John ix. 7. † Luke xxii.

of the Virgin, with silver hands. Joseph, Joachim, and Anna, are said to be buried in this tomb.

We were about to enter the city by St. Stephen's Gate, when we met the Bishop, who kindly advised our riding round to the western side, on account of the *excessively* dirty streets leading from the former towards the Melita Hotel.

Sunday, February 5th. We walked through torrents of rain to church this morning, and heard Mr. Crawford preach a good sermon from the words—"Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live." * The Holy Sacrament was administered by the Bishop and Mr. Nicholayson. Of course the general service is always read in English; but the sacred elements being administered to each communicant in his or her own tongue, six different languages are frequently required on the same occasion; and to-day five were spoken. One old man—made Sheikh of Bethlehem by Sir Sydney Smith—regularly walks from thence (a distance of five miles) to attend our Lord's Table. The clergy perform divine service in German every Sunday afternoon, and there is a daily morning service in Hebrew at seven o'clock.

Mr. Graham, lay secretary to the Mission, paid us a long visit; he is an agreeable, gentlemanlike young man—most obliging as a *cicerone*—and his correct knowledge of Scripture localities is extraordinary! All idea of starting to-morrow for the Jordan has been given up on account of the weather.

Monday, February 6th. Accompanied by Mr. Graham we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the *façade* of which is exceedingly imposing. Its open court is bounded by the wings of the Latin Convent. Close within the doorway, and raised a little from the floor, appears the Stone whereon the body of Jesus was prepared for burial!—Near it is the spot where the Virgin Mary sat to behold her Son's body! We

* Isaiah lv. 3.

then entered the circular space that contains the Sepulchre. The dome—supported by sixteen columns—is in sad want of repair; and has in fact been the means of setting Europe in a blaze—*as to who should restore it!* From the arches between the columns are suspended innumerable lamps of various shapes and hues; besides artificial eggs of porcelain, to which other lamps will be attached during the Holy Week. The exterior of the Tomb is of marble, and oblong; with two round holes from whence issues the "Holy Fire"—that well known *miracle* of the Greek Church!—and recesses at *one* end for the prayers of those Christians who are not—like the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians—provided with large chapels within the sacred edifice. At the *other* extremity is a block of polished marble, a foot and a half square—in the centre of a platform—whereon sat the Angel who announced *the glad tidings of the Resurrection!* Advancing a few steps we entered by a low door the chamber of the Sarcophagus. The latter is of unornamented white marble tinged with blue, and fills up exactly one half of the narrow space that enshrines it. Thirteen Latin, thirteen Greek, thirteen Armenian, and four Coptic lamps (the last named are of silver, while all the rest are gold), remain constantly burning over the Tomb, which is covered with a marble slab. From a vase of fresh flowers, a Franciscan monk presented each of our party with *one* as a relic—first bathing it in some rose water that he poured upon the Sepulchre. In the Greek chapel is a marble vase to mark the centre of the Earth!—and on one side of this chapel we saw a tolerably executed piece of panel painting with extremely rich framework—sent from Russia. The throne of the Grand Patriarch stands on the right, and that of the Bishop on the left of the Altar. The gilded cupola of the former is of exquisite workmanship, while the latter is chiefly remarkable for antique carving: near it hangs a picture of the Virgin and Child, profusely adorned with gold. On either side of the steps leading up to the altar—or rather to the latticed screen which divides it from the body of the church—are

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CRYPT OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

two immense marble candlesticks. Close to the Patriarch's throne is an ebony bookstand, beautifully inlaid, like those in the Church of the Transfiguration at Mount Sinai. There are paintings round the altar; viz.,—a Portrait of our Lord—His appearing to Mary Magdalene after His Resurrection—Madonna and Child—Constantine and Helena. Behind a large chair is a framed and glazed *bas-relief* of silver, representing scenes connected with our blessed Saviour's ministry. *Above* all these are smaller pictures, one of which particularly attracted our attention—being curiously set in silver compartments.

The ascent of Mount Calvary is by twenty-two steps cut in the rock, and a golden socket indicates the position of our Redeemer's Cross!—while the places occupied by those of *the two thieves crucified with Him* are marked by sockets of brass. We were shown where *the rock rent!*—a monk continually sprinkling rose water over us—and turned aside to look at the stone whereon our Lord's body was laid when it was taken down from the Cross! Near this, in a glass case, is a wooden figure of the Virgin; and a small room with a grated window is pointed out as the place where the Mother of Jesus remained during His Crucifixion! At the foot of the staircase we were required to notice the stone upon which our Lord was *crowned with thorns!*—and also the remaining half of the "Pillar of Flagellation," which devout pilgrims may kiss at stated periods when the altar enclosing it is allowed to be opened. From the Armenian chapel we descended into that of St. Helena—a cave wherein the good but credulous Empress believed she discovered the three Crosses, herself standing within a wide gap to watch the proceedings of her workmen!

Beneath a little altar, with one single lamp burning, *Adam's head* was deposited!—found in a crevice of one of the *rocks that rent!!* We then came to the Prison of our Saviour before He suffered!—near to which is a picture of Christ in the Garden after His Resurrection. There

is a Syrian chapel here, and a very small one for the Copts. The Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea is not far from those of Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin: the sword, spurs, cross, and brass chain of the great crusader are genuine beyond a doubt. These relics are under the care of Franciscans. Our guide next showed us a continuation of that fissure in the rock we had just seen on Calvary, and which he assured us extended into the Earth's centre!—The place where they "parted his garments, casting lots" *—and another where the soldier *did penance!* who—"with a spear pierced his side." †

Having *made the tour* of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we walked to the Bishop's—Mrs. Gobat having kindly offered to show us the schools and other establishments belonging to the Mission. The girls had gone to dinner, but the boys were still at their lessons. I believe the masters are converted Arabs. These children may be Jews, Christians, or Muslims; but all must receive instruction according to the Church of England. They are divided into three classes, the very young ones being in a room by themselves. There are about twenty in each class. Two of the most proficient boys—one of whom was son to Mr. Bergheim, a converted Jew, and a most respectable banker at Jerusalem‡—exhibited their knowledge of mathematics. Thence to the house of the German Protestant Deaconesses, whose duties resemble those of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity. There are five here at present, two of whom are supported and paid by the Bishop, and three by the Jewish Mission. Dusseldorf is the head quarters of this valuable institution. These ladies visit the sick at their own homes, or—as circumstances may demand—receive them into their clean and comfortable little hospital. Their dispensary is a perfect model of neatness, and they have likewise a school for orphans. One of

* Matthew xxvii. 35. † John xix. 34.

‡ This gentleman is highly esteemed by the members of the Mission, &c., and transacts all their business.

the Deaconesses is very successful in drying flowers, which she arranges upon sheets of paper—writing a text of Scripture below each group, appropriate either to the spot where they were gathered or to the flowers themselves; and these pretty trifles are sold for charitable purposes. We were also much pleased with the Jews' Hospital. Dr. Macgowan—chief of the medical part of the Mission; and who is not only considered skilful in his profession, but appears indefatigable in his exertions to do good by every means in his power—deserves great credit for its excellent management. Most of the women patients wore that peculiarly becoming Jewish head-dress—a gilded crescent shaped ornament, with a coloured kerchief put on like a turban. There is likewise an Institution for converted Jews: eleven young men are the present number of pupils.*

We then returned to the hotel, and mounting our horses, took a long ride with Mr. Graham. Leaving the city by the Damascus Gate—beyond which is a hill with an excavated tomb, supposed by *some* to be the real Calvary—we crossed the Valley of Gihon by the Lower Pool, and ascended the Hill of Evil Counsel—passing the ruins of Caiphas' Summer Palace (?). Proceeding further, we enjoyed from an eminence a fine view of Jerusalem—Mount Scopus—Mount of Olives—Bethany—Valley of the Jordan—Dead Sea—and the Moab mountains, whose loftiest peak is supposed to be *Nebo*—"Pisgah, that is over against Jericho." † A bleak wind and occasional showers speedily drove us down into the Valley of Hinnom, beneath Aceldama, and close to the Potter's Field—even yet a public burying ground. Thence to the Well of Job, or Nehemiah—That part of the Brook Kedron called "En-Rogel," which sometimes overflows after heavy rains; when the inhabitants of Jerusalem, making a holiday and donning their gala dresses, come out in crowds to look at it. Adonijah—

* I have received a letter from Mrs. Gobat dated September 8th, in which that excellent lady says "Our schools go on as usual; we have had lately several adult baptisms."

† Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1.

who assumed the title of King before the death of David—"Slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle by the stone of Zoheloth, which is by En-Rogel, and called all his brethren the king's sons, and all the men of Judah the king's servants . . . "*—Pool and Fountain of Siloam:—"the waters of Shiloah that go softly" † through their rocky channel. Not far from hence is an old mulbery tree of immense girth—the traditionary site of *Isaiah's martyrdom.* Our path along the Valley of Jehoshaphat overlooked the terraced and ever-productive "King's Gardens." Hewn out of enormous rocks on the eastern slope of the ravine are the Temple Tombs of Jehoshaphat, Absalom, St. James, and Zacharias. We passed the Zion Gate of the city, and also that of Herod—for the second time finding Jeremiah's Cave locked. The Latin monks perform mass there occasionally.

Tuesday, February 7th. At nine a.m. we started on a three days' expedition to the Jordan, Dead Sea, and Mar Saba. The sun shone brightly as we issued from St. Stephen's Gate, and looked down upon the deep glen, with its olive trees scattered among thousands and thousands of sepulchres; and where both Jews and Mohammedans expect that Christ will judge the world in the Great Last Day; thus interpreting the words of Joel—"I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat . . . Let the heathen be wakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about . . . Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining . . . ‡ The Muslims point out a stone in the temple wall, whereon they believe their prophet will sit during the final severing "of the wicked from among the just." § At the northern extremity of the Haram is the "Golden Gate"—blocked up for many years past, and yet guarded by

* 1 Kings i. 9. † Isaiah viii. 6. ‡ Joel iii. § Matthew xiii. 49.

a sentinel; for *Turks* believe that the Christians will enter here one day and take the city—while *Jews* maintain that this "gate of the temple which is called Beautiful" * . . . will open to receive our Lord at His second coming!

We passed the garden of Gethsemane—Bethany—and, on our right, the Arab town of Aboodées; meeting great numbers of women carrying jars of milk;—their children's heads, as well as their own, covered with coins and trumpery ornaments. The horses refreshed themselves at the Fountain of Lazarus. Five wild looking Arabs, under the command of a tall and handsome leader, yclept "Sheikh of the Jordan," composed our escort. We halted for a short time on an elevated spot where the Greeks are building a convent. Our track was most dreary, displaying a succession of deep gorges and lofty barren mountains; reminding one all the way of the story of the Good Samaritan. In fact, the road from "Jerusalem to Jericho"† is quite as insecure for travellers *now* as it was when that Parable was spoken; and the lawless inhabitants of these sterile regions are known to be still capable of acts of treachery and violence. At one place we crossed a broad and very rapid torrent, to the extreme discomfiture of a dog that had followed us from the Melita Hotel, but who eventually swam across rather than be left behind. The servants and sumpter mules did not travel with us. Vincenzo was the most picturesque figure of our party—enveloped in a snowy white *'abáyeh*, and trying a new horse with some idea of purchasing him on speculation. Myriads of lovely flowers peeped out among the rocks and stones as we descended towards the Valley of the Jordan, and we had a grand perspective of the Dead Sea and Arabian Hills. We turned a little to our left to see that Fountain of which "the men of the city (Jericho) said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground is barren. And he said, Bring me a new

* Acts iii. 2. † Luke x. 30.

cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake."* At present the waters flow into a stone reservoir; and gushing forth in several streamlets, they spread over the fruitful Plain of Jericho, which abounds in the olive—nabbuk—and dakkûm (or zukkûm), from whose fruit oil is extracted by the Arabs, who use it as a cure for wounds and bruises, calling it *Balsam*. The true *Balm of Gilead* no longer grows in this locality; and the sugar cane, once so abundant, has also entirely disappeared. Elisha's Fountain bears likewise the name of "Diamond of the Desert" and is the scene of Sir Kenneth's encounter with Saláh-e'-deen (Saladin).† Wild pigeons are very abundant; and there is a sensible increase of warmth in the climate—for the Jordan Valley lies three thousand feet lower than Jerusalem. Behind the Fountain is the hill "Quarantania;" from whose summit (tradition asserts) the Devil tempted our Saviour.‡ Its sides are perforated with caverns, usually the haunts of robbers; but every year a number of devotees take up their abode in them to fast and pray for forty days and nights. Our encampment was in full view of this mountain and near the wretched village of Jericho—whether the actual site of the "city of palm trees"§ no one now can tell. We had the comfort of finding our tents pitched and dinner almost ready.

Wednesday, February 8th. Left Jericho at half-past six this morning, and in a couple of hours reached the soft slippery banks of the muddy Jordan—that fast flowing stream whose waters "were cut off" ‖ for the passage of the Children of Israel; and whither our blessed Lord came

* 2 Kings ii. 19–22.

† Lord Lindsay's Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land.—Page 245.

‡ Mathew iv. Luke iv. § Judges i. 16. Joshua iii.

From a drawing by Lt. Col. R. F. Crawford, R.A.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

DEAD SEA

"from Galilee . . . unto John, to be baptized of him."* At this particular spot the river may probably be fifty feet wide, and is apparently very deep. We dismounted to wash our hands and faces, as in duty bound; our men filling the bottles we had brought with us for that purpose, † and cutting walking-sticks from the tall reeds that grow among the trees and tangled bushes. Wild boars are common here, and tigers are *occasionally* seen also.

The wind became unpleasantly high, and the temperature much colder as we approached the Dead Sea. Upon the shore lay quantities of charred wood, drifted from the Upper Jordan. The sea itself looked dull and sluggish, and the sky was lowering: there was no sign of life, but all around seemed dead and cheerless—*the wrath of God still manifest!* I tasted the water, which was inconceivably salt and bitter.

We were obliged to cross a rapid torrent running into the Dead Sea; where Mr. T's horse sank so deep in the sand that the poor animal was with difficulty extricated. From thence we soon began to ascend, and the rest of this day's journey was occupied by superb mountain passes. Unfortunately we had some drizzling rain, and mist also; but nothing could detract from the solemn grandeur of those fantastic limestone peaks and dark abysses. On we went, for at least four hours—over heights—through valleys—and along the brink of fearful precipices, where a narrow sloping ledge was our only path. The lower ground was richly carpeted with flowers of every hue. At one spot we came to a most dangerous gap, round which we scrambled on foot as well as we could, while the horses were dragged across by their bridles. One of the latter had a narrow escape of being dashed to pieces. His fore feet gave way first, and he was on the point of falling; when, with wonderful instinct, the

* Matthew iii.

† When we returned to Jerusalem this Jordan water was transferred to small tin flasks, and hermetically closed.

noble creature made a desperate plunge forward and recovered himself. Our track was intersected by many a foaming stream, and the dry beds of others. We passed several large Bedouin encampments late in the afternoon. Our own tents were pitched in a hollow.

Thursday, February 9th. For the only time during our travels the tent was all night full of mosquitoes, owing perhaps to a neighbouring torrent. However, by seven o'clock we were on horseback, and very shortly arrived at the gate of Mar Saba, within whose walls women cannot gain admittance. Accordingly, Miss —— and myself employed the first half hour of Mr. T's absence in walking along a rocky boundary that overlooks the maze of buildings beneath—many of which occupy terraces one above another, and are spread over a considerable extent of ground. On each side of the ravine stands a high quadrangular tower, bristling with cannon.

At last we were summoned by Vincenzo into the open court, where we sat down upon a low wall; and in a few minutes some monks appeared, one of whom was an Italian. They gave us coffee and raisins, and apologized for the strict rules of their order which forbid ladies to see the convent; positively denying that Madame Pfeiffer or any other female had remained a night in one of the towers; and pointing to a cave outside as their probable resting place.* Thousands of these grottoes—retreats of ancient anchorites—are in the vicinity of Mar Saba.

The monastic and hermits' life was instituted on this wildy romantic spot in the Kedron Glen by St. Saba, in the fourth century; and during the successive revolutions of Palestine, the convent has been more than once stormed and its inmates massacred.

After leaving Mar Saba we traversed a range of hills, some of them covered with grass; the two watch towers remaining visible for several

* There was certainly some mistake here, as Mr. Bartlett and the Countess Hahn-Hahn can testify.

miles, like an enormous gateway. The sky was of the deepest blue; and although the morning air felt rather cold it was delightfully refreshing. As we approached a Santon's tomb which crowned the summit of a piece of rising ground, our Sheikh stopped his horse; and with seeming earnestness and devotion prayed aloud. At length we caught sight of Bethlehem, whose position on the ridge and southern slope of an eminence is beautiful and imposing. The little town stands in the midst of vineyards, groves, and rich pastures; while the undulating hills and valleys are laid out in luxuriant corn fields. The ascent is beyond conception steep and rugged, but we regarded not its difficulties. This was one of the "cities for defence," built by Rehoboam;* and to which the prophet Micah addressed these words: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."† Hither "Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest." ‡ Here too was the early home of David; where he fed his father Jesse's flocks, and was anointed King by Samuel. §

Passing a Protestant school under the direction of the Church Missionary Society, we rode at once to the Latin Convent—whose massive buttressed walls enclose the Church of the Nativity—and were conducted by a Franciscan monk to the Strangers' Quarters. At one end of a gloomy apartment—furnished with divans, a long table, and wooden benches—hung portraits of Robert of Anjou King of Naples, and his Queen; patrons of the convent. This room opened into a suite of dormitories, apparently none of the cleanest. We had brought our own luncheon, to which the monks added sheep's milk cheese and Bethlehem wine. We then, beneath the guidance of an Italian member of the

* 2 Chronicles xi. 5, 6. † Micah v. 2. ‡ Book of Ruth. § 1 Samuel xvi.

fraternity, proceeded to the church; wherein Latins, Greeks, and Armenians have their separate chapels. Descending a few steps we entered a subterranean grotto — the assumed birthplace of our Redeemer! The precise spot is marked by a large silver star, with the inscription "Hic natus est Jesus Christus de Virga." Facing this recess, and very near it, is the Altar of the Manger; and close by, is shown the place where the Virgin Mary stood while her Son received the Adoration of the Wise Men.* Fourteen gold and silver lamps, the gift of Christian potentates, burn day and night within this holy crypt; nor are the fumes of incense ever suffered to lose their fragrance.

Other excavated chapels are said to contain the Tombs of the Innocents, St. Eusebius, and St. Jerome: the ashes of the latter were subsequently removed to Rome. We also saw St. Jerome's school-room!—and the place where Joseph, Zacharias, and Elizabeth waited until the *Prince of Peace* was born! Our guide requested we would keep the thin wax tapers with which he had provided us, as mementos of this visit to Bethlehem. In the convent gateway we were besieged by men and boys, eager to sell carved mother of pearl shells, beads of different kinds, crosses, amulets, inkstands, bowls, candlesticks, boxes, paperweights,—and the Rose of Jericho (or Virgin Mary's rose), which expands in water like a sea anemone. So anxious were these poor Bethlemites to deal with us, that it was no easy matter either to purchase or escape.

An hour's ride southward over rocks and stones brought us to the Pools of Solomon; consisting of three magnificent oblong reservoirs, situated at the end of a small valley, on sloping ground—so that the waters flow from one to another, and are conveyed to Jerusalem by an aqueduct. The fountain is about four hundred and forty paces distant; and there is no sign of human habitation in their immediate vicinity, save the ruins of a castle. These Pools are in excellent preservation: to them and the fertile

* Matthew ii. 11.

vale below, King Solomon is supposed to allude when he says, "I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." * We returned towards Bethlehem—by the way we came—along part of the ancient aqueduct; and meeting a party of monks, asked them which was—according to tradition—the "field" where the "Angel of the Lord" brought "good tidings of great joy" to the "Shepherds." † It happened to be considerably out of the direct track, and therefore we postponed visiting it until another day. Vincenzo had worked himself into a fever lest we should not reach Jerusalem before the gates were closed. We cantered charmingly across the Plain of Rephaim (or Giants); and I had a famous race with a Greek monk, which he *politely allowed me to win!* Our horses are excellent, marvellously sure footed and well trained, but their *trot* is very hard. We passed Rachel's Tomb—one of the best authenticated Scriptural relics—held sacred by Muslims, Jews, and Christians. A small mosque is erected over it. "And they journeyed from Bethel, and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath . . . and Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." ‡

Friday, February 10th. Paid visits, and walked through the Mecca bazaar; but saw nothing of any value except some handsome bloodstone. We bought little oval amulets of painted china—manufactured at St. Petersburgh, and worn by Russian pilgrims. A sensible matter of fact Canadian gentleman arrived here to-day from a tour in Italy: like the Americans, he speaks of "doing" his travels; yet he evidently *profits* by them.

Saturday, February 11th. Rode to Bethlehem with Mr. Graham. The weather was lovely like that of English May in bygone years—

* Ecclesiastes ii. 5, 6. † Luke ii. ‡ Genesis xxxv. 16–20; xlviii. 7.

not now! Once more we crossed the Plain of Rephaim, where David twice smote the Philistines;* and which is as fertile at the present day as when Isaiah declared—"that the glory of Jacob shall be made thin, and the fatness of his flesh shall wax lean. And it shall be as when the harvestman gathereth the corn, and reapeth the ears with his arm; and it shall be as he that gathereth ears in the valley of Rephaim."†

A handsome house—belonging to a large and prosperous Greek settlement, enclosed by a stone wall—has been erected here. In many places round Jerusalem Greeks are cultivating the naturally productive soil; and how striking is the literal fulfilment of prophecy in this and every other instance! "Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers. The waste places of the fat ones shall strangers eat. And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers."‡ Near the Greek monastery of St. Elias, is the Well of the Magi; so called from a tradition that here the Wise Men again saw the Star, beholding its reflection in the deep water!—and not far from hence the Stone of Elisha, whereon that prophet lay; and which, good pilgrims are bound to believe, still retains the impression of his body! A little further we came to Rachel's Tomb. The principal object that attracted our attention to the southward was the Frank Mountain, supposed by some writers to be identical with Beth-haccerem, where God commanded the—"children of Benjamin . . . to set up a sign of fire . . ."§ Mr. Graham pointed out a town situated on a hill—called Beth Jala; the scene of a yet undecided dispute regarding the erection of a Latin convent; and in hopes of some satisfactory arrangement, Monsieur Botta, French Consul at Jerusalem, has just started for Constantinople—accompanied by the Latin Bishop. The Greek Patriarch has gone there also. The valley below

* 2 Samuel v. † Isaiah xvii. 4, 5. ‡ Isaiah i. 7; v. 17; lxi. 5. § Jeremiah vi. 1.

Bethlehem, as approached from the Plain of Rephaim, is indescribably beautiful; the bright clear atmosphere of this heavenly day, enhancing the freshness of its fruitful fields and verdant groves. Every vineyard has a square or circular building attached to it:—"planted a vineyard . . . and built a tower . . . " *

For the second time we explored the holy grottoes in the Church of the Nativity; and underwent another persecution from the vendors of rosaries, &c. Doubtless there can be no *valid* reasons for denying the identity of the reputed site of the Manger: caves, natural and artificial, have ever been selected by the inhabitants of Eastern countries for safe retreats, storehouses, or dwellings: manners and customs have undergone no change *here* since the Son of God came into the world to save sinners. The "Shepherd's Field" *of course contains a grotto*—fitted up as a Greek chapel. We reached the neighbourhood of Solomon's Pools by the steepest and most rugged track that can well be imagined; but which nevertheless afforded very fine views of Bethlehem. From the Valley of Etân—the Etham of Josephus—we ascended to the ruined village of Urtâs, whose extensive terraced gardens probably date from the reign of Israel's Wisest King; and may have formed part of those luxurious pleasure grounds contrived by that mighty prince, and completed during his lifetime. Perhaps King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba once walked and conversed together beneath those pleasant shades!

Our primary object in coming hither was to visit the farming establishment of Mr. Meshullem, an English converted Jew. His wife, a handsome Genoese Jewess, was about to separate from him when he became a Christian; but was ultimately induced to remain, and abjure her errors, by means of Mrs. Gobat's most persevering instruction and earnest entreaties. Her husband appears sincerely desirous of doing good to his persecuted brethren, and I trust his efforts will be successful: it is

* Matthew xxi. 33.

really surprising to observe what the labour of seven years has accomplished. He has three sons, the eldest of whom has gained considerable influence with the Arabs by his knowledge of medicine. The youngest, a fine intelligent lad of sixteen, was the only one we saw; and we were much pleased to hear this youth's sensible remarks upon the Scriptural sites and sacred relics by which he is surrounded. He told us he had seen wild ducks flying over the Dead Sea.

Mr. Meshullem pays no rent to the Arabs for the land he tills, but employs its owners at a certain rate of wages; and thus greatly improves their condition, while he promotes his own advantage. His system of agriculture seems to be particularly judicious; and a stream of water that flows along the valley has been adapted to his purposes with admirable skill. His peas and beans are now in full flower, and his cauliflowers grow to an enormous size. This excellent man has been shamefully persecuted by some Americans, who came here a year or two ago and expressed themselves delighted with his thriving settlement. They returned to their own country, collected large sums of money, and on a second visit claimed the place as their property; attempting to treat Mr. Meshullem as a mere servant. In fact, they so far succeeded that they took forcible possession of his dwelling house, and he and his family are at present living in a very small cottage. Moreover, a party of Americans have just arrived at Jaffa, with designs of storming this little territory. H. B. M. Consul has accordingly sent hither a guard of Arab soldiers from Jerusalem, who turned out the instant we made our appearance. I am afraid the whole colony was in a sad fright; but no sooner was it ascertained we were harmless *Hadji* than the gates were cheerfully thrown open to admit us, and we received a cordial welcome. I may add that we narrowly escaped a *warmer greeting* than would have been altogether agreeable. We had caused some alarm here when we were seen riding towards Solomon's Pools the day before yesterday. The

household servants and labourers looked as happy and comfortable as those of superior farmers in England. Mr. Meshullem—who formerly kept an hotel at Jerusalem—produced wild boar chops and all sorts of good things for luncheon; assisting his wife and son to wait upon us in the true fashion of Patriarchal hospitality. Afraid of finding the Gates closed, we rode quickly homewards; but at last espied the Consul and Mrs. Finn—to our great relief; for so long as *they* were outside the city, *we were safe.*

Sunday, February 12th. We had a perilous walk to church this morning; meeting so many camels and donkeys in the narrow streets, that we ran no slight risk of being torn to pieces, knocked down, or lifted off our feet—particularly by some donkeys loaded with prickly bushes and branches of trees. During prayers—read by Mr. Crawford—we had the gratification of witnessing an Arab christening. It was the first baptism in this new church of a child from Bethlehem. The women were veiled and dressed entirely in white. This infant's parents are Christians of humble station; but the godfather was a most important looking personage, attired in semi European costume, and bedizened for the occasion with a smart gold chain. The baptismal service was performed in Arabic by Mr. Nicholayson, who afterwards preached an excellent sermon. Before sunset we walked with Mr. Graham across the *ploughed fields* * on Mount Zion to the English Cemetery, which adjoins that of the Americans. It is a retired and peaceful spot. How strange that no monument should yet be erected to the late Bishop Alexander! The present Bishop—who possesses the exclusive right of making excavations in this burial ground—has been so fortunate as to discover a flight of steps there, mentioned by Nehemiah as "the stairs that go down from the city of David." † We then went round to St. Stephen's Gate, wondering at the enormous blocks of stone which form the lower portion of the Temple boundary—probably

* Micah iii. 12. † Nehemiah iii. 15.

Solomon's *foundation platform*, when he levelled Mount Moriah,* and therefore not included in our Saviour's prophetic words—"Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."† — "Thine enemies . . . shall lay thee even with the ground . . ." ‡

We overlooked the deep Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the prettily situated village of Siloam; while on the opposite side of the ravine were the Mount of Olives and Garden of Gethsemane. As we entered the city, we paused for a moment to look down into the picturesque Pool of Bethesda. In the advance of evening the filthy streets appeared more desolate and gloomy than ever. Truly said the prophet Jeremiah—"every one that passeth thereby shall be astonished, and hiss, because of all the plagues thereof." Vincenzo was in a most excitable state when we reached the hotel—fancying we were *locked out!*

Monday, February 13th. We have had a number of visitors to-day, who gave us a heartrending description of the present extreme distress among the poor Jews. Miss Cubley showed us a piece of the bread they are obliged to eat, which is quite black from the quantity of tares mixed with the flour; and in some instances, madness has been the consequence of such unwholesome food! To account for this misery, it appears that there is no Turkish Governor of Jerusalem just at present; the former one having been removed, and his successor not yet arrived. Accordingly, those persons in temporary rule have abused their power by shutting up the magazines, and selling corn at their own prices and for their individual profit.

Wednesday, February 22nd. Being confined to my room for several days makes a *wide gap* in my journal. On the whole, the weather continues very fine, though occasionally cold: this afternoon there was a

* See Josephus' account of the construction of Solomon's Temple.—Book v. chapter 5.

† Matthew xxiv. 2. ‡ Luke xix. 43, 44.

violent thunder storm. Our journey northward has been unavoidably delayed; for Mr. T. has had a serious attack of illness, during which all our friends here—especially the kind Bishop and Mrs. Gobat—have shown him every possible attention.

This little circle was lately augmented by the arrival of Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie, whom we met at Thebes—our *fellow guests* at the Consul's memorable dinner party. They went to the Dead Sea and Jericho; and received hostile demonstrations from the unruly Arab tribes that infest the other side of the Jordan. Tomaso, who accompanied them as guide, boasts of what his bravery would have done in their defence, if he had only had a *certain gun* with him! Poor Tomaso! His employers are of a very different opinion; and declare that he turned as white as a sheet, trembled all over, and evidently longed to run away!

The Armenian Convent contains the reputed Tomb of St. James, but we did not go to see it. The riches of that priesthood are said to be incalculable; and their printing presses—like those of the Greeks—are, I believe, well managed. Vincenzo procured for each of us from the Latin Convent a certain printed testimonial—filled up with our names, dated, and signed by the Superior—to the effect that, having duly visited the Holy Places, we become entitled to the honourable denomination of *Hadji!* Our equanimity has been seriously disturbed by a letter from H. B. M. Consul; warning us against the districts of Nazareth and Galilee—as being in a lawless state, and utterly unsafe for travellers, even when provided with an escort by the local authorities. However, we hope by dint of earnest persuasion to obtain the *guard*, and will take our chance for the result.

We unintentionally committed a grievous error by ordering a few little *crosses*, to be made of Abraham's Oak, at the shop patronized by the Mission. Unconverted Jews, Mrs. Finn informs us, believe that our religion actually allows the *worship of the cross itself!*—and therefore

Christians ought carefully to avoid giving the smallest grounds for so false an idea. During this day's walk we went to see the *Taht-er-wán* preparing for our invalid: it is like the body of a small omnibus covered with oilcloth, and will be slung between two mules.

Monday, February 27th. Despite stormy weather, or the Consul's friendly warnings, we are to start (D.V.) to-morrow for Nablous. Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie have agreed to join us; we are to have a guard of six Turkish soldiers, and shall form altogether a cavalcade of no less than forty individuals. This evening we received a visit from the wife and daughter of Dr. Bartley, an American Baptist Missionary, who has several times entered the Mosque of Omar in disguise: on one occasion Miss Bartley also gained admittance, by putting on a Turkish dress. They ran less risk of detection from being able to speak Arabic; but it was a bold venture!

Tuesday, February 28th. We were called at six this morning, in order that the mules might be loaded and sent off in advance. The sky looked lowering, there was a bitterly cold wind, and after breakfast two or three heavy showers came down; but no matter, these impatient gentlemen determined to go! The streets were so slippery that we *walked* as far as the Jaffa Gate; thereby suiting the convenience of the Taht-er-wán, for the Damascus Gate lay more directly in our route. And then began a dreary journey, through wind and rain, across a stony wilderness of barren hills. To the right lay Nebbi Samwil, Muckhmas (Michmash),* and El Jib (Gibeon), whereon "the sun stood still . . ." † at the command of Joshua; and where "the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, Ask what I shall give thee." ‡ Anxious to obtain (as I believed) a farewell glance at the Holy City, I continually looked back; and *once* fancied I could dimly trace the outline of her walls through the thick

* 1 Samuel xiii. † Joshua x. 13. ‡ 1 Kings iii. 5.

mist. Our halting place was at Beeri—the ancient Beer, or Beeroth of Scripture: some say the Berotha of Josephus; and the place where it is supposed that Joseph and Mary first became aware of our Lord's absence from "the company" when on their return to Nazareth from Jerusalem. * Here are a few old ruins, and a large fountain.

For the last hour the storm of wind, hail, and rain—blowing full in our faces—was perfectly terrific! We could scarcely keep our seats, and the horses became almost unmanageable. From time to time, when the gusts beat upon us with such violence that it was impossible to advance a step, we were obliged to turn completely round until their fury had somewhat abated. Thoroughly drenched, and so cold that we could hardly move a limb, we found shelter in a dwelling of most peculiar construction! In fine weather, many would doubtless have been our objections to this very unprepossessing domicile; but under existing circumstances we felt only too thankful to be housed at all. We speedily found ourselves located in a vaulted upper room, surrounded with shelves and queer recesses which serve as beds for the family—consisting of an Arab, his two wives, and three little children. The women were profusely adorned with dollars, Austrian thalers, and a variety of bracelets. There was a fireplace, but the smoking wood made one's eyes smart dreadfully. Although provided with the chief part of our camp furniture, one of the party was stowed away on a shelf, while Vincenzo spread his mattress upon the floor. A long gun belonging to our host was suspended over the doorway.

Wednesday, March 1st. Snowing hard, and no chance of being able to stir out; nevertheless, we rose early, and in vain tried to finish dressing before the Arab family were up; for it was impossible to keep them away. Their behaviour was, however, very inoffensive. Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie secured an apartment below, similar to ours; but alas! their bedding, unprotected by waterproof coverings, was quite soaked through;

* Luke ii. 44.

and they lay on their carpets, invaded by an army of fleas; which were not, in *our* case, so numerous last night as we anticipated. The poor servants and soldiers had miserable accommodation, and no fire to dry their wet clothes. Verily, this stone and mud building contains a motley well packed assemblage of men, women, and children; horses and mules; poultry and baggage! A dog, two cows, and a donkey, are in the most literal sense our "next door neighbours!" Vincenzo's arrangements are proof against accident; every thing in his charge is safe and dry, and our meals are served with as much order and comfort as ever. If any misfortune *does* occur—and I fear there *must* be some injury on this occasion to the canteens and provisions—he always takes care that *we* are not sufferers. Very little light is admitted through the open door; and the sole attempt at a window, being a hole—nearly blocked up; we were compelled to keep candles lighted all day. The people protest there has been no snow in this part of the country for three years, nor such weather as that of yesterday for *sixty!* We have decided upon returning to Jerusalem to-morrow, rather than prolong our stay at Beeri; for the journey from hence to Nablous is pronounced impracticable at present—especially with a Taht-er-wán.

Thursday, March 2nd. It still rained a little, but to remain in those uncomfortable quarters was *impossible!* Fleas swarmed upon us last night in *myriads*, and one of the children *screamed an accompaniment* to their sanguinary attacks! We were ready to start for Jerusalem before half past seven; proceeding at a *very cautious pace* through deep snow, water, and holes; the rocky surface of this desolate track encreasing our difficulties in a tenfold degree. We made good our way, nevertheless, and reached the Melita Hotel in about four hours. For safety's sake we *waded* thither on foot from the Jaffa Gate. Luckily, the rooms we had previously occupied had not been taken by other travellers. Our friends here amuse themselves at our expense by reason of this compulsory return.

The air is extremely cold, and we sit crouching over our brazier of charcoal. Captain Bouverie and Mr. Tower (of the Guards) have arrived.

Friday, March 3rd. On this day of the week—the Muslim Sabbath—the Gates of Jerusalem are always kept locked during prayer time, which includes twelve o'clock; because the *city was once taken* at that hour.

In the afternoon—accompanied by Dr. Stewart, Scotch Presbyterian Minister at Leghorn, and Mr. Simm, a member of the Mission—we rode to the Upper Pool of Gihon. This immense reservoir, which now contains an abundant supply of muddy water, is situated by that great plain where "the angel of the Lord went forth, and slew in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." * "King Hezekiah stopped the upper watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the city of David." † From hence we went to En-Rogel; and found the Kedron overflowing, as well it might after such a downfall of snow and rain. Numbers of people were passing to and fro. We then turned in the direction of Bethany; crossing the valley through mud and water, and over smooth slanting rocks. We entered St. Stephen's Gate only the instant before it was closed.

Sunday, March 12th. There were a great many strangers at church this morning, but no ladies among them. Mr. Nicholayson preached an excellent sermon from Matthew iv. 1–4. It was well we returned to Jerusalem from Beeri, since we could not possibly have travelled in such constant rain and snow storms. The road between Beiroot and Damascus has been impassable for thirty days! On account of the Russo-Turkish war, there will be very few Easter pilgrims this year.

Monday, March 13th. This was a most beautiful day, and we made—for the second time—a round of farewell visits. It is not without many feelings of regret that I prepare to leave Jerusalem, and bid adieu to kind

* Isaiah xxxvii. 36. † 2 Chronicles xxxii. 30.

friends whom I may behold no more. And then, the "*captive daughter of Zion*" * possesses an interest so transcendant, so peculiarly her own! We mourn her present wretchedness in the actual fulfilment of prophecy; while assured that the Lord will in like manner perform his gracious promises, and raise her from the dust. "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled." †

Tuesday, March 14th. Beeri was to be the extent of this day's journey, and therefore we did not finally start until twelve o'clock; first paying a long visit to Mrs. Gobat, who kindly showed us the girls' school belonging to the Mission. There are about twenty-four pupils: the two schoolmistresses are Englishwomen. From the upper court of the Bishop's residence we looked down into the Pool of Hezekiah.

Par bonheur, we were able to *pitch the tents* at Beeri. Our guard—two soldiers only—is but nominal; the districts around Nablous, Nazareth, and Galilee being now in a less disturbed state. Mr. and Mrs. Klein—the latter in an open *taht-er-wán*—joined us for part of the way.

Wednesday, March 15th. On the top of a hill to our left, at a short distance from Beeri, is the village of Einbroot; beautifully situated amid groves of fig and olive; terraced gardens, corn-fields, and vineyards; rocky slopes, and grass grown valleys—dotted with trees, and gay with wild flowers. We turned a little out of our direct track to see the site of ancient Bethel, whose traces were long supposed to be entirely lost, until discovered by Dr. Robinson at *Beitín*. Heaps of stone are almost the only vestiges of a place so celebrated in the Old Testament. Truly, Bethel has "come to nought." ‡ Here Jacob "dreamed" and *beheld the ladder* . . . "and he called the name of that place Bethel (house of God), but the name of that city was called Luz at the first." § And here "God appeared unto Jacob again . . . and blessed him. And God said unto him, Thy name . . . shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be

* Isaiah lii. 1, 2. † Luke xxi. 24. ‡ Amos v. 6. § Genesis xxxi.

thy name." * At Bethel did the wicked King Jeroboam set up a golden calf, † and "stood by the altar to burn incense." ‡ When the prophet Elisha was in Bethel, "going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, &c." § "Moreover the altar that was at Bethel, and the high place which Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, had made, both that altar and the high place" were broken down by the command of King Josiah, who caused "to be burned the high place, and stamped it small to powder, and burned the grove." ‖ Sometimes this city is called in Scripture Beth-aven (House of iniquity, or vanity.) ** Ai lay on our right, not far eastward of Bethel. "And Joshua burnt Ai, and made it a heap for ever, even a desolation, unto this day. And the king of Ai he hanged on a tree until eventide: and as soon as the sun was down Joshua commanded that they should take his carcase down from the tree, and raise thereon a great heap of stones, that remaineth unto this day." †† "Ai is spoiled." ‡‡ This place was rebuilt at a later period.

From a height we bade farewell to Jerusalem; and then proceeded along a narrow rugged defile, and through fruitful well tilled valleys, bounded by terraced slopes—rich in vine, olive, and fig trees: fitting scenes to rejoice the heart of Abraham when "he removed . . . unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west, and Hai on the east; and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord." §§ The general aspect of the country seemed wild and barren, but capable of the highest cultivation. The mountain mist was inexpressibly beautiful, and we hailed the well known voice of the cuckoo. Mandrakes grow abundantly in this part of Palestine, but the Arabs attach little value to them: they are, however, sometimes used as an opiate. In

* Genesis xxxv.
† 1 Kings xii. 28, 29.
‡ 1 Kings xiii. 1.
§ 2 Kings ii.
‖ 2 Kings xxiii.
** Hosea v. 8.
†† Joshua viii.
‡‡ Jeremiah xlix. 3.
§§ Genesis xii. 3.

appearance, their fruit is said to resemble a small red apple, and smells agreeably. * We halted for an hour in a charming glen, and near an old fountain; close to which was a deep pit—or reservoir—garlanded with fern, and containing ruins of pointed arches. The grass was strewn with an infinite variety of lovely flowers, and we heard the pleasing sound of rippling water. A number of women and children crowded round us, examining our dress with great curiosity; and not only touching our clothes, but stroking our faces also! Their own attire was extremely picturesque, and even handsome; being chiefly composed of rich Damascus silk of brilliant colours; and some of their ornaments were really splendid! Their heads were loaded, as usual, with gold and silver coins; and they wore bracelets of silver, leather and silver mixed, glass, and beads. Our horses revelled in the luxuriant pasturage: in fact, we could hardly tear either ourselves or the animals away from this enchanting spot. Ere long we passed the village of Singel, and from the brow of a hill beheld our tents already pitched on the plain below. This was the fertile Valley of Khan Leban (Lebonah); where are ruins, and a plentiful supply of water from a large well. A sheep was milked for tea; and during our evening's ramble we met a few wandering Arab shepherds with their flocks and herds, one of whom was gratified by our admiration of a most diminutive calf, which he lifted up in his arms to show us. The mules and horses find plenty of good grass to eat. Never was a more attractive scene for encampment!

Thursday, March 16th. Although it was a pouring night, and the wind blew strongly enough to test the firmness of our tents, we awoke this morning (D.M.) quite safe and dry. Heavy clouds portended a continuance of wet weather, albeit the sun peeped out at intervals; and soon after we started the rain came down in earnest. We certainly did not experience such a *thorough drenching* as on that memorable day of our

* Canticles vii. 13.

first journey from Jerusalem to Beeri. Our track lay principally through rough mountain passes, whose solemn grandeur seemed enhanced by the partial mist. At last we reached a noble plain laid out in fields and orchards—"the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph."* The quaint old town of Nablous (Sychar) is embosomed in fine olive groves. The rain had ceased; but as it was absolutely impossible to pitch the tents upon the swampy soil, we were lodged in a comfortable looking dwelling-house. For *prudence* sake, the cushions have been removed from a long divan, and the quilt and mattrass from a bedstead—to be replaced by our own camp furniture. The master of this abode is a respectable wealthy merchant; he and his household are Christians, and appear friendly quiet people. They kindly gave us wine, *eau sucrée*, dried figs, and raisins. Our pretty Nazarine hostess is scarcely twenty years of age, and has been married four years. She is profusely adorned with gold coins, three of which are suspended to a cross in front of her gold necklace. Her baby wears the ordinary close fitting cap, ornamented with beads and coins; and has anklets of small silver bells, exactly like those upon an English child's *Coral*. In addition to numberless coins that compose the youthful mother's head gear, are two very handsome clasps—or brooches—worn on each temple: one is of pearls, with an emerald in the centre; the other a golden crescent and star, set with different precious stones. We received a visit from a venerable Samaritan priest, but unfortunately no interpreter was at hand to assist our conversation. He seated himself on the divan, and we made signs that he should partake of our luncheon; which, however, he declined. Several *ladies* of Nablous flocked to see the strangers, but did not annoy us by any impertinence; and went away the instant their harmless curiosity was satisfied. The nephew of our host—an intelligent boy about fifteen—speaks tolerable English; having been taught our language in the Mission

* John iv. 5.

school at Jerusalem. We are sufficiently occupied in drying our damp clothes, by the aid of two stone *vases* of charcoal.

Friday, March 17th. This has been a heavenly day!—the sun shining brightly; and the atmosphere so delightfully genial, pure, and fragrant! We ordered the horses immediately after breakfast; and passing through the finest olive grove I ever saw, dismounted at the edge of a field, and walked a few yards to "Jacob's Well"—where probably took place our Lord's interview with the Woman of Samaria. * The opening is nearly concealed by large stones, but when a pebble was thrown into the aperture it descended to a considerable depth. A chapel, now entirely destroyed, was erected over this well by the Empress Helena. Not far from hence is the reputed tomb of Joseph, covered by a small mosque, like that of Rachel in the Plain of Rephaim. On our return, we ascended a steep hill—one of the lower slopes of Mount Gerizim — from whence we beheld one of the loveliest views in all Palestine. Beneath lay the town with its well built houses, domes, and minarets; and the green undulating valley—so rich in groves and orchards, fields, gardens, and sparkling rills. Opposite, rose Mount Ebal; its rocky sides excavated with sepulchres. "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse; a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you this day; and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God . . . And it shall come to pass, when the Lord thy God hath brought thee unto the land whither thou goest to possess it, that thou shalt put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal." † At the present day Mount Gerizim has decidedly a more fertile appearance than Mount Ebal.

Although the narrow ill paved streets of this ancient capital of Samaria have been completely flooded by the late heavy rains, and are almost impassable, the bazaars were crowded with people—one of whom threw a

* John iv. † Deuteronomy xi. 26–29; xxvii. Joshua viii. 30–34.

stone or hard lump of mud as we rode along, which hit me slightly on the shoulder. We passed a handsome pointed arch with Saracenic ornaments—forming part of a ruined church, whose site is now occupied by a mosque. The Samaritan Synagogue is of no great size, and remarkably gloomy. A dignified Rabbi, with a long white beard and dark helmet-shaped turban, at once entered the sanctuary; and produced what was in truth the sole object of our visit—the ancient Manuscript of the Samaritan Pentateuch, said to be 3,500 years old; and the work of Phineas, Aaron's grandson! It is neatly written on vellum, in the Samaritan character, and not divided into words. The precious relic—though rather tattered—*bears its age* wonderfully; and is mounted upon strong parchment, wound within curious tin rollers.

This remnant of the scattered Ten Tribes of Israel are extremely proud of their descent, and still retain the fierce hatred of their ancestors towards the Jews; detesting at the same time both Christians and Mohammedans. They keep their annual feasts, and thrice every year go up to pray on Mount Gerizim. To this custom the Woman of Samaria alluded—"Our fathers worshipped in this mountain." *

Until lately, the districts of Samaria were considered more unsafe for travellers than any other part of the Holy Land; and a large garrison still keeps the inhabitants in awe. A great quantity of soap is manufactured here.

All our proceedings are closely watched, and discussed with animation by the adjacent *haréems*, of which several overlook this range of apartments. They peep at us from the highest walls, or through the tubes of pottery that perforate them. While we were sitting in the open court a shower of stones fell around us, thrown from the flat roof of a neighbouring house; but our hostess immediately interfering in our behalf, the offence was not repeated. We have been favoured

* John iv. 20.

with visits from the Basha of Nablous, and the English Consul. Excepting *fleas innumerable!*—we should be tolerably well off in our present quarters.

Saturday, March 18th. After a more than ordinary degree of squabbling and confusion—which never attends our *encampment*—we bade farewell to *our* "Good Samaritans." The pretty young hostess was sadly disfigured to-day by a piece of sticking plaister on her forehead, and a swollen eye. Observing that I noticed her misfortune, she pointed to her husband as its author; whereupon the latter—instead of being ashamed of his brutality—smiled and nodded assent!

The weather was as charming as could possibly be desired. We rode through groves and avenues of stately trees—fine venerable olives, with gnarled branches and hollow trunks; passing springs and cisterns innumerable; and following the course of a clear and murmuring stream, along whose banks we heard the pleasant rural sound of busy going mills—picturesque little buildings, with grass grown roofs. In about an hour we came near to Enjeeb—situated on the slope of a hill to our left—where was a large old aqueduct, and also other mills. The scenery was diversified and exceedingly beautiful: the successive heights were studded with villages, which looked well from a distance. On one lofty eminence stood a cluster of tombs, shaded by trees, the view from whence must be magnificent. The barley is now in ear.

Sebaste—the ancient Samaria—occupies a commanding position on an isolated mountain of oblong form, flattened at the top; and its present wretched state fully confirms that prediction of the prophet Micah—"Therefore I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof."* The ascent is by a precipitous path, hewn between high rocks. A number of columns, that

* Micah i. 6.

once belonged to Herod's Palace, yet remain standing; while many more lie prostrate and mutilated—half buried in the ground—or are used in constructing modern walls and pavements. King Herod rebuilt and fortified this Imperial City—changing its name in honour of Augustus (Sebastos) Cæsar. The erection of a Gothic Church (now in ruins) over the dungeon in which tradition states that John the Baptist was beheaded, is of course attributed to the Empress Helena. The inhabitants of Sebeste gathered round us with antique coins to sell.

We continued our journey through verdant glens, interspersed with wooded knolls; and watered by many a shining brook and trickling streamlet—the hills, with rare exceptions, covered with luxuriant olive trees. Thousands of flowers enamelled the rich soil—particularly blue lupins—filling the air with their delicious perfume. Our path was generally steep and rocky: we passed several towns and villages—all finely situated. A narrow dell, a "mountain brow," and neatly enclosed gardens—finally brought us to Djeneen, on the borders of Galilee; just within the noble Plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel. Dr. Dorr—an American clergyman—and his son, have arrived here from Jerusalem: their tents are pitched close by. We saw this afternoon some large black and white birds like storks. Before leaving Nablous our Jerusalem guard was replaced by a couple of Arab soldiers, armed with immensely long spears.

Sunday, March 19th. Djeneen—the Geman of Josephus—is now a mere village, but there still remain traces of its former extent. The site is low and swampy: frogs were croaking round us all night long. This morning—after starting some fine gazelles—we enjoyed a three hours' hard canter across the beautiful and fertile Plain of Esdraelon. What a succession of important historical events have for ages occurred within that wide spread area! Here Deborah and Barak discomfited the host of Sisera;* and Saul sustained his fatal overthrow.† At Zer' in (Jezreel)

* Judges iv. † 1 Samuel xxxi. 3. 1 Chronicles x. 3.

Ahab and Jezebel had a palace, as well as at Samaria; to enlarge the grounds of which, that wicked king coveted Naboth's vineyard. * Towering alone, rises Mount Tabor — traditionary scene of the Transfiguration. †

Nazareth is built upon the side of a steep hill, nearly surrounded by others of far greater elevation. One cannot conceive a more romantic or lovelier spot! From the small valley at its foot, we ascended — by a rugged pathway through a deep and narrow gorge—to a large reservoir; where we rested and ate our luncheon before entering the town. Our apartments at the Latin Convent are clean and spacious. The monks immediately sent us coffee, hospitably *offering* us divers good things besides; but we soon sallied forth, in quest of certain sacred and interesting localities—those treasured relics of our blessed Saviour's early life and teaching. On our way we met the Franciscan Superior, who civilly accosted us in Italian, his native tongue. There is a second Convent—to which *ours* forms a late appendage—containing the Church of Annunciation, erected above the *grotto* part of the house of Joseph the Carpenter; for we are bound to believe that the *superstructure* was miraculously carried to Loretto! The grand altar marks the precise spot where the Angel Gabriel appeared to Mary—"and said, 'Hail, *thou that art* highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.'" ‡ We descended by a flight of marble steps into the caverns; and were there shown the kitchen, &c., of the Holy Family!—also a beautifully executed oval picture of the Flight into Egypt; painted by an artist at Vienna, and a recent gift of the Emperor of Austria. The Church itself is not large, but very neatly fitted up. A youthful group—children of converted Arabs—were learning to chaunt. From hence our guide conducted us to "Joseph's Workshop"—a small chamber, used as a chapel; and afterwards to the "Fountain of the Virgin"—whither, we

* 1 Kings xxi. † Matthew xvii. 2. Mark ix. 2. ‡ Luke i. 28.

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FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN — NAZARETH.

are told, the Mother of our Lord was wont to resort, day after day, to draw water. We found quite a crowd of people assembled here; who regarded us with curiosity, and called us "Hadji." One young woman drew from her bosom a silver crucifix, and held it towards me, as a proof that she was a Christian. We were next taken into a plain chapel—the Synagogue (say the monks) wherein our Redeemer taught:—"and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read."* The *most* celebrated piece of antiquity of which Nazareth can boast, is the "Table of our Lord"—at which He and His disciples are believed to have supped, both before and after His Resurrection. It is an oblong mass of common hard limestone, fixed firmly in the ground; and its upper surface is not perfectly level. This valued relic is of course enshrined within a chapel; upon whose walls are affixed various printed certificates, asserting its just claim to reverence. Even Muslims declare that hidden virtue must belong to a stone thus venerated.

The assumed "Mount of Precipitation" is at least two miles distant—a manifest error!—since we are clearly informed that they "led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong."† The streets of Nazareth are badly paved and very steep, but we found them tolerably *dry*. Mr. and Mrs. Klein have made their house extremely comfortable, and received us with cordial kindness.

Monday, March 20th. Our route, for the first two hours of this day's journey, lay between low and verdure clad hills; thence opening into the Plain of Esdraelon, near Gebel Tûr (Mount Tabor)—whose singular shape is so aptly described by Mr. Jolliffe, as that of "a cone with the point struck off." We rode almost to the summit—a difficult task for the horses; or rather, I should say, an *impossibility* for steeds untrained to

* Luke iv. 16. † Luke iv. 29.

such precipitous paths and slippery rocks. Besides, we could hardly avoid being dragged from our saddles by the densely growing trees and tangled brushwood. There is a well of pure water on the top of this mountain; also remains of walls and deep fosses; and the ruins of a small church, with three altars—the *Three Tabernacles!* Most exquisite wild flowers peeped out among the stones, or amid the waving grass. The view is extensive, and of surpassing interest. Beneath, stretch the Plains of Esdraelon and Galilee; the north west is marked by the blue line of the Mediterranean; a little to the southward rise the lofty Mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and his three sons were slain;* due east is the Lake of Gennesareth, or Tiberias, the scene of so many of our Saviour's miracles;† towards the north appears part of the Chain of Anti Libanus; Saphat, crowning an eminence, and to which St. Matthew perhaps alludes in those words—"a city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." ‡ Not far from Saphat is the (so called) "Mount of Beatitude," from whence our Lord delivered his *Sermon* to the thronging multitudes, who "were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."§ To the south are the Hills of Samaria; to the south west the range of Carmel. Jezreel, Endor,‖ and Nain,** are likewise distinctly visible. On the lowest western slope of Mount Tabor stands an insignificant village, whose name—Deboura—is derived from that of the celebrated Prophetess mentioned in the Book of Judges. Near this place, Napoleon fought one of his famous battles. Another two hours' ride through a charming park-like country—overgrown with magnificent Oaks of Bashan (Belluta)††—brought us to a dilapidated building, where a fair or market was going on. We then crossed a dull plain; in patches of waste ground, fields, and pastures; continually meeting some venerable patriarch, like those of old—with long grey beard, flowing robes, and

* 1 Samuel xxxi. 8. † Luke v. John vi. John xxi. ‡ Matthew v. 14.
§ Matthew vii. 28, 29. ‖ 1 Samuel xxviii. ** Luke vii. †† Ezekiel xxvii. 6.

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MOUNT TABOR

girded loins—saluting us with "*Peace be unto you.*" They have their flocks and herds too; their horses, mules, and asses: most of the sheep are remarkably pretty, with white *hair*, and black faces.

It was a goodly sight, when suddenly we espied our tents—close to the shore of the Sea of Galilee, which lay before us in all its peaceful beauty. The opposite mountains are covered with snow; and the declining sunlights fell upon them all—particularly Mount Hermon (Gebel Sheikh)—with gorgeous effect. On our left the Jordan's rapid current flows into the calm blue lake; and in the foreground, about a quarter of a mile from our encampment, is the town of Tabaria—one of the four Holy Jewish Cities of Palestine; the three others being Jerusalem, Hebron, and Saphat. After dinner we strolled along the pebbly beach, picking up quantities of tiny shells. Camel bones lie scattered in every direction; and countless broken columns and other ruins bear record of former stately edifices.

Tuesday, March 21st. Breakfast over, we sallied forth to see the town; which was founded by Herod Antipas, and named in honour of the Emperor Tiberius. * There was once a royal palace here, and for several centuries this city became the centre of Jewish learning. † It is open to the sea; but protected on the land side by a high and massive wall, with towers at regular intervals. Tabaria suffered dreadfully from the earthquake of January 1st, 1837, and had been almost demolished in a similar manner by that of 1759. The injuries sustained by the last awful visitation are not yet repaired; and one can scarcely walk through those dirty streets, on account of the heaps of rubbish that encumber them. We first directed our steps to the Hotel. The landlord—a German Jew—is a dealer in old coins, of which he produced a tolerable collection; ushering us into a cheerful airy room, furnished with divans, a

* See Josephus.—Book ii. chapter 9.

† Dr. Robinson's Biblical Researches.—Vol. iii. pp. 266–274.

table, and two or three chairs. In outward appearance, this apartment was a model of cleanliness; but oh! when we read in the "Travellers' Book" the story of sleepless nights, that all—with few exceptions—had to relate; our thoughts turned thankfully towards the infinite advantages of our tents! The people of the house were exceedingly civil, and gave us coffee and a variety of sweet cakes. We then went to the Jews' Synagogue; the library, of which—in point of numbers, at least—is well supplied with books. Three thousand Jews, principally Germans, are said to reside at Tabaria; but from the size and general aspect of the place, this assertion seems hardly credible. The bazaar is miserably provided, and the inhabitants have an air of extreme poverty. A delightful walk of about a mile along the shore, brought us to the Baths of Emmaus; where a handsome building was erected by Ibrahim Pasha. The *public* bath is circular, and surrounded by a colonnade of white marble: *we* gladly took possession of a *private* one, for it was impossible to resist so tempting a luxury. The water has a salt, bitter, sulphureous taste; and oozes nearly boiling from the ground. Returning *homewards* we met a large party of women, some of whom were excessively pretty: the hands and arms of most of them were tattooed; and one was hideously disfigured by a blue stain round her eyes. Their demeanour was perfectly inoffensive; although they stroked us repeatedly, examined our clothes, marvelled greatly at my note book, and made signs that we should accompany them to the Bath!—which proposal we of course declined. These females wore ornaments of coins, beads, and silver. The sun was oppressively hot; and we willingly jumped upon the donkeys, sent by Mr. T. for our use: they had neither saddles nor bridles, but merely pieces of carpet laid across their backs. It was a difficult matter to keep one's balance; for the animals—vigorously propelled from behind—trotted over the uneven ground at an alarmingly rapid pace! Vincenzo procured excellent fish for dinner—a superior sort of perch, for

which the Sea of Galilee is celebrated. The water we have to drink is deliciously cool and pure. Dr. Dorr arrived here this afternoon, and his camp adjoins ours. The people collect in crowds to look at us; and it is deemed expedient to watch them narrowly, lest they should steal something: these Galileans do not bear the best of characters for honesty. I never beheld a more lovely evening!

Wednesday, March 22nd. An early shower rather alarmed us this morning; but the sky soon cleared, and we have had a fine day. We halted for an hour at Kefr Kenna; believed by many travellers to be that "Cana of Galilee" where our blessed Saviour performed His first miracle.*

It is a small wooded hamlet; and in the shabby little Greek church are shown, not merely some wretched pictures—one of them representing the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes—but also two clumsy *stone jars*, about four feet high, half embedded in the wall. Alas! for these "*waterpots!*" Dr. Robinson argues very strongly in favour of Kâna el-Jelîl being the true Cana. This place is only a few miles distant; and "the name," says that learned writer, "is identical, and stands the same in the Arabic version of the New Testament!" † The descent towards Nazareth from this side is frightfully rugged and dangerous, even for the surest footed of these admirably trained Syrian horses. We found our old quarters at the Latin Convent ready for our reception; and it was well that Vincenzo had secured them—a numerous party of Americans having made their appearance at Nazareth to-day.

Thursday, March 23rd. We left the Convent at six a.m., and had a charming ride along beautiful valleys enclosed by richly verdant hills. Twice we crossed "that ancient river, the river Kishon," † intersecting the Plain of Zabulon; and upon whose banks we saw abundance of land turtles. Passing through the town of Caifa, we lunched beneath the

* John ii.

† Biblical Researches.—Vol. iii. pp. 204–208. ‡ Judges v. 21.

spreading branches of some noble trees, upon a rising ground—which commanded a magnificent view of the calm blue waters of the Bay, and its opposite shore; where St. Jean d' Acre, and that rocky pass called the "Steps of Tyre," form the most interesting and prominent objects. We soon began to ascend the steep path that leads up to the Carmelite Convent—into which ladies are denied admittance, but find comfortable accommodation in the adjacent *Hospice*, which is quite new and still unfinished. The apartments are lofty and spacious, with large windows looking out upon the splendid Bay of Caifa. In the centre of the room where we sit, is a round table covered with books and pamphlets. One of the fraternity—Brother Charles—is particularly kind and attentive to us. Although by birth a Neapolitan, he speaks French perfectly; has travelled a great deal, and evidently been accustomed to mix in the best society. He showed us his album; and also a book of autographs, filled with distinguished names—of which, the first I saw was that of Eliot Warburton. At dinner, Brother Charles did the honours most hospitably. Meat is strictly prohibited within these walls; but I am sure we did not require any—for the table was liberally supplied with fish, vegetables, some sweet dishes, an omelet, cheese, biscuit, and dried fruits. The monks of Mount Carmel possess a noble breed of dogs—of English parentage. They make capital sentinels, each animal having his separate nightly beat; and should one of them perchance be attacked by a stranger, his companions instantly rush to his assistance. From Nazareth, our soldier guard was deemed no longer necessary, as we have entered more peaceable districts: our present Sheikh is a strikingly handsome figure on horseback, and would make a fine portrait. The Americans *followed in our wake* this afternoon.

Friday, March 24th. We amused ourselves after breakfast in looking over the travellers' book, which bears grateful testimony to the invariable kindness and courteous bearing of these excellent monks (at present

fourteen in number); and Brother Charles is especially mentioned, over and over again, in terms of the highest praise. His offer to act as our guide, and show us the "Grotto of Elijah and Elisha," being joyfully accepted, we followed his footsteps by a winding path far down the mountain side—through ilex bushes and flowering shrubs innumerable—until we reached a large cavern, once used as a Christian chapel, but now a mosque. There are likewise several smaller caves, overhung with graceful creeping plants in picturesque festoons. The air was delightful—just sea breeze enough to temper the heat of a midday sun.

The prettily proportioned Church is quite ruined in general effect by the execrable painting of its walls and columns, intended to imitate marble. A double semicircular staircase leads up to the great altar; beneath which yawns a cave, where Elijah is said to have hidden from the presence of King Ahab. In front of this grotto are suspended three elegant silver lamps; and above one of the two side altars is a portrait of St. Theresa. This church also contains a rudely carved wooden figure of the prophet Elijah, adorned with rosaries. The Father Superior has shown Mr. T. the well stocked library of the convent; and we have purchased some phials of cordial, distilled by the monks from herbs; as well as specimens of *petrified fruit* from Elijah's garden!—brought to us by a converted Jew. The supposed site of the slaying of the Prophets of Baal* is on the south eastern slope of Mount Carmel, and much too apochryphal to be worth four or five hours' *détour*.

Saturday, March 25th. Early this morning we attended mass, to celebrate the Feast of Annunciation, at which very few were present. The kind hearted Brother Charles had coffee ready before we started; and promised to pay us a visit if he goes to Ireland within the next few years, which he said was by no means unlikely. At our request he wrote his name in each note book; but we shall not soon forget our

* 1 Kings xviii.

hospitable entertainer, who completely won our affection by his amiable manner and liberal opinions. We enjoyed a three hours' canter to St. Jean d' Acre along the hard smooth sand, crossing the Kishon where that "ancient river" falls into the bay. The injuries that Acre sustained from the English bombardment of 1840 have not yet been entirely repaired. We rode into the court-yard of an immense *khan*, where horses were kept during the siege. The people seem poor and indolent: many of the young children, with hardly a rag to cover them, wore strings of orange or lemon blossom round their necks. The day was oppressively warm, and we halted for an hour in a pleasant grove of tamarisk and lemon trees—the latter in full flower. We next came to an orchard, covering several acres of ground—which contains about five thousand orange and lemon trees—and in a few minutes one of the gardeners, aided by Vincenzo, had loaded us all with most magnificent fruit. Our encampment is on a wide plain close to the shore—near the little hamlet of Bassa, surrounded by neatly laid out gardens with cactus fences, and rich in beautiful almond blossom. The tents of some Turkish Engineer officers, going to erect a government *khan* here, are pitched not far from ours.

Sunday, March 26th. There was a heavy downpour of rain last night, and two or three showers this morning; but, to our unspeakable comfort, the day gradually cleared towards noon. We crossed a high ridge of mountain crags overhanging the sea; and dismounting at the "Steps of Tyre," walked for at least a mile over smooth and slippery rocks. From thence, a four hours delightful canter upon the firm sand—our horses feet continually washed by the foaming waves of the Mediterranean—brought us to Sour; the fallen city, "whose antiquity is of ancient days . . . the Lord hath given a command against the merchant city, to destroy the strong holds thereof." * "And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make

* Isaiah xxiii.

her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea . . . and they shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses: and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the water . . . thou shalt be built no more: for I the Lord hath spoken it, saith the Lord God . . . How art thou destroyed, that wast inhabited of sea-faring men, the renowned city . . . I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God." * These prophetic words have been fulfilled to the very letter!

The wretched modern town—inhabited by fishermen—is built upon a flat and barren peninsula, formerly an island; but united to the main land by Alexander the Great, who filled up the narrow channel with the ruins of Old Tyre, which he had *utterly razed!* Portions of the ancient harbour, and city walls, are plainly discernible—stretching far into the sea. A countless number of granite columns lie scattered along the coast; and Mr. T. rode for a considerable distance through the breakers to a cross-shaped rock, where yet remain some of the ancient dye pots—twenty-five feet long and twelve feet wide—containing fragments of those small Murex shells used for producing the famous Tyrian purple! We took coffee at the house of a man who had coins and engraved stones for sale—all going on amicably until *paying time;* when a noisy debate ensued, amid gross attempts at extortion on one side and threats of the *Bâsha* on the other!—but, as usual, by a judicious compromise the storm was soon over, and we parted the *best of friends!* Vestiges of a very old Christian church of great magnitude are worthy of notice; and we saw the British flag waving above the residence of a Consular Agent. The tobacco plant—cultivated throughout Palestine for home consumption—thrives in this neighbourhood. Before reaching Sour, we passed the Fountain of Scandarouna; and rested

* Ezekiel xxvi.

for half an hour at the village of Râs-el-ein (*Fountain Head*), from whence Tyre was originally supplied with water. There are four large reservoirs, and the ruins of two aqueducts: tradition states that these important works were planned by King Solomon, and executed by his workmen; in gratitude for services rendered to him by Hiram, King of Tyre. * We traversed portions of a Roman road this afternoon; and encamped in a pretty valley near the sea — called Asmia. A broad stream — the ancient Leontes — spanned by a single arched bridge, flows near our tents; and a ruined *khan* crowns the summit of an adjacent hill. Some Arab Sheikh, with a number of gaily attired followers on horseback, has just taken his departure.

Monday, March 27th. A thick *burnoos* is a most inconvenient addition to one's riding apparel, although absolutely indispensable on such a journey as this—keeping its wearer both warm and dry. The morning's rain obliged us to put on these heavy cloaks; but only for a short time, as the weather afterwards became lovely. Our route was across a rich plain, partly under tillage; and we passed the village of Sarepta,† on an eminence to our right. Near Saida (Sidon)—which lies upon the north west slope of a promontory—we saw more dye pots, or cisterns, in the rocks. We rode through the modern town, where Vincenzo procured for us—coffee, sweet lemons, oranges, and indiscribable *bonbons*. The houses are larger and better built than those of Tyre; and there are numerous fruit gardens immediately beyond the walls. Sidon, the oldest city of Phœnicia, has likewise its scattered columns; and two old castles—one, of the period of the Crusades, perched upon a sea girt rock, and connected with the shore by an arched causeway; the other on high ground to the south, and is supposed to have been erected by Louis IX in 1253. Djoun, the residence of poor Lady Hester Stanhope, is situated among the mountains behind Sidon.

* Van de Velde's "Syria and Palestine."—Vol. 1. page 185. † 1 Kings xvii.

The sand was delightfully firm and smooth for riding; we waded through several bays, rivulets—and a rapid stream called the Auwly, which Dr. Robinson considers identical with the Bostremus. Our halt was at a village close to the sea, called Nebbi Yunas—where a small square building with a cupola is pointed out as Jonah's Tomb,* and the site of that striking miracle performed in the prophet's behalf.† Here is a large *khan*; also some neat gardens and a beautiful grove of fine old tamarisks, wherein we found a charming seat until the arrival of our baggage mules. Dr. Dorr and his son are again our *near neighbours.*

Tuesday, March 28th. The weather was *perfection*; and Beiroot (the ancient Berytus) appeared to great advantage as we rode along for many miles—past orchards, country houses, and extensive plantations of mulberry trees. The streets of this flourishing seaport are comparatively well paved, and the houses substantially built; particularly those of Europeans—who flock hither, attracted by the advantages of the silk trade. Several merchants, chiefly Frenchmen, have established silk factories in the Lebanon—which are thriving wonderfully—and immense quantities of the raw material are annually exported from Beiroot. We found every needful comfort at Demetri's excellent Hotel—now filled with travellers from all quarters of the globe. The apartments—surrounding open courts on different stories—are spacious, cheerful, and luxuriantly furnished. From the flat roof and higher windows we at once beheld the maze of towers and dwellings, domes and minarets at our feet; the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean; and the snowy peaks of Lebanon. At dinner we had the pleasure of meeting again some of the former acquaintances of our journey. The saloon is like a "Curiosity Shop"—hung round with antique weapons, musical instruments, female

* There is another Nebbi Yumas on the banks of the Tigris, opposite to Mosul.

† Jonah ii.

head gear, sponges with pieces of rock attached to them, &c., while the divan is spread with Damascus silks, embroidered cloaks, and cashmere shawls.

Friday, March 31st. We started on this most lovely of spring mornings about nine o'clock, and first rode through a forest of pine trees—the "Bois de Boulogne" of Beiroot. We next came to an immense water tank, fed by a copious spring, at which our horses refreshed themselves; and then began a toilsome ascent of the very roughest of mountain roads that can possibly be imagined; presenting, nevertheless, glorious views of the sea; the pretty town of Beiroot, with its gardens, adjacent villages, and country houses; the splendid range of lofty heights—many of them laid out in terraces, even among the steepest rocks, and richly cultivated; verdant glens and mysterious ravines; over all—the beauteous sunlights and shadows! In the foreground were sumpter mules with their tinkling bells; dogs; and horses—of whom a noble white steed, with scarlet trappings, had broken loose from his leader, and sprang unchecked from crag to crag. We passed numerous *khans*, erected in the finest and most conspicuous situations—wherein the weary wanderer and his beast of burden so gladly seek a shelter; and also met a few travelling parties on their way to Beiroot—one of which consisted of the innkeeper at Damascus and his merry looking wife; the latter attired in a strange semi European costume. We rested for a short time upon the roof of a *khan*, that crowned the highest summit of a mountain ridge. The people brought us coffee—a welcome addition to our luncheon. There are innumerable streams and fountains amid these rugged cliffs, and the stones seem full of fossils. Our tents were pitched upon the top of "Khan Hossein." The roofs of Syrian houses are generally thus constructed:—The trunks of trees are laid across like rafters, from wall to wall; over these are placed the branches, with their leaves: the entire is then filled up with

mud, and made firm and even by a stone roller, which is in constant use during the wet season.

Saturday, April 1st. Heavy rain last night, and shower after shower all morning; while, in addition to this discomfort, our track became extremely difficult and dangerous. What a thoroughfare between two great cities!

We are now traversing those wild regions so late the scene of deadly strife between the Maronite Christian and the Muslim Druse; both of which sects were originally driven by persecution to the fastnesses of the Lebanon. Their married women alike wear upon the forehead, a long, hollow, horn-shaped tube—fixed upon a pad, and projecting slightly forward. It is made of tin, copper, silver, or gold—according to the circumstances of its owner; and occasionally a gilded buffalo's horn is substituted: a long veil, thrown over this curious ornament, falls gracefully upon the shoulders. To the custom of wearing horns, many passages of Scripture are supposed to allude: viz., "Mine horn is exalted in the Lord."* "Lift not up your horn on high."† "But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn."‡

In clear weather, these mountain passes must be magnificent; but we were so completely enveloped in mist, we could scarcely see five yards before us. Snow lay deep on the ground; and at the imminent risk of serious accident, the horses were continually stumbling into unseen holes. We rode past several *khans*, and met more travellers. Fearful in truth it is, to encounter an almost interminable caravan of loaded mules, in some narrow cleft; or still worse, on a sloping ledge of rock overhanging a tremendous precipice!—and yet this frequently occurred to-day. One set of these sumpter mules—conveying a large cargo of musket stocks from Damascus to Beiroot, for the Turkish government—was accompanied by an officer on horseback, with a guard of soldiers. About one o'clock the

* 1 Samuel ii. 1. † Psalm lxxv. 5; ‡ xcii. 10.

rain increased, and we gladly took refuge in "Khan Meredjed;" Vincenzo advising that we should remain here until to-morrow. The keepers of this *khan*—a strange group of hardy mountaineers—rendered us every assistance in their power; spreading clean mats for us to sit upon, and bringing us coffee, raisins, and poached eggs. As might be expected, the rest of our caravan did not arrive for some hours afterwards; approaching slowly, and in melancholy plight; men, animals, and baggage, being thoroughly drenched: the canteens had also come to grief, and sustained divers breakages of glass and china. Servants, muleteers, and the inmates of Khan Meredjed—in all about twenty people—are closely packed in one room, or rather *division;* for the now moistened roof of this building—supported by long and straight trunks of trees—would not bear the pitching of our tents; and there is no suitable spot outside—nothing but sharp rocks and uneven ground. *We* are stowed away in the centre of the building—the ordinary stable!—horses, mules, and donkeys, having been removed into the next apartment for our accommodation. Camp bedsteads, mats, carpets, camp stools, a cheerful wood fire, and—even under *these* adverse circumstances—a good dinner—have made us feel wonderfully contented. The bedding may be a little damp, but what does that signify? We are accustomed to hardships, and will take alarm at unaired sheets in an English Hotel! Some corn-jars of stone, at least five feet high, make capital *pedestals* for our saddles; and a pistol is suspended by a strap of leather from a wooden peg. The floors are of mud; and light is admitted through certain holes in the roof, pierced by torrents of rain and melting snow—or by means of opening the door. Cocks and hens walk in and out just as they please. There was a most beautiful rainbow this evening, and behind it rose the snow clad Lebanon.

Sunday, April 2nd. Shame upon the contemners of "Hydropathy!" Let them go to the Highlands of Syria, and *there* try its efficacy!

Let them see how a compulsory *douche bath* will render their bodies capable of unwonted exertion; how their appetites will be sharpened, and what cheerfulness result from such wholesome discipline! Pitter patter came the rain on our faces all night long, and only occasionally awoke us from our sound sleep when the dropping increased to a stream! By morning, we were completely soaked, and miniature lakes had formed upon our counterpanes! Vincenzo brought us each a cup of hot coffee—recommended as "Abbas Pacha's own"—before we exchanged wet mattrasses for damp clothes. The stable manure, which had been swept into one corner, served as a resting place for Mr. T.'s bedstead! Our eyes smart dreadfully from the smouldering wood, as its dense smoke can find no exit but through the door and roof holes; thus obstructing the faint glimmer of light that could enter in any case. This magnificent chamber opens upon a sort of portico, where our servants sit, enjoying their cigars, and which they have turned into both pantry and kitchen. We thoroughly relished our breakfast, and had many a merry laugh at the whole adventure. The insect tribe have not annoyed us; and therefore we unanimously pronounce our opinion that stables are preferable—under peculiar circumstances—to the abodes of human beings! Snow continuing to fall fast and thick, we crouch on carpet bags around the fire, and in vain endeavour to warm our hands and feet, or dry our garments. To make matters worse, we are informed that the stock of wood and charcoal is nearly exhausted; and that if we insist upon having more, the posts supporting this already shattered roof must be taken down and chopped up for fuel! Perhaps to-night will afford us the pleasing variety of an open bivouac! Really this excitement is very delightful, and gives such a zest to travelling! We certainly might have too much of it, but why anticipate luckless possibilities?

Monday, April 3rd. We again underwent the severe discipline of packing in wet sheets, and sleeping in a shower bath; for of course every

crevice became larger as the rain continued; and this morning we were literally *starved out:* the firing was all burnt up, and there was not a single loaf of bread left for our men to eat! No choice remained; *go we must*, in defiance of rain, snow, sleet, and hail—full in our faces! *Slosh, slosh*, went the horses through mud and swamp across an extensive plain; until, after two dreary hours we reached Khan Madje, almost perished with cold; and sought temporary shelter in a small room with a blazing charcoal fire. The people were exceedingly civil; helping us to dry our clothes, and giving us coffee, roasted beans, and raisins. In the meantime, Bettuni, the muleteer, was dispatched to the village of Madje—about a mile further—to ascertain whether a couple of rooms could be procured; as all chance of travelling was at an end for *to-day*. Bettuni soon returned with favourable tidings, and we are established in a good sized room; while the owners of this house, and our servants—of whom Mohammed and Bekéeh suffer fearfully from the cold—are located *next door*. Alas! we may expect disturbed slumbers; but still we must be very thankful to find a refuge in such miserable weather. A number of women came round us the instant we arrived; evidently wishing to be kind and attentive, as well as to gratify their curiosity. Our hostess is a Nubian, and—like *all* Nubians—her behaviour is particularly obliging, and she seems most anxious to make us comfortable. Salvo and Mohammed have spread our mattrasses upon mats and carpets, the canvas of our bedsteads being completely soaked: we have therefore no chance of escaping the attacks of insect tormentors. The fireplace is a stone horse-shoe shaped receptacle, fixed in the mud floor, and we gladly avail ourselves of its warmth. Madje is inhabited by Rajah Christians. Provisions are as dear this winter in Syria as elsewhere: at Beiroot, for instance, the price of butter is raised to two shillings a pound, and turkeys cost twelve shillings a piece!

Tuesday, April 4th. An excessively wet night was succeeded by one of those days of uncertainty, so common in our own country; with intervals of cessation from snow or rain, an occasionally breaking sky, and then—as if in mockery—the storm suddenly bursts out again with greater violence than before. A gap in the outer wall enables dogs, cats, and poultry to pass to and fro *ad libitum;* and a donkey, who could not understand our having so coolly taken possession of his bedchamber, has just paid us a visit by walking into the room and looking round him for a moment—doubtless amazed at our impertinence! To the dogs we are especially unwelcome: they come growling to the door, and seem very angry at our intrusion. Vincenzo truly says that "the fleas are in thousand millions!"

Wednesday, April 5th. On an average, we have perhaps had half an hour's sleep during the last two nights. Oh! the fleas!! Tossing, tossing, the night through; and wondering whether those faint streaks of light, near the half closed door and window, could proceed from the moon's rays or welcome break of morning: but dawn came *at last,* and brought the promise of a finer day. I believe we should have braved the worst weather that can be imagined, rather than endure a *third* night of such misery, and we were ready to start soon after five o'clock. In about an hour—when we had reached the extremity of a vast plain—a heavy shower of rain and sleet made us fear a renewal of troubles. Our lucky star prevailed, however, and we were speedily cheered by a bright sunshine. We now entered upon a rugged mountain track; frequently crossing large patches of deep snow, without a single footprint to guide Vincenzo's vigilant and unerring perception, which was never at fault one moment as to the right course. As time wore on we traversed rocky heights, sequestered valleys, and a beautiful ravine—all alike thickly covered with snow. We rested at the village of Damas, and soon came to the winding banks of a broad and rapid river—the "Pharpar" *

* 2 Kings v. 12.

of Scripture, now called the Barrada; making a second halt at a pretty *khan*, shaded by trees, where we had coffee and *Halva*—a curious sweetmeat that looks like mortar. From thence we immediately began to ascend a remarkably steep and barren hill of limestone; at whose summit we obtained a charming view of the fairy city of Damascus, lying in the midst of a widely extended plain of the richest verdure, studded with villages, and watered by the "Abana and Pharpar," which here divide into innumerable streams. We rode for miles past gardens and orchards, abounding in every variety of fruit tree, particularly apricots (*mish mish*). Apartments were ready for us at a large hotel—built, in the usual Eastern fashion, round an open court with a great fountain in the centre, and a raised divan at one end. We have had the refreshment of a Turkish bath, iced creams, coffee, and a good dinner.

Thursday, April 6th. The clean beds of this hotel secured us a night's rest, of which recent experience has taught us the full value; and after breakfast we were able to enjoy a walk through the far famed Bazaars; wherein the gold and silken stuffs, arms, and rich embroidery, make a gorgeous display. We had greatly admired the *tout ensemble* yesterday, when, as way worn travellers, we passed along those busy streets. One immense building, originally a *khan*, is now used as an emporium for carpets, silks, and cashmeres.

Friday, April 7th. The landlord of this hotel—an Arab Christian—is a dealer in all sorts of Damascus wares, and has likewise his own loom for weaving silk: therefore, according to promise, we went to his house very early this morning; and saw, not merely the contents of his *magasin*, but also the wife and sister of our host—who are both young, equally pretty, and wore splendid ornaments of emeralds and diamonds on their heads. They seemed goodnatured respectable people, showed us their needlework, offered pipes, and gave us coffee. We then walked through the Weavers' Quarter, where silks are woven by a similar process to that of making

Irish tabinets: the men thus employed receive twelve, and children six piastres a day. In one of the Greek churches are some fine portraits of our Saviour and the Virgin Mary, painted by an Italian artist. Thence to St. Paul's Gate; near which is shown the house of Ananias,* at present a Roman Catholic chapel; and beyond the Gate, is that part of the city wall where Paul was "let down in a basket." The traditionary site of the apostle's conversion is also pointed out. We were then taken "into the street which is called, Straight," and saw the pretended "house of Judas." Damascus—the oldest city in the world; and first mentioned in Holy Writ as the birthplace of Eliezer, Abraham's steward†—contains several fragments of Roman edifices. The house of Naaman ‡ (?) is converted into a Christian Leper Hospital.

Saturday, April 8th. This morning was devoted to visiting some of the richest Jewish families of Damascus; the exterior of whose dwellings presents no greater attraction than an ugly blank wall, and a shabby portal—which leads, however, into a spacious marble court adorned with a magnificent *jet d' eau*, and tastefully planted with flowering shrubs and orange trees. The apartments are lofty, well proportioned, and gorgeously luxuriant. Esther Hawári, so renowned for her beauty, was fast asleep on a divan when we entered; but quickly roused herself, and did the honours of her house very courteously. She has just succeeded, after many years' trial, in obtaining a divorce from her insane husband. All the ladies whom we visited were splendidly attired—even to their clogs, or pattens—loaded with jewels, and to a certain degree prepossessing in manner. They are naturally pretty, but that odious custom of pulling out the eyebrows and painting a dark line straight across, would spoil the handsomest face in the world: besides, they have a silly expression of countenance, resulting from total want of education, and not having an idea beyond eating and drinking, smoking, dress, or gossiping. They

* Acts ix. † Genesis xv. 2. ‡ 2 Kings v.

are too lazy to take off their clothes at night; and only change them once a month, when they go to the bath! We found one lady lying on a divan, indisposed; while her husband, attired in a brocaded satin dressing-gown, walked about the room reading prayers aloud in Hebrew. Of course we wished instantly to retire; but they would not allow it, and absolutely compelled us to sit down for a few minutes. A female servant in attendance upon the invalid was showily dressed in silk and embroidery, and loaded with gold ornaments; her eyelids were stained with *kohl*. Married sons or daughters frequently continue to reside under the same roof with their parents. We accompanied Mrs. Porter, the wife of an English clergyman, to a Mohammedan *hareem;* but, unfortunately, the chief lady had gone out, and left the rest of the household under lock and key!

The British Consulate is by far the prettiest dwelling house I have seen in the East, though not so rich in carving and gilding as those of the wealthy Damascene Jews. The Consul (Mr. Wood) is remarkably clever and gentlemanlike, and appears to fill his post with satisfaction to everybody. His lady is a most attractive young person; and both are equally desirous of showing kindness to strangers wherever they can. Mrs. Wood told me she had this day been choosing a Muslim bride of twelve years old for a bridegroom of sixteen—quite an antiquated couple for Damascus! Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Porter kindly went with us to the bazaars, and by their knowledge of Arabic greatly facilitated our purchases.

Sunday, April 9th. This lovely morning increased our regret at leaving Damascus, where we would willingly have prolonged our stay. We were escorted to the city gate by a *kawass,* sent by order of Mr. Wood, and once more enjoyed the sight of those fruitful gardens—the theme of every Eastern traveller's warmest praise. The first hour of to-day's journey we retraced our former route, and again beheld that noble view of Damascus

Drawn by Wm Brassan

Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen

PASS OF SOOC BARRADA

we had before so much admired. Following the winding and fertile banks of the Barrada, we passed the charming village of Ein Fijji, and soon came to a magnificent rocky glen, through which the stream dashes with tremendous force; and at one peculiarly romantic spot—Khan Souk (Khan of the Market)—forms a beautiful cascade, divided into rapid torrents, whose feathery spray has a grand effect in the bright sunshine. A picturesque little bridge here spans the river; and in the overhanging rocks are several excavated tombs, adorned with sculpture, and most difficult of access. At six o'clock we reached Zebdani, near the source of the Barrada, where Mr. Wood has a handsome summer residence. The baggage mules had not then arrived, and Vincenzo advised our remaining all night in a house, which he knew by experience to be cleaner and better built than the generality of Syrian dwellings. The room we occupy is of tolerable size, divided about two thirds of the way down the centre; and now that our tent furniture is arranged, it looks really comfortable. The women of the house gave us some bread made up with spinach and butter into flat loaves, and rather good when quite fresh.

Monday, April 10th. We had a good night's rest, which speaks volumes for the cleanliness of our entertainers! Zebdani is a very pretty hamlet, and lies on an elevated plain, surrounded by lofty hills, and in the midst of fields and gardens. The weather is delightful; and although this spring may be considered a late season, we certainly find no lack of verdure. Our route this day has been even more than usually agreeable and varied. We have passed along the banks of streams gentle and fast flowing; have seen many a foaming torrent; mountains barren and cultivated; waste ground and well tilled valleys; vineyards in abundance; grassy wooded knolls and rugged cliffs, alternating with tracts of deep snow. We met fine flocks of sheep and droves of cattle; heard the familiar note of the cuckoo; and sheltered by a high rock, we

lunched near a bridge over a rapid stream. Mount Hermon, upon whose summit the snow never melts, is always in our view. From a limestone ridge of Anti Lebanon we first descried the ruins of Baalbec, the effect of which as we descended the slope was exceedingly imposing. Our tents are pitched near a gently flowing river, and within a hundred yards of the famous Temple of the Sun! Women and children follow us with good-humoured curiosity, and seem pleased if we notice them occasionally. In the evening our camp was invaded by a party of females—most of whom were extremely pretty—dressed in their best attire, and wearing handsome gold ornaments. We are fortunate in seeing Baalbec by moonlight.

Tuesday, April 11th. A whole legion of croaking frogs was unable to prevent our sleeping soundly after the fatigue of yesterday's journey; and this morning we had the pleasure of beholding those ancient walls and columns richly illumined by the golden rays of earliest sunlight. I will not presume to attempt any detailed description of this stupendous group of ruined edifices, regarding whose history so little has hitherto been clearly ascertained; but simply state that immediately after breakfast we procured an experienced guide, and went first to a small Roman temple, originally of circular form, with an exterior octagon cornice supported by columns, and of which half only is entire. Thence to the Mosque of Saláh e' deen—one of the traditionary burial places of that celebrated warrior, whose tomb is likewise shown at Damascus. The rows of pointed arches are still in wonderful preservation. We sat down upon a prostrate column of porphyry, and were soon followed to our retreat by a party of women and children. An infant, scarcely two years old, had anklets of silver with tiny bells attached to them, and wore upon its head a silver *coorsh*—in shape resembling a small saucer—to which were suspended long tassels, coins, and amulets. Three thousand soldiers are at present quartered near Baalbec, on their way to Constantinople, in an immense shed erected by Ibrahim Pacha—some of whom keep guard among the

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

RUINS OF EASTERN PORTICO, BAALBEC.

ruins, and look almost as antique as the buildings themselves. One of them very sharply reproved an Arab who was breaking off a fragment of porphyry. Our guide was provided with an inkhorn, paper, and a reed pen—for the purpose of copying inscriptions, or making notes. We next walked along part of an ancient aqueduct towards a vaulted corridor of considerable extent. The most perfect portion of the Great Temple of Baalbec is its northern portico. The gateway—whose keystone has been disturbed, but not thrown down, by a terrible earthquake—is also magnificent; and the six gigantic columns of the Forum, with their beautiful Corinthian capitals, may be seen in all directions for many miles. The whole area was formerly enclosed by a massive wall, some stones of which are of enormous size. Other ruins are in the vicinity, but they seem comparatively unimportant. A large body of troops marched from Baalbec this afternoon; they were newly equipped and looked exceedingly well, but their band of music was most execrable.

Wednesday, April 12th. We started at an early hour, going a little out of our way to examine a prodigious block of hewn limestone, nearly eighty three feet in length;* and which has never been moved from its original position. Not far from hence we came to a rudely constructed octagonal mosque, whose pillars are fixed with their bases upwards, the materials being probably taken from a much older edifice: this, according to Arab tradition, is the Tomb of Noah! A solitary column was in the distance on our right. Passing through a small village, our credulity was drawn to its utmost stretch by the assertion that an ordinary whitewashed dwelling house, in no respect different from hundreds of others, was the actual abode of Methuselah!! We lunched in a grove of tall young poplars; and after crossing a broad swampy plain, pitched our camp in a copse, near a rippling brook of clear water, in which we washed our riding skirts, and then hung them on the tent ropes to dry.

* Mr. T. measured this immense block twice over.

Thursday, April 13th. Soon after starting this morning we again reached Khan Meredjed, from whence a guard of soldiers not only assisted us — according to custom — over some frightfully steep and rugged road,* but were going away without demanding *backsheesh!*— a solitary example of disinterestedness that of course did not lose its reward. We rested and had coffee at another *khan;* for our track continued rocky, very tedious, and in general thickly covered with snow: we saw, nevertheless, many pretty villages, and from one of them a convent bell was tolling. Our tents stand once more upon the roof of Khan Hossein, the soldier inmates of which are Druses; this sturdy sect having lately made peace with the Turks. Their chief is a fine looking elderly man, and wears a snowy white turban. I wandered among the fossil rocks here for at least an hour after our arrival. How grieved I am to think that this will be our last encampment!

Friday, April 14th. It became a difficult matter to proceed this morning: the sun was awfully hot; and our poor horses, from want of proper food to keep up their strength, were sadly tired with constant travelling. They eagerly drank at the large fountain I before mentioned— about two hours' distance from Beiroot — while we refreshed our weary selves with coffee at a neighbouring *khan.* The cheerful sound of bells greeted our ears as we advanced towards the town, where we gladly resumed our old comfortable quarters at Demetri's Hotel; and being Good Friday, our bedroom was turned into a temporary chapel for reading English Church service. The varied society at the *table d' hôte* is most agreeable; and we are happy to renew our acquaintance with Mr. Starkie, Mr. Crosse, and a few other fellow travellers.

Saturday, April 15th. We consider ourselves particularly fortunate in having reached Beiroot yesterday, as last night turned out extremely wet; and early this morning violent torrents of rain were accompanied by

* A few soldiers are stationed in all these mountain *khans* for the protection of travellers.

thunder and lightning. The day has continued showery, but we found ample employment in packing a great many of our things to send off to England; and then the boxes must perforce be inspected by a couple of Custom House officers, who searched them pretty closely and carried away the keys.

Sunday, April 16th. Mr. Starkie went with us to the American Mission House; where Presbyterian service was performed by Dr. Stewart, who preached an admirable sermon from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews vii. 25. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." We afterwards walked through the crowded Bazaars towards the Barracks, close to which several Artillery tents are pitched: we also saw some rusty nine pound guns. Although the morning had been wet, and the streets were in consequence dirty and slippery, the afternoon was remarkably fine and bright. It is strange to observe the inhabitants of Beiroot taking an evening stroll upon the roofs of their houses.

Monday, April 17th. Save and except the engrossing subject of *war;* everybody's thoughts and conversation have turned upon arrivals and expected departures of steam packets, letters received and letters to write. There seems to be great rivalry between the French and Austrian steamers from hence to Constantinople, by the former of which *our* passage is already secured.

Tuesday, April 18th. We spent some time in the Bazaars, which are tolerably supplied; but appear to disadvantage after those of Damascus—from whence the goods principally come, and are exported from Beiroot to other places.

A proclamation has just been issued, peremptorily ordering all Greeks to leave Syria within the next fortnight; but luckily for our Lacedemonian landlord, who was in despair at the first intelligence, the American

Consul permanently resides at this hotel, and Demetri can claim the protection of his flag.

We dined at four o'clock to-day, to accommodate those who started for Constantinople by the Austrian steamer, in the cabin of which are suspended certain rules—unneedful to specify, one would hope—viz., "that nobody will be allowed to go to bed in boots; and that passengers who call themselves gentlemen must behave respectfully to the ladies!!"

Wednesday, April 19th. New arrivals have replaced, in point of numbers, our friends who departed yesterday; and some of them will accompany us on our dreaded voyage. The weather is not quite so stormy just now, and I hope may be still calmer to-morrow.

Saturday, April 22nd. Last Thursday was a lovely day; but the sea continued rough, and we had a dreadful tossing in the little boat that conveyed us from the quay at Beiroot to the "Mentor." The harbour is dangerous, and large vessels are obliged to anchor about a mile from the shore. Our parting view of that charmingly situated town was very beautiful; for the sun set gloriously behind the Lebanon range, and threw a rich golden tinge over sky, land, and water. By nine o'clock, p.m., we were under weigh. This steamer—though an old one—is by comparison roomy and comfortable; and the Captain, Stewardess, &c., exceedingly attentive to the passengers. The sea has gradually become calmer; and we are fortunate in our companions in the ladies' cabin, one of whom has a pet dog—a Cuba poodle with silky white hair: we have also a tolerably good piano-forte, and a pile of well selected music. A suspected murderer had secreted himself on board our vessel; but it appears that he is not guilty of his alleged crime, and has been set free—either at Tripoli, where we anchored for three hours, or at Latakia (Laodicea.) We passed Tarsus very early this morning, were off Scanderoon (or Alexandretta) soon afterwards, and saw the place where the Battle of Issus was fought.

Selecting one of the small boats that crowded to the side of the "Mentor," we forthwith landed near the residence of the British Consul, Mr. Murphy; who received us very kindly, and gave us luncheon. He was sent out here at two days' notice in August last, has left his family behind, and bitterly deplores his exile: indeed, a more desolate miserable spot than Scanderoon cannot well be imagined. A magnificent panorama of sea and mountain do not repay the Consul for his total banishment from all civilized society, save the occasional visit of a hasty traveller. Mr. Murphy conducted us along mud embankments—and across dirty streams and stagnant pools—to see the remains of a large English factory, an insignificant Greek church, and the ruins of a Roman Catholic chapel. Before returning to the steamer, we had a two hours' row as far as one of the reputed *landing places* of Jonah!—a truly wretched excursion; for the waves ran high, and our boatmen pulled unevenly. Numbers of flying fish were sporting in the brilliant sunshine. Miss —— and myself sauntered about in a grove of fine myrtles; while Mr. T. and Dr. Stewart walked up a hill, to look at what was once a Roman arch of white marble; but the two side columns only are standing. We endured an hour and a half of further discomfort on our way back to the "Mentor," which left Scanderoon shortly after we came on board.

Sunday, April 23rd. The Rev. Mr. Crawford, from Jerusalem, read the prayers of our Church this morning, in the ladies' cabin, to all who chose to attend them. The day has been insufferably hot; and our clergyman—a sad victim to sea sickness—could hardly finish the service.

Monday, April 25th. There were so many determined prognostications of a coming storm last night, that I verily believe the wise soothsayers are grievously disappointed to behold this calm and lovely day! We have passed within distant view of the Island of Cyprus.

Tuesday, April 25th. We were off Patmos * at a very early hour, and anchored in the harbour of Rhodes, which was crowded with graceful shaped sponge vessels. The weather continued oppressively warm, but we went on shore before breakfast; and were amply repaid for our exertion by the antiquities of the island, and those charming prospects which its most elevated points command. The street of the Knights appears deserted and solemn, and on nearly every house is a stone escutcheon carved with armorial devices. The cathedral — now a mosque — contains the Knightly sepulchres, marked by inscribed gravestones in the floor; and the batteries are manned by the same ancient brass guns which assisted to make such stout defence against the Turks in 1525. The quay presented a busy scene, and motley groups passed to and fro in quick succession.

Wednesday, April 26th. The Island of Scio was in sight at daybreak this morning, and in a few hours we entered the beautiful Bay of Smyrna; with its mountain background, laid out in fields and gardens. A fort protects the harbour; and the great commercial city itself is finely situated, bearing a general aspect of extent and importance. We have found rooms in an immense hotel, which were bespoken for us by the kindness of Mr. Starkie and Mr. Crosse, who arrived here yesterday. The *table d' hôte* was numerously attended, and dreadfully noisy.

Thursday, April 27th. The insects were so troublesome that I sat up half the night; but soon after breakfast, we started—a large party—some on foot and others on donkeys—for the purpose of ascending a lofty eminence behind the town, called Pagus Hill, whose summit is crowned by a dilapidated castle, and the ruins of one of the "Seven Churches of Asia." Immediately beyond the Caravan Gate is a grove of prodigiously tall cypress trees—the cemetery of Smyrna. Having reached the old Acropolis, we sat down upon some projecting rocks,

* Revelation i. 9.

and enjoyed a splendid view of the noble bay, studded with vessels of every use and size—from the stately Man of War to the fisherman's unpretending row boat. Like other Oriental cities—modern Smyrna—the houses of which are built partly of brick and partly of stone—is best seen from a distance. There are not any public buildings of imposing exterior; but a College of Dervishes and an Armenian Convent were pointed out to us, as the most conspicuous objects within the walls. On the slope below the castle is an amphitheatre, where Polycarp suffered martyrdom—being torn to pieces by wild beasts: the supposed spot is marked by a tombstone. We likewise saw the remains of a stone cistern; and could distinctly trace the course of an ancient aqueduct. These erections evidently covered a wide space of ground; and were surrounded by battlemented walls, towers, and ramparts. Within the enclosure is a deep arched pit, wherein provisions were kept; also a vault which in later times was used for a powder magazine; and a wooden door sheeted with iron—much shattered by bullets. Our active little donkeys carried us safely down the hill; while we had leisure to admire the pretty environs of Smyrna, enriched with countless orchards, whose growth of figs has gained a world wide celebrity. We walked through the Bazaars, and made a few purchases of embroidery, &c.—in fact the entrance to the hotel was turned into a sort of "fancy fair" for the sale of slippers, head gear and other ornaments, perfumery—in short, whatever was thought likely to attract the traveller's notice, or draw money from his purse. Before leaving Smyrna, we parted with Salvo, who will go direct to Malta: it is grievous to see our well conducted *ménage* thus gradually dispersing. We found on board the "Mentor" two hundred recruits (*Bashi Bazooks*) for the Turkish army—a raggamuffin set, commanded by a Dervish—and had not their arms been removed, we should tremble for the chances of a mutiny. They display strange varieties of head-dress: one dervish hero, who makes signs that he will fight bravely against the Russians, wears a tin helmet

adorned with two jackal's tails, and plays upon a small drumlike instrument, with a couple of mutton bones for drumsticks! Another doughty warrior has just wound up a handsome gold watch! These men have been collected from different villages. A battle axe is fixed at one side of the ship's stern, and opposite this formidable weapon, waves the green banner of the Prophet. The weather continues delightfully calm, and there is happily no sea sickness at present; but how fearful to imagine the reverse in such a crowded vessel as ours!

Friday, April 28th. The wind rose during the early part of last night, and made us feel very uncomfortable for a time: however it soon lulled, and the sea became motionless as before. This morning we anchored for two hours off the Island of Mytilene; and then passed the little Isle of Tenedos; the Plains of Troy, behind which appeared Mount Ida; and, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, those two famous old castles of Europe and Asia—Sestos and Abydos. We were also shown the spot from whence Lord Byron swam across the Hellespont; and amused ourselves with watching the porpoises playing in the smooth clear water. As we approached Galipoli, we saw the encampment of the allied English and French troops; and were met by a pretty Turkish steamer, paddling away at a rapid rate. The weather was charming; and the sea, of deepest blue, perfectly calm. The Bashi Bazooks keep up incessant clamour day and night; but fortunately their boisterous mirth has hirtherto been all in good humour. They sing, laugh, howl, and play on divers quaint instruments; even the bagpipes are not forgotten! Many of them have wives and children on board; the latter of whom, to our extreme annoyance, and in spite of the Captain's positive orders, occasionally come into our cabin. But the worst evil connected with their presence is the multitude of fleas they have brought to the "Mentor;" so that one cannot remain on deck with any comfort whatever!

Four French Men of War are stationed here; viz., "Napoleon"

(steam-ship); "Montebello," a fine four decker; and a couple of three deckers—"Charlemagne" and "Algier." There are likewise several English merchant vessels. We landed in the cool of the evening, and walked about the town of Galipoli; which stands close to the shore, upon the slope of a steep hill. The place was filled with military; English and French associating together on most friendly terms—even kissing each others' cheeks! and numerous *cafés*, open to the street, were apparently but too much frequented. Some of the Engineers, a few of the Rifles, and an Infantry regiment, are quartered near Galipoli; and one English officer of Artillery was standing on the quay. The tents of the French Artillery are pitched upon an open space within the town, and preparations were busily making for the soldiers' supper. One of their ammunition waggons passed us, drawn by six remarkably fine horses. We had not time to visit the camp; but from the highest point we could attain, beheld the harbour of Galipoli, and opposite coast of Asia Minor, to great advantage in the declining sunlight. We were exceedingly amazed at the gilded and gaily painted *arabas*—in shape resembling our Lord Mayor's coach. These Turkish carriages are intended to hold four people; and have either two very narrow seats, or are merely supplied with mattrasses and cushions. They have no doors, and you are obliged to enter them by a window—or aperture—first putting one foot over, and then the head and shoulders; leaving the rest of your body to follow, *if it can!* A clumsy attempt at springs answers no good purpose; for the shaky motion of these extraordinary vehicles is, notwithstanding, almost unbearable! Lord Raglan has just arrived here, in the "Banshee" steamer; he is going to dine at the camp, and the band has been playing "God save the Queen."

Saturday, April 29th. Our weather had decidedly altered for the worse; but setting sundry rather serious drawbacks at defiance, we contrived to be on deck by six o'clock. Vincenzo brought cups of

hot coffee, which certainly made us feel a little more comfortable; and we mounted upon the gangway, eager to welcome from afar the gorgeous "City of the Sultan!" Mount Olympus — with snowy crest — rose distinctly on the Asiatic side. There was nothing particularly striking in our *first* long desired glimpse of Constantinople; but every feeling of disappointment speedily gave way to intense admiration, as we crossed the Sea of Marmora towards this unrivalled Eastern Capital. How magnificent is the golden tinge that overspreads the deep blue sky and sea—mountains and valleys—palaces and temples, with their pompous domes and fairy minarets!

Previous to disembarkation, arms were restored to the Bashi Bazooks, who had behaved a great deal better than one would suppose possible in such an assembly of half savages.

We remained patiently on board the steamer, while our dragoman was dispatched to secure apartments at Mysseri's Hotel, and pass the luggage through the Custom House. H.M.S. "Terrible" lay at anchor close by, undergoing repairs; for she only returned yesterday from taking a prominent part in the siege of Odessa. At last Vincenzo returned; and we landed at Pera in two of those elegant *caiques*, with nice clean cushions to sit upon, and their varnished inner edges neatly ornamented with elaborate carving. A steep and toilsome walk of half an hour brought us to our Hotel, the landlord of which—like Demetri at Beiroot—is a Lacedemonian, married to an Englishwoman; and I believe he is son to the Mysseri who travelled both with Lord Byron and "Eothen." His hotel, considered the best at Constantinople, is now so full of English and French officers, that we had some difficulty in procuring accommodation. About sixty sat down to dinner at the *table d' hôte* to-day, and among the guests were several of our fellow travellers. The afternoon turned out extremely wet.

Sunday, April 30th. We attended morning and evening service at the

British Embassy, where a large room is fitted up as a chapel: the seats were inconveniently crowded, perhaps more so than they had ever been before. The duty was performed by Mr. Blackiston, the resident chaplain, who has a powerful voice and reads remarkably well. Colonel Carpenter, 41st Regiment, and his son, kindly came to see us in the course of the day.

Monday, May 1st. The weather was tremendously hot for sight seeing; nevertheless, supplied with an Imperial *firman* (which cost about £5), we set off—thirty in number—immediately after breakfast, and followed our guide to the old Seraglio—no longer a royal residence; the present Sultan preferring to inhabit his charming new Palace on the Bosphorus. The gardens are tastefully laid out, and kept in admirable order; and the splendid apartments exhibit an agreeable combination of Oriental luxury with European refinement. Whatever books the spacious library may once have contained were long ago removed. A beautiful bath of white marble, and rooms adjoining it, looked very pleasant on such a tropical day as this, when the heat was so oppressive we could hardly walk. The walls of the audience chamber display signatures of the various Sultans; whose portraits, painted in fine enamel, form part of a curious genealogical tree. Beneath a portico opening towards the gardens, the people are permitted at stated periods to kiss their Sovereign's feet. Close at hand is a Palace for dowager Sultanas.

The Mosque of Irene—the oldest at Constantinople—is now turned into an armoury, but I never beheld more rusty weapons. In the court stands a porphyry sarcophagus, with a pointed lid; and also a large plane, upon which is grafted a bay tree. This mosque contains, within a glass case, the keys of different cities belonging to the Ottoman empire. In the museum is preserved the huge chain that once stretched across the Bosphorus. From hence we proceeded to the renowned Mosque of Santa Sofia; and ascended by a staircase upon a wide gallery, in order fully to

appreciate the beauty of its bold arches and vast proportioned cupola. Several devout Muslims were at prayers below. Although most of the Mosaics—dating from the reign of Constantine—are covered with plaister, as unsuited to a Mohammedan temple, many fine specimens still remain exposed to view. From unpardonable neglect, some are falling to pieces; and their further destruction is encouraged by those appointed to protect them from injury, who secretly offer the tiny fragments for sale. The marble floor is spread with matting and the richest Persian carpets. On one side, facing the *mehráb*, you are shown a slab of Oriental alabaster, from the Temple of Solomon! There are also a few sarcophagi; eight porphyry columns, brought hither from Baalbec; and other pillars of *verd antique* from Ephesus. Great quantities of private treasure are deposited in Santa Sofia; and it is a universal custom in the East, for the sake of security, thus to turn the principal mosques into storehouses for valuable property. The Mosque of Sultan Achmet occupies part of the Hippodrome, and is chiefly admired for its six beautiful minarets. Next, to the Sepulchres of Mahmoud II. and his family, enclosed within one lofty chamber, superbly carpeted, and surmounted by a dome: across each tomb are laid splendid cashmere shawls, once worn by the deceased. A red cap—with a feather, fastened by a large diamond ornament, is placed at the head of the principal sarcophagus. We passed the "Burnt Column"—so called from its charred appearance, the effect of frequent fires in its vicinity—and entered the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, in front of which is a broad flight of marble steps, and a *façade* of Egyptian porphyry. This mosque has four minarets, and an elegant corridor leads from its outer court to the Mausoleum. Near the Slave Market—which we had no desire to visit—we saw a small snake lying on the ground, but how it came there I do not know.

Having satisfied our curiosity with regard to the mosques—the usual

characteristics of which are very much alike—we drove in an *araba* to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," where a *festa* was going on to celebrate the first of May. It was a peculiarly animated scene. Bullock carriages; *arabas* drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, and filled with smartly dressed ladies and children; men, in every imaginable costume, on foot or on horseback; vendors of fruit and sweetmeats; jugglers and musicians—were assembled in groups upon the grass, or dispersed among the tall trees; the white veils of the Turkish women being made of muslin so transparent, that the contour of their generally pretty features seems scarcely concealed at all. In this verdant glen, surrounded by a chain of barren hills, and through which flows the river Barbyses, is situated a favourite summer palace of the Sultan; and here do his Majesty's Arabian horses ever find their most luxuriant pasture.

Tuesday, May 2nd. We spent the whole of to-day in the Bazaars at Stamboul—crossing the Golden Horn by a broad wooden bridge; and greatly did we marvel at the number, extent, and gorgeous display of those busy streets of merchandize. They are entirely covered in, and sufficiently lighted from above. The most attractive is the bazaar for slippers, some of which are adorned with pearls and precious stones, in addition to gold and silver embroidery. Real Cashmere shawls, and valuable jewels, are only to be found in warehouses or private dwellings.

General Pennefather called to see us this afternoon; we are continually meeting our former military friends: would that a tour of pleasure, and not the prospect of a bloody war, had brought them hitherwards! May they all return to England in safety, and with honour!

Wednesday, May 3rd. A *caique* conveyed us to Scutari this morning, on a visit to General Pennefather, and Colonel and Mrs. Carpenter. From the landing place we walked up a very steep hill to the Barracks—a handsome stone building, with lofty apartments, spacious corridors, and

wide staircases: each story is supplied with abundance of excellent water. Like Constantinople, and Rome, Scutari is built on seven hills. We did not visit the enormous cemetery, with its forest of dark cypress trees and sculptured gravestones, extending for miles over undulating ground — and wherein none but Mohammedans are allowed burial.

Thursday, May 4th. Went to the Bazaars with the Carpenters and Mr. Starkie; having fortunately plenty of time at our disposal — for the process of bargaining is quite as tedious at Stamboul as elsewhere in the East; and a *hasty* buyer must be content, in purchasing the merest trifle, to pay fully three times its value. We met a pleasant party to-day at Mr. Hanson's—a well known and wealthy banker, who has resided for many years at Constantinople, where he and his family are deservedly much esteemed. Every one complains of the sudden changes of climate here, even in the middle of summer: during our short stay, we have had frequent occasion to remark the almost instantaneous varieties of temperature.

Friday, May 5th. An elevated position upon the outer wall of a burying ground afforded us an excellent view of the Sultan, as he rode close by, on his way to one of the mosques. * In personal appearance, his Imperial Majesty is of truly noble bearing, although his pale features cannot be termed strikingly handsome. The cuffs and collar of his coat were one blaze of diamonds, and on his head he wore a red cloth cap. Not a sound was heard as the procession moved slowly forward, and Abdul Medjid looked coldly around him, as if he wondered what had brought us there. His officers of state had glittering diamonds also, but in a less degree. The Sultan is said to be by nature gifted with many excellent qualities, and anxious to promote progress and improvement by every means in his power, but is of course kept back by his ministers.

* It is never made known, until two hours previously, at which of the mosques the Sultan intends to appear.

Every Friday afternoon his Majesty repairs to the "Sweet Waters of Europe" for an hour or two, but we were not made aware of this fact until too late to profit by it.

Our next object was the recently discovered cistern of one thousand and one columns, to which we descended a considerable way down a steep and ruinous staircase. This immense cavern—the supposed work of Constantine—has been turned into a silk manufactory by some Jews and Armenians, whose spinning wheels are arranged with the regularity of a rope walk. The cistern still contains water, but the place was so gloomy we could not judge of its depth. The pillars are of marble and granite, with Corinthian capitals. We walked through the Bazaars—but, being the Muslim sabbath day, most of the shops were closed—and then ascended the Seraskier Tower, which is inhabited by the Fire Guard of Constantinople, who keep incessant watch both day and night. This building is circular—of prodigious height—and surrounded by a gallery, very near the top—from whence we obtained one of the finest panoramas imagination can conceive of this most magnificent capital. In the immediate neighbourhood we distinctly traced the ravages of a terrible fire that occurred last evening in the Drug bazaar. Wild dogs in countless numbers lie about the streets during the day, and seldom molest anybody until nightfall: their litters are never destroyed, and they are religiously supported by the community at large. Feeding pigeons is likewise esteemed a sacred duty among Mohammedans, who give them shelter in the courts of several mosques; while at the gate sits an aged man, ready to receive alms from the passers by, which he expends in grain for these favoured birds. Before returning to the Hotel, we paid a few visits at Pera.

Saturday, May 6th. Accompanied by Mr. Brewen (a Yorkshire clergyman), Mr. Fox, Mr. Starkie, and Mr. Crosse, we made an excursion—in three *caiques*—to Therapia and the Giant's Mountain.

Drawn by John Brenan.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

ENTRANCE TO THE BLACK SEA.

Although the sun was intensely hot, we could fully enjoy the gentle motion of our pointed craft upon the smooth water, and admire the superb colouring of sky, land, and sea. Innumerable dolphins were sporting around us, glorying in the brightness of this lovely day. We passed many a noble edifice.—The Sultan's marble Seraglio (Beshik-Tash), with its brazen gates; and the palace occupied by young Prince Napoleon Buonaparte—before whose balconies lay moored the fine French War Ship "Roland." Ancient castles, peopled by imagination with faery visitants—modern country houses—picturesque villages, with their domes and minarets—hills and valleys—gardens—fields—and cemeteries: all combining to enhance the perfection of scenery on either side the Bosphorus. The only unpleasant objects, upon which our eyes occasionally rested, were the villanous countenances of our watermen, of whose evil propensities—as a class—we have heard frightful examples. In three hours we reached the Bay of Therapia, the shores of which are adorned with palaces and marble *kiosks*—favourite summer residences of the more wealthy inhabitants of Constantinople, who gladly flock hither to inhale pure breezes from the Black Sea. The shops are said to be amply furnished with European as well as Turkish articles, and we had luncheon at a very good hotel. Resuming our lowly cushioned seats in the *caiques*, we were rowed across to Hunkiar Skellessi, on the Asiatic coast—famous for a treaty between the Turks and Russians in 1833.* Here the Ottoman emperors formerly possessed a *kiosk*, but Sultan Selim converted the building into a paper mill, to supply his printing press at Scutari. Some dispute occurring between the gentlemen, our guide, and the boatmen, I sat down upon a wooded bank until the *knotty point*—whatever it might be—was satisfactorily decided. We then traversed a valley, at least a mile in length, where we met a British Engineer officer—employed in drawing plans and surveying the ground—who

* Colonel Chesney's "Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829."—Page 297.

informed us that this spot was the destined encampment of five thousand of our troops. At the further extremity of the Vale of Hunkiar Skellessi began a toilsome ascent, which the excessive heat of the weather rendered doubly fatiguing. Ever and anon we paused to take breath, and gather a few of the wild flowers that bloomed along our path in endless variety and profusion. At last we reached the summit, and were rewarded for our pains by a glorious view of the Bosphorus and Black Sea. Fifteen Turkish ships of war were under weigh in the Euxine, guarding its entrance. We seated ourselves on the grass, beneath some spreading trees—a frequently chosen spot for pic nics—near the Giant's Grave, which Muslim tradition calls the Tomb of Joshua. This mountain—the highest on the Bosphorus—is likewise crowned with a small wooden *kiosk*, and a college of Howling Dervishes—who brought us coffee, and delicious cold water from a neighbouring spring. We descended towards the valley by another but equally beautiful track, retraced our steps to the landing place, and were soon floating rapidly in the direction of Constantinople. We felt too much exhausted to land at the "Sweet Waters of Asia," consoling ourselves with a vague report—that "they were hardly worth seeing!"

Sunday, May 7th. The Bishop of Gibraltar is staying at Mysseri's hotel, and preached at church this morning. His Lordship, who is attended by his chaplain, has a singularly benevolent expression of countenance. The afternoon has turned out very wet and cold: what a contrast to the almost tropical warmth of yesterday!

Tuesday, May 9th. The rain continued until late last night; and, in spite of the extremely muddy state of the streets—which are at all times very dirty—we walked to the Bazaars with Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie, who kindly agreed to accompany us. There, one can stroll for hours among the motley crowd, and ever find new sources of amusement. In the shops, we saw some superb gentlemen's dressing-gowns of gold

and silver brocaded satin; and also embroidered jackets for ladies, of the most costly description. On our return homewards, we were caught in a violent shower, and obliged to take refuge in the studio of Mr. Robertson, superintendent of the Turkish Mint—and whose photographic drawings are universally admired—until Vincenzo could be summoned to our release, with a cargo of cloaks and umbrellas. We had several visitors in the course of the day.

Wednesday, May 10th. This morning was occupied in leave takings, and much we regretted that the day of our departure had at length arrived. Contrary to expectation, Vincenzo experienced the greatest possible trouble and annoyance in passing our luggage through the Custom House; for every trunk, carpet bag, and portmanteau, was closely searched, and duty charged not only upon each article—no matter how trifling—that we had purchased at Constantinople; but likewise upon certain things we had ourselves brought from England! Such treatment, in the present state of affairs between the two countries, was really too bad. General Pennefather and Mr. Starkie, with their invariable kindness, came on board the "Louksor" to wish us good bye.

This French steamer is very handsomely and commodiously fitted up. Miss —— and myself have a nice little private cabin leading out of the saloon, furnished with two good sized mahogany bedsteads, a large dressing table with a looking glass, and plenty of water jugs and washing basins. The table is served in the style of a first rate Parisian hotel: in short, I had no idea that a steam ship *could* be so thoroughly comfortable. Our fellow passengers are principally Greeks; but there is one Armenian family, and likewise a few other individuals of different nations, besides whole tribes of children. We did not weigh anchor until long after the appointed hour, as the Captain waited for his despatches from Prince Napoleon; but the weather was delightful, and we lingered on deck — watching first the effect of a gorgeous sunset —

and then the rising of a clear bright moon, over the never to be forgotten scenes that lay before us. With longing eyes, we bade a last farewell to those pretty bird-like *caiques*, moving gently to and fro among countless vessels of more stately build.

Friday, May 12th. A continuance of the finest weather it has yet been my good fortune to enjoy at sea, wafted us in speed and safety to the Pirœus, where the "Louksor" dropped her anchor very early this morning. Doomed to twenty-four hours' imprisonment before proceeding to Athens, we have found airy apartments in the Lazzaretto—supplied with necessary furniture by the landlord of the Pirœus Hotel. The room adjoining our own is inhabited by an agreeable American family, consisting of a Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and their niece, whom we frequently met in the course of our Eastern travels. A few French gentlemen of our acquaintance are also here. We had a good plain dinner, succeeded by Vincenzo's "Abbas Pacha" coffee; and sauntered about within our prison walls—finding little to attract our notice save the uniform of the Guardiano, which is decidedly becoming to well-proportioned men like the Greeks. A slight shower came down as we were leaving the steamer, and now the atmosphere appears sultry, and the sky so lowering, that we rather dread a thunder storm. H. B. M. S. "Leander" is lying at anchor in the Pirœus. A large French Man of War steamer—"Euphrate"—of two thousand tons, was leaving the harbour—bound for Constantinople—as we entered. Fifteen hundred French troops, and also Lord Napier, were on board. Her crew cheered the "Leander" as they passed, which courtesy was of course returned by our brave seamen with true British heartiness.

Saturday, May 13th. The dragoman brought coffee betimes, and greatly did we stand in need of *some* restorative; for we had scarcely closed our eyes during the night, so voraciously unmerciful were the attacks of fleas and mosquitos! Moreover, we did not anticipate such a

grievance, as both our apartments and bedding *looked* most scrupulously clean. Of course, very exorbitant prices were demanded for this compulsory detention; viz., fifteen French francs a head for a perfectly plain dinner, and three dollars for each room! Some of the gentlemen positively refused to yield, and the Americans threatened to apply for redress to their Consul at Athens. This determined resistance ultimately produced the effect of a *compromise;* and after considerable wrangling the bills were paid, and peace in a great measure restored. We then made our bows to a smirking Greek doctor, by way of proving beyond a doubt the unimpaired state of our health—a fact which the medical officer was far too polite to deny—and our several names, ages, and nations, were forthwith written down in a book. All these important events occurred before half-past nine o'clock, when we gladly started for Athens—a distance of five miles—in a light *barouche.* Habituated as we had become to rough travelling, it seemed quite extraordinary to be driven at a rapid pace, in a particularly easy carriage, and along a broad macadamized road, with well cultivated fields on either side. We passed, on our right, a monument erected in honour of those Greeks who fell bravely fighting against the Turks in 1827. About half way, we stopped a few minutes near a *café,* to water the horses; and, at Vincenzo's request, tasted *rosoglio.* The landscape comprised rocks and mountains, vineyards, fields, and gardens—lastly, the Acropolis, and other proud memorials of bygone days. We entered modern Athens—a much less wretched town than I had been led to expect—and drove to Mr. Elias Polychronopolis' excellent Hotel. Our landlord is exceedingly civil; and being a tall fine looking man, his national costume suits him admirably: his jacket is magnificently embroidered in gold. The Greeks are celebrating *their* first of May. Suspended from a nail, in the saloon, hangs a round cake—or loaf of bread—open in the centre, and ornamented with dyed eggs.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

Sunday, May 14th. Awoke from *undisturbed slumbers* to the sound of a very respectable military band, and saw soldiers on parade before our windows. This day was extremely warm. We attended Divine Service at the English Church, the walls of which are adorned in a singular manner with painted scrolls, containing texts of Scripture. There were, perhaps, twenty people present. In the afternoon we took a drive. First passing the University, and then the Royal Palace—a large quadrangular edifice with a marble portico—we went straight to the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, which stands upon an artificial platform on the northern bank of the Ilissus. Sixteen enormous Corinthian columns of Pentelic marble—one of which lies prostrate—alone remain to attest the original size and grandeur of this noble building. Our next object was the Prison of Socrates, consisting of four caverns—one of them bearing marks of an iron door—hewn in the rocky base of Musæum Hill. The ancient Athenian Stadium—on the southern bank of the now dry bed of the Ilissus—is almost entirely covered with long grass, but its form and interior dimensions are still distinctly traceable: the view from thence is beautiful and extensive—comprising the Attic Plain, with its ruins—the modern city of Athens—the Acropolis—the harbour of the Pirœus—and the Bay of Salamis. The Temple of Theseus has been converted into a museum, and contains—besides curious and valuable inscriptions—some most exquisite statues, bas-reliefs, vases, and fragments, of Grecian sculpture; while in front of its well preserved portico are the carved marble chairs of the Areopagite Judges. The so called "Lantern of Demosthenes"—or "Diogenes"—more correctly termed "Choragic Monument of Lysicrates"—is the sole relic of an avenue of tripodal temples, erected by the Choragi, in honour of the god Bacchus. Casts of its once beautifully sculptured frieze—representing Bacchus in the act of punishing the Tyrrhenian pirates—were taken by desire of Lord Elgin, who deposited them in the British Museum. The Arch of Hadrian—

as testified by its inscriptions—stood between the two parts into which Athens was formerly divided.

About five o'clock we drove to the public promenade, where a military band plays every Sunday for the amusement of the people. The music was well selected, and the performers worthy of a better set of instruments. We had great pleasure and excitement in looking at the assembled crowd, most of whom were pedestrians. The women are not generally pretty, nor is their costume half so becoming as that of the men. The arrival of their Majesties—on horseback—was the signal for the band to commence playing; and we were fortunate enough to see the royal cavalcade pass several times close by our carriage. King Otho's personal appearance is quite as unlikely to command the respect of his subjects, as his intellectual qualities are calculated to benefit their condition. He wore on this occasion a splendid Greek dress, but is certainly one of the most insignificant looking men I ever saw, and seems in miserable health. The Queen—who rode a beautiful bay horse—has a fine figure, and a good natured German face. Her riding habit was of brown cloth, and her hat black beaver—similar to those of our own *amazones*. Though not particularly popular, she is universally acknowledged to possess talents of a very superior order to those of her imbecile consort.

Monday, May 15th. Leaving the Hotel this lovely morning soon after half-past six, we drove past the handsome building inhabited by the French and Bavarian ministers, the residence of Sir Thomas Wyse, and the royal gardens. Early sunbeams shone brightly upon the gorgeous ruins of the Acropolis, which we had never thought so immeasurably grand before. The Grecian roads are admirable, and the peasantry appear to be in general comfortably housed and well clad. We saw noble breeds of sheep and cattle both in Greece and near Constantinople. In the neighbourhood of Athens the mulberry tree is much cultivated. The Greeks are skilful husbandmen, and their fertile

soil is capable of the highest tillage; but with an incompetent sovereign, a corrupt government, and the disadvantages attendant upon the present state of affairs in Europe, there can be few substantial inducements to persevering industry; and yet, in spite of every drawback, the modern Greeks—with natural cleverness and thirst for knowledge—are rapidly advancing towards prosperity and civilization.

In less than two hours we reached the village of Kevisia—the birth-place of Menander—where capital horses, sent on last night from Athens, awaited our arrival. Here was a tavern, before which grew a venerable oak of wonderfully prodigious girth; and beneath whose widely spreading branches were placed some benches, chairs, and tables—the latter graced by bouquets of fresh flowers. We mounted our steeds, and rode away—past groves of pine and olive; and through a district of rocky hills, where we became seriously alarmed by sudden indications of a violent storm. Happily, the sky soon cleared again; and our intelligent guide—who, for a man in his station of life, is marvellously well read in ancient history—assured us that such threatenings are very common in this part of Greece. The sea view, and descent towards the Plain of Marathon were beautiful in the extreme; but it was a task of no small difficulty to force a path among the thickly growing shrubs and twisted branches of the taller trees. Flowers bloomed luxuriantly. We rested for a short time at the pretty hamlet of Vranà, situated at the foot of Mount Pentelicus. The people appeared glad to see strangers, and provided us with hard boiled eggs. There is a very nice little church here.

Our track now lay through the richest corn fields, ready for reaping, to a large Tumulus—the grave of one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell at the Battle of Marathon.* Not far from this mound are the remains of a square building, formed of huge blocks of white marble, called the Tower of Miltiades. Passing the village of Marathon, we

* Wordsworth's "Greece."—Page 163.

began to ascend; and made the best of our way back to Kevisia, where we had left the carriage. This excursion occupied thirteen hours and a half, nine of which we were on horseback—the whole distance being fifty-two miles.

We meet each day at the *table d'hôte* a party of French and German *savans*, whose conversation upon the past and present state of Greece is extremely interesting. An Archæological Society has been formed at Athens—in connection with that of London—and its members have succeeded in obtaining a government prohibition against the removal of antiquities from this country, on any pretence whatever.

Tuesday, May 16th. In the carriage at half-past seven, a. m.—our fatigues of yesterday entirely forgotten—and were waylaid on the road by a man carrying a basket of sweet scented *bouquets*, tastefully arranged on sticks. Our first object was the sight of Plato's Academy, enclosed within a garden and olive grove: a very few fragments remain—piled together—of what was once the *stadium*. On our return towards the town, we saw a windmill for raising water—the supply of which at Athens, from want of proper care, is strikingly deficient.

Next, we ascended—by sixteen steps cut in the rock—to the Areopagus (Mars' Hill), where Paul preached to "the men of Athens." * A noble prospect is beheld from its summit, comprising every historic scene connected with Athenian greatness. The Acropolis commands a still more magnificent view; and the amazed traveller for a moment heeds not the surpassing beauty of the ruins themselves, in contemplating the majesty of their position. Our guide pointed out the Gulf of Salamis—the Morea—Mounts Parnes, Hymettus, and Pentelicus—the Pnix—Monument of Philopappus, &c. The broad staircase, leading from the Propylea to the Parthenon, has been restored according to its original plan. The Erectheum is divided into two chambers; one of

* Acts xvii. 22.

which was dedicated to Minerva Polias, the other to Pandrosus, and its southern portico is supported by Caryatides. The little Temple of Victory—built entirely of Parian marble—has two façades, and its eight Ionic columns are surmounted by a sculptured frieze, to represent the Battle of Marathon. There is a Museum on the Acropolis, containing curious specimens of bronze and clay figures, vases and other antiquities; while, between the temples, are collected—and placed in the neatest order—exquisite fragments of sculpture, bas reliefs, capitals of columns, and small marble statues—one of which (a Bear) is admirably executed! A guard of soldiers is constantly on the watch, to prevent theft or mutilation. On the south western base of this celebrated Cecropian hill appear some vestiges of the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, who erected it in honour of his wife, Regilla. Before visiting the Acropolis, it is necessary to procure a written pass, available for twenty-four hours. The cost is very trifling, and the money thus received forms a small fund in aid of carrying on excavations, and improving the museum.

The weather was tremendously hot, and we returned to the Hotel for a short time. *Athens of the past* had fully engrossed our morning's attention: we were now to regard *her present abject slavery*—and see King Otho's Palace! Accordingly, we drove thither at five o'clock; and waited about half an hour near the Grand entrance, until their Majesties had started on their daily ride. The apartments are showily decorated, and in the picture gallery is a collection of portraits and historical paintings relating to Greece. The state bedrooms are meanly furnished; and from one end of the palace to the other, a certain air of negligence is strikingly apparent, exhibiting in painful contrast, the tinsel glitter of royalty bereft of sufficient means to sustain its grandeur. The floors are sadly in need of a good scrubbing, and the windows disgracefully dirty! The gardens and shrubberies are, however, very pretty, and admirably kept: openings between the trees—most judiciously arranged—afford charming vistas on

all sides. In the conservatory is an ancient and well preserved mosaic pavement, discovered on the spot within the last few years.

Wednesday, May 17th. Breakfasted early, and took our final departure from Athens. Crossing the Cephissus, we shortly entered the defile of Daphne, where is a finely situated Greek monastery—now in ruins—erected upon the site of the temple of Apollo. The church is said to be the oldest in Attica, and some curious antique paintings adorn its screen. The neighbouring Temple of Venus supplied materials for the construction of these buildings. Our attention was next directed to the tomb of Strabo (?); and a little further, we came to an ancient aqueduct and cistern. We also stopped to examine a small stone structure, containing statues; the most remarkable of which is a colossal figure of Jupiter, whose head is broken off, and lies upon the ground. On our right was the Via Sacra. Arrived at the ruined Acropolis of Eleusis—which city claimed the distinction of being the place where corn was first sown—we ascended a steep and lofty height, from whose summit we beheld the open bay and port of Salamis; and the Eleusinian Plain, with its scattered columns, blocks of marble, and other vestiges of a proud and mighty city. We wandered about among the remains of the Temple of Ceres, the aqueduct, and portions of walls that once extended from the Acropolis to the sea shore—half a mile distant. A picturesque country inn, with a wooden bench and table outside, tempted us to sit down and have some coffee. Both men and women were attired in the national Greek dress, but none of them wore coins in the manner described by Mr. Willis. * We passed a succession of splendid crops of ripe grain, † and also the ruins of a small church. At the Piræus, we found Vincenzo, with a boat in readiness, to convey us to a rocky

* "Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean."—Page 157.

† Throughout Greece, the corn is generally cut early in the morning, *while still green*, and ripens in the sun before night. We saw quantities of barley thus spread upon the ground.

promontory at the harbour's mouth, where the Tomb of Themistocles overlooks that scene of his glory—the Gulf of Salamis! The sarcophagus is open and oblong, lying between slippery rocks, and the Ægæan sea washes completely over it. I happened to have a fine *bouquet* of flowers in my hand, and fancied I could not dispose of it more *romantically* than by throwing it into the Athenian warrior's grave; but all Mr. T.'s efforts were vain to fix it firmly in the sand, and I doubt not that my unworthy offering was soon borne to a distance by the waves. We gathered seaweed and tiny shells from within the tomb, as a valuable addition to our stock of treasures; and left the Pirœus at half-past four p. m. in the French steamer "Pericles." There are too many passengers for *comfort*, but fortunately the weather continues fine. I never saw anything so magnificent as our last glimpse of the Parthenon, at sunset this evening.

Sunday, May 21st. We did not land at Syra *—that most flourishing of Grecian seaports—so famous for its healthy climate and fertile soil. The sea had become gradually rougher; and a wretched attempt at breakfast was immediately followed by a *tossing* from the "Pericles" into the "Osiris"—another French vessel—crowded with passengers and kegs of leeches from stem to stern. The only advantage we gained by the exchange, was the pleasure of finding Mr. Starkie and Mr. Crosse on board. Our companions *below* consisted of two French and five Greek ladies: one of the latter nearly died from sea sickness; indeed, there was hardly a single individual, except the ship's crew, who did not suffer more or less on this particularly disagreeable voyage. A head wind blew directly against us until we reached the harbour of Valetta at eleven o'clock to-day. Here we were met by Salvo—who had made a stormy passage from Smyrna—with a boat ready to take us at once on shore.

* We arrived at Syra about two in the morning, and remained there until late in the afternoon.

We landed at the very spot, and walked up the same flight of broad stone steps, by which we groped our way on the evening of our former hurried visit. We drove at once to Dunsford's Hotel, (the Clarence), where we enjoyed the luxury of warm baths, made our *toilettes*, ordered the carriage again, and drove round the Quarantine Harbour to Miss Graham's pretty Villa at Sliema. There was a refreshing sea breeze all day, which tempered the otherwise excessive heat of the weather. The streets of Valetta are remarkably handsome, and their extreme cleanliness is most striking to those just returned from the East; but the glaring sun, reflected upon so many yellow buildings, distresses one's eyes in a painful manner, and must be very injurious to the sight.

Monday, May 22nd. This day has been devoted to shopping, and seeing the beautiful Cathedral of St. John. I need not here repeat what has already been so often ably described, and is universally known. We passed from one gorgeous chapel to another; admired Caravaggio's celebrated picture—Beheading of St. John; and the splendid Monuments of the Grand Masters. The mosaic pavement—displaying effigies of the Knights, in white marble—is kept covered with matting, and only exhibited twice a month: however, at our request a small portion was shown to us. The French steamer "Mérovée," in which our passage is taken to Marseilles, has sustained some injury, and cannot start before to-morrow afternoon.

Tuesday, May 23rd. Drove through a flat uninteresting country to Città Vecchia, situated in the centre of the island, of which it was formerly the capital. Its Cathedral is dedicated to St. Paul, and *is said* to occupy the site of the house of Publius, who was Roman governor at the time of that Apostle's shipwreck.* Here are some curious tombs of the old Bishops, and a Byzantine full length figure of St. Paul, painted on wood, and in *bas-relief;* the drapery is ornamented with silver. The "Room

* Acts xxviii. 7.

of the Synod" contains several antique chairs, and its walls are hung with a series of quaint portraits. A church was erected, about two hundred years ago, over the Grotto wherein *they say* St. Paul lived during his three months' residence at Melita; and which cave enshrines his marble statue, executed by Gaffa. The Catacombs are well worth visiting; they are very extensive, and divided into chambers and passages—the former generally arranged for the reception of two bodies. These excavations were probably made by the early Christians, and intended for places of refuge. We had not time to drive to St. Paul's bay;* nor to Crendi, where large Cyclopean remains were discovered by Sir Henry Bouverie. The Gardens of St. Antonio—the Governor's summer Palace—are prettily laid out, and we found their shade exceedingly agreeable after several hours' exposure to the heat of a broiling sun. In the coach-house is preserved the unwieldy carriage—160 years old—of the last Grand Master of Malta; which, with its costly adornments of gilding, carved work, and white satin lining, must have been a marvellously grand vehicle in its day.

We have made a deplorable exchange from Mrs. Dunsford's most comfortable Hotel to the dirty crowded "Mérovée;" and have also taken leave of our fellow travellers, Mr. Crosse and Mr. Starkie, with great regret; for to their invariable good humour and kindness we owe a considerable share of our enjoyment during a long and interesting tour. We left Valetta harbour this lovely evening at seven o'clock; the quay was crowded with people.

Wednesday, May 24th. I awoke betimes with Mount Etna full in view; and was only too glad to leave my narrow sofa, and the absolute suffocation of our cabin—notwithstanding the manifold *désagrémens* I necessarily encountered on deck—of noise, confusion and bad smells. Shortly after one o'clock we anchored in the spacious harbour of Messina;

* Introduction to Murray's "Hand-Book for Travellers in the East."—XLV.

and, waiting patiently until all doubts were cleared up as to whether we should be allowed to land, we finally went on shore. A broad terrace, called "Marina," follows the curve of the coast, and forms a noble promenade above a mile in length; the buildings suffered materially from the earthquake of 1783, but have been in some measure restored. The Cathedral—erected at different periods—was founded by Count Robert the Norman, in 1698; and those magnificent granite columns, supporting the nave, were taken from a Temple of Neptune at the Faro.* The elegant and elaborately carved pulpit is constructed of two solid pieces of white marble: a light staircase of bronze leads to its octagonal rostrum. This Cathedral also contains a few admirable Florentine mosaics, rich in *lapis lazuli*. The altars were decked out with vases of artificial flowers and numerous wax tapers—tomorrow being the Feast of Ascension. We met several droves of fine oxen on the quay, with splendid horns.

Towards sunset, most exquisite lights and shadows were thrown along the beautiful mountain range that nearly encircles Messina. The sea was of a deeper blue than ever; and as evening advanced, we beheld phosphoric lights dancing upon the water, and occasionally a falling star. The volcanic island of Stromboli lay directly in our course.

Thursday, May 25th. We entered the Bay of Naples at a very early hour this morning. A light smoke issued from the crater of Vesuvius; while Ischia, Capri, Baiæ, Pozzuoli, Sorrento, and the gay luxurious city, with its extensive suburbs—all these well remembered objects rose gradually before us like a passing dream. The streets of Naples are wonderfully improved in cleanliness, and many old unsightly houses have been demolished within the last ten years. Most of the shops were closed, but we gained admittance into an excellent one, on the Chiaja, famous for its assortment of coral and lava. We saw a large

* "Belgium, The Rhine, Italy, Greece, and the Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean." Vol. II. page 71.

procession of priests, carrying the Host; and likewise a troop of remarkably well mounted cavalry.

Friday, May 26th. Cività Vecchia by daybreak—and then began all the dirt and confusion inseparable from *coaling*. We went on shore as soon as possible, hired a carriage, and drove six miles to see some ancient Baths, which are filled from a boiling spring, and even now used, although in ruinous condition. From its retired situation, this spot was formerly a chosen haunt of banditti. Cività Vecchia is a more important looking place than I expected. In one of the Churches we saw an immense wooden crucifix, the carving of which is entirely spoiled by bad painting and a high varnish.

There has been a fearful increase of passengers on board the "Mérovée." These French steamers are allowed to convey unlimited numbers; consequently, mattrasses lie side by side upon the cabin floors, as close as they *can* be put; while many people prefer the open deck, for the weather continues calm and clear. We have passed the Island of Elba.

Saturday, May 27th. Reached Leghorn—whose harbour was crowded with shipping—by five a. m., and landed before breakfast—the instant our passport was returned. The *Duomo* is chiefly interesting to English travellers, from its *façade* having been designed by Inigo Jones. We also went into the Jews' Synagogue during service. The officiating rabbi was attired like a Roman Catholic priest; the men did not take off their hats, and wore white scarfs; and the women sat by themselves in a latticed gallery. The present Grand Duke of Tuscany has wrought manifold changes for the better in the appearance of Leghorn. We drove to look at a great Cistern which supplies the whole town with water, brought thither by an aqueduct, from a distance of twelve miles: the depth of water in the cistern is about thirty feet.

To our inexpressible comfort, several passengers have left the "Mérovée;" and to-night we shall probably have our cabin nearly to

ourselves. Soon after six o'clock we lay at anchor in the Bay of Genoa. It was the second time we had thus approached "Genova la Superba." *Now*, we beheld the "city of palaces" and its mountain background, studded with villas, on a lovely Italian summer's evening; while *before*—many years ago, in the month of February—we saw pale moonlight slowly and beautifully blending into break of day. Our passport was delayed so long that we were unable to land, which was a sad disappointment to us; and we were obliged to console ourselves with listening to a party of musicians, principally women, who came close to the steamer in a boat. One of them played the violin, another the guitar, and they all sang tolerably well in chorus, selections from different operas.

Friday, May 26th. The sea became rougher during the night than was by any means agreeable, owing to the mutual flow of the Gulf of Lyons and Bay of Genoa. We landed at Marseilles about four this afternoon, have secured comfortable apartments at the Hôtel Beauvais, and were politely treated *à la Douane*—the only duty charged being £1 upon Vincenzo's box of cigars, which he has wisely left in safe custody until his return.

Saturday, May 27th. Left Marseilles by railroad at one o'clock to-day. The neighbourhood is very pretty, interspersed with handsome *châteaux*, and abounding in mulberry and olive trees—the latter are, however, mere shrubs compared with those we have seen elsewhere. At Avignon, we have taken up our abode until to-morrow evening at the excellent Hôtel du Palais Royal, kept by Madame Pieron, one of the most attentive landladies I ever knew. Before dinner, we accompanied Mrs. Kennedy and her sons in a ramble through this interesting old town; and first passed the ancient Mint of Papal times, at present used as a Police barrack. The Cathedral contains the tombs of John XXII. and Benedict XII.; the former is richly carved, but has been dreadfully mutilated by

the Revolutionists. In the choir stands the Popes' Throne—of white marble, carved with the Lion of St. Mark, and the Winged Bull of St. Luke. The Papal Palace is of vast extent, but no longer shown to strangers, being now converted into a barrack and prison. We next ascended the Rocher des Dons—upon whose cliffs the Cathedral is founded—to a broad rocky platform; and advancing towards the Telegraph—erected near the edge of a frightful precipice—we enjoyed what is universally acknowledged to be one of the most magnificent views in France; comprising—the city of Avignon—the confluence of the Rhone and Durance—numerous country houses—the fertile valley, bounded on the south by a range of barren hills, and on the north east by the distant mountains of Vaucluse—and the towers of the old frontier fortress of Villeneuve. From thence we descended to the *Hospice des Insenées,* for the purpose of seeing a beautiful Ivory Crucifix—by making which the artist not only saved his nephew from execution, but obtained the privilege during his own lifetime, of redeeming a condemned criminal once in every year. We did not go over the Hospital, which is said to be admirably conducted under the superintendence of *les Sœurs de Charité.*

Monday, May 29th. The railroad is still unfinished between Avignon and Chalons; we therefore secured the *coupé* of the Diligence, and reached Lyons early this afternoon. Since our arrival, we have visited the *Palais des Beaux Arts*—in the *Place des Terreaux*—which contains a valuable collection of Paintings; a superb Mosaic Pavement, discovered on the site of the temple of Augustus, at Ainay;* some smaller Pavements, found at Lyons, or in the immediate neighbourhood; Roman

* "The middle age name of Ainay is Athenæum, and most of the historians of Lyons are unanimous in supposing that it is built upon the site of the Athenæum founded by Caligula, and the buildings of which joined to or included the Augustan altar."—Murray's Hand Book for France.—Page 368.

Bronzes; curious old China; an Egyptian Sarcophagus; Mummies in glass cases; &c. At the *Hôtel de Ville* we saw two famous bronze statues representing the rivers Rhone and Saone, whose pedestals are decorated with appropriate trophies.

Tuesday, May 30th. Breakfasted at Chalons, while the Diligence—divested of its wheels—was hoisted upon the railway truck; and before five p. m. were at Paris, in our apartments at the Hôtel de Windsor.

Thursday, June 1st. We proceeded to Calais—per rail—last night, had a frightfully rough passage to Dover, and arrived in London about seven this morning. I am truly grieved to feel that our delightful tour is now ended. It has been fraught with unbounded interest and gratification: I trust, also with lasting benefit to our hearts and minds. We have been graciously protected from dangers, and enabled to endure certain hardships which *must* fall to the lot of every Eastern traveller.

NOTE.

It may prove interesting to the reader, who has not yet travelled in the East, to be informed of what we found essentially important towards lessening those *desagrémens* inseparable from such a journey as I have imperfectly endeavoured to describe in the foregoing pages. With this conviction, I will briefly add a few suggestions; premising, that in my humble opinion, no person should pass through these countries otherwise than as we did ourselves—not compromising the honour of his nation, either by parsimonious closeness, or wasteful extravagance—but as accords with the proper position which a lady or gentleman ought always to maintain, while resolving to secure every comfort that money can provide, and the different localities afford.

The routes to Egypt are these:—First, by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers—very fine and fast vessels—sailing from Southampton to Alexandria, calling at Gibraltar and Malta. Secondly, through France to Marseilles—thence, by very large and swift steamers, belonging to the same Company, to Malta, in two days and a half—then to Alexandria, and (if required) joining the Peninsular and Oriental Indian steamer. Thirdly, by vessels belonging to *Les Messageries Impériales*—French Company—calling at Malta—to Alexandria. Fourthly, through Austria to Trieste; and from thence by Austrian Lloyd's steamers. Both of these Companies have excellent vessels on that line.

The most independent manner of proceeding is to make a contract with a Dragoman or Interpreter—either Maltese, Arab, or Greek—any of whom may be found by enquiry at Muir's Library, or Dunsford's Hotel, Malta—having good recommendations from other travellers—to provide everything necessary for the journey. In this agreement, whatever is expected from the Dragoman should be explicitly defined. I have given a copy of Mr. T.'s contract with Vincenzo Belluti, for the guidance of

those who may hereafter wish to adopt a similar plan; simply remarking, that during a nine months' tour, not once had we occasion to find fault with our Dragoman's arrangements; and as to our table, he very often put *too much* upon it. Mr. T. never had a dispute with him about money matters, to the amount of a single para. English sovereigns, or French napoleons, are the most convenient coins; but for so long a journey, the quantity required would be too great to carry, and a temptation to robbery. Coutts' circular notes for £20 and £25 each, are best. In silver coins, five franc and smaller pieces must be taken. Before leaving Alexandria, Turkish or Egyptian Megeedis (silver) or five franc pieces; and also Paras—small copper money—particularly for Egypt, Syria, and Palestine—where the peasantry are so poor that they cannot exchange, and prefer to keep their goods unsold, rather than not receive the exact sum in *small* coin. The arrangements for receiving and forwarding letters in the East are exceedingly slow and defective. The safest plan is to have them sent via Marseilles, to the care of the Banker on whom you have circular notes; giving him instructions where to transmit them.

The sudden changes of temperature in these climates render an ample supply of both warm and light clothing absolutely necessary. I would recommend flannel shirts and woollen clothes even in hot weather; and avoid exposure to those heavy mists which fall at night.

Carefully guard against giving grounds of offence to the Arabs. Conciliate them, and they will do all they can for you. The merest trifle, judiciously offered, will secure their favour; and undoubtedly it lies in their power to make your journey agreeable or very much the reverse. Treat them firmly, but in the spirit of kindness; and, like the rest of the world, they will behave well to you. Treat them harshly, and their savage nature knows no bounds to revenge.

THE END.

ALEXANDRIA, 3rd October, 1853.

The following agreement has been entered into between Thomas Tobin and Vincenzo Belluti—Dragoman of Malta :—

CLAUSE I.—Vincenzo Belluti to accompany Thomas Tobin and his family as guide and interpreter, cook, and general servant, in their Tour up the Nile, through Egypt, across the Long Desert to Mount Sinai, by Nakhel (Sakhel) to Gaza, to Jaffa, to Jerusalem; from thence to Jericho, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, Mar Saba, the Pools of Solomon, Bethlehem, back to Jerusalem; from thence to Nazareth and Tiberias; to Damascus, Palmyra, Baalbec, and by Cedars of Lebanon to Beiroot; thence to Smyrna, to Constantinople and Turkey, to Greece and the Ionian Isles, to Malta, and to any other places the said Thomas Tobin may wish to go to. The route to be taken, the time, place, and duration of halts and stoppages, to be entirely under the direction of said Thomas Tobin.

CLAUSE II.—The said Vincenzo Belluti is to provide food and lodging—both as good as can be procured—and a sufficient number of camels, horses, and mules; to travel with the greatest possible despatch; also water carriage when necessary; tents and bedding, and every thing required for the journey.

CLAUSE III.—Vincenzo Belluti is to pay all expenses of this journey of any kind whatever, and is to provide guards when necessary—all backsheesh or tribute of every kind is to be paid by him; excepting that in the case of said Thomas Tobin and his family visiting Palmyra, the Sheikh of the Palmyra Arabs is to be paid by him, the said Thomas Tobin.

CLAUSE IV.—It is agreed between the said Thomas Tobin and Vincenzo Belluti that this contract shall remain in force and effect for four months from this date, provided said Thomas Tobin be satisfied

with the manner said Vincenzo Belluti fulfils his part of this agreement; and if said Thomas Tobin wishes it, it is agreed that he shall be at liberty to extend the duration of this contract to any longer period he may desire, not exceeding nine months, at the same rate of payment to Vincenzo Belluti as is specified in next clause.

CLAUSE V.—In consideration of the faithful performance of this agreement by the said Vincenzo Belluti, Thomas Tobin agrees to pay to him, the said Vincenzo Belluti, twenty-five shillings sterling per day for each and every person of his party—consisting of four persons—beyond which no further sum is to be asked on any pretence whatever.

CLAUSE VI.—If from illness or any other cause said Thomas Tobin should not wish to proceed on this tour, he is to pay to said Vincenzo Belluti thirty pounds sterling for his travelling expenses back to Malta.

CLAUSE VII.—It is distinctly understood between said Thomas Tobin and said Vincenzo Belluti, that the Clause VI in this contract shall only be in force and effect in case that from illness or any other cause said Thomas Tobin shall not prosecute his journey, and fully complete the four months specified in Clause IV in this contract.

CLAUSE VIII.—It is agreed that this contract shall commence this third day of October, 1853.

Signed, THOMAS TOBIN,
Signed, VINCENZO BELLUTI.

£150, 4th October, 1853, received one hundred and fifty pounds.
50, 13th October, 1853, received fifty pounds.
100, 12th December, 1853, received one hundred pounds.
100, 13th December, 1853, received one hundred pounds.
600, 21st June, 1854, received six hundred pounds.

£1,000.

Signed, VINCENZO BELLUTI.

CHURCH AND HÔSPICE OF MOUNT CARMEL.

I HAVE translated these particulars relating to the Convent on Mount Carmel, from an Italian pamphlet given to me by "Brother Charles," during our delightful visit to that beautiful and interesting locality.

C. T.

BROTHER GIOVANNI BATTISTA,

ARCHITECT OF CARMEL.

Perchance, one of these days, you may meet in the streets of Paris a handsome Carmelite monk, of grave countenance, with long grizzly beard; his shoulders covered with a levantine mantle, and his loins girded with an Arab belt: * should you address him, he would answer you in the purest Roman; since he is a native of Frascati, and a member of the Casini family: moreover, if urged by curiosity on perceiving his rich and imposing costume, nearly forgotten in our own France, you were to ask him his religion; he would reply that he is of the same creed which conducted Godfrey de Bouillon to Jerusalem and Saint Louis to Tunis.

The history of this man, although a perfectly simple one, is extremely edifying to ourselves, with whom *Fidelity* begins once again to raise her head. It is as follows:—

In 1819, Brother Giovanni Battista, then living at Rome, received an order to set out for Palestine, and investigate minutely, in his

* Brother Giovanni Battista subsequently wore the proper dress of his Order.

capacity of architect, what means should be employed to rebuild the Convent on Mount Carmel.

Carmel, as everybody knows, is one of the Holy Mountains; and, like Horeb and Sinai, has been hallowed by God's presence. Its lofty ridge rises between Tyre and Cæsarea, and is separated from St. Jean d'Acre by the Gulf of Caifa only. It is five hours distant from Nazareth, and two days' journey from Jerusalem. When the Twelve Tribes were separated, the northern division of Carmel fell to the lot of Asher, who built houses there; Zabulon made his dwelling on the eastern slopes; and Issachar pitched his tents towards the south. The sea washes its base to the westward, where Carmel juts boldly into the waves; and, as the European pilgrim advances, he hails from afar that first boundary of the Holy Land, upon whose sacred soil he may bend the knee.

Precisely there, on the summit of Carmel, did Elijah meet eight hundred and fifty false prophets, sent by Ahab; in order that a miracle should decide which was the true God, Baal or Jehovah. There, on that mountain top, were erected two altars, and victims were laid upon each of them. The false prophets invoked their idols, who remained deaf to every supplication. Elijah called upon the Lord, and had hardly prostrated himself in prayer, when fire descending from heaven at once consumed, not merely the wood and sacrifice, but even the stones of Baal's altar. The vanquished prophets were immediately put to death, and God's righteous name was glorified. This event occurred nine hundred years before Christ.

From that day Carmel continued in possession of the Faithful. Elijah left to Elisha, not only his cloak, but his cave likewise; and to Elisha succeeded the Sons of the Prophets, who were the ancestors of St. John. After the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ, the Carmelite brotherhood exchanged the written law for that of grace; and, three hundred years subsequently, San Basilio gave these pious recluses an especial code of regulations. At

the period of the Crusades, the monks of Carmel abandoned the Greek ritual for that of Rome; and, from the days of St. Louis to those of Bonaparte, this convent, founded upon the identical spot where the inspired prophet built his altar, was free to travellers of every nation and religious creed: gratuitously open, to the glory of God, and also of Elijah—who was held in equal veneration by the Rabbin, because they believed him occupied in writing the history of all ages of the world; by the Persian Magi, who affirm that their master, Zoroaster, was his disciple; and finally, by the Muslims, who imagine he dwelt within a delightful oasis, containing the Fountain and Tree of Life, which rendered him immortal.

Thus was this holy mountain dedicated to the worship of God for two thousand six hundred years, until Napoleon besieged St. Jean d'Acre; and then, as usual, Carmel opened wide her gates, no longer to pilgrims and travellers, but to the wounded and the dying. During an interval of eight hundred years, had arrived thither—Titus, Louis IX., and Napoleon.

These three incursions from the West to the East were productive of fatal consequences. After Titus had succeeded in taking Jerusalem, the Roman soldiers pillaged the convent of Mount Carmel; subsequent to the abandonment of Palestine by the Christians, the Saracens murdered its inmates; lastly, after Bonaparte's defeat before St. Jean d'Acre, the Turks made themselves masters of the place, turned out the wounded French, dispersed the monks, broke the doors and windows, and reduced the holy asylum to an uninhabitable condition.

From that day nothing remained of the Convent but its shattered walls; and of the community one brother only, who had retired to Caifa; when Brother Giovanni Battista received orders from his Superior to visit Carmel, observe in what state the infidels had left God's holy dwelling, and ascertain the best means of rebuilding it.

Unfortunately, the moment was ill chosen: Abdallah Pasha commanded for the Porte; and that remorseless minister of the Sultan entertained the most profound hatred towards Christians, which the Greek revolution still further augmented. He wrote to the Sublime Emperor of the Ottomans that the Carmelite convent would serve as an enemy's stronghold, and craved permission to demolish it altogether. The desired leave was willingly granted: Abdallah undermined the monastery; and the Roman envoy beheld the last vestiges of an edifice, which he had come purposely to reconstruct, blown up into the air with gunpowder. Every inch of cultivated ground about Carmel was now again infested with wild animals: tigers and panthers, whom the vicinity of mankind had heretofore driven away, reappeared there with impunity; wandering Arabs, those children of the Desert, pitched their tents or dwelt in dreary caves among the ruins of the House of God; and on the very spot where was formerly exercised hospitality like that of St. Bernard and Certosa, travellers were doomed to perish, massacred by the Bedouins or devoured by savage beasts. All this happened in 1821. Nothing more could be done at Carmel, and Brother Giovanni Battista returned to Rome.

However, he had not abandoned his design. In 1826, he started for Constantinople; where, through the interest of France and the intercession of her ambassador, he obtained from Sultan Mahmoud, a firman which permitted the reconstruction of the monastery. Brother Giovanni Battista then repaired to Caifa, but the last monk of Carmel was already dead.

Without delay, he ascended the Holy Mountain alone, sat down upon the fragment of a Byzantine column, and there—pencil in hand—this clever architect, chosen to rebuild the Lord's House, made his plan for a new convent, handsomer than any of its predecessors: after he had finished the design, he calculated its expenses, which amounted to three hundred and fifty thousand francs; and then this extraordinary man, who thus wrought mentally, without immediately occupying himself in regard to the actual

execution, knocked at the first cottage door to which he came, and craved a morsel of bread for his evening meal.

The next day, he began to think how it would be possible to obtain the three hundred and fifty thousand francs, necessary for the completion of his meritorious undertaking.

The first idea that entered his mind, was to provide a revenue for the yet non-existent community: he had observed, five hours from Carmel and three hours from Nazareth, two deserted mills, abandoned probably on account of the war, or because the water which turned them now flowed in another direction; and so diligent was his search, that at the distance of one league he discovered a spring, which, by means of an aqueduct, could be easily conducted thither. Having found this spring, and certain that it would be quite practicable to set the mills in motion, Brother Giovanni Battista lost no time in obtaining them.

These mills belonged to a Druse family: a tribe, descended from those Israelites who worshipped the Golden Calf, they have preserved the idolatry of their forefathers; their women wear, even at the present day, a buffalo's horn for a head ornament; the poor wear it as it is taken from the animal, the rich have it plated or gilt. This family, composed of twenty persons, refused to part with land inherited from their ancestors, although the soil was entirely barren; they considered such an act would be a grievous sin. Brother Giovanni Battista therefore proposed that they should let the land which they declined to sell: to this arrangement their Chief gave his consent, and it was settled that the income derived from the mills should be divided into three portions; one for the owners, the remainder for the tenants.

Whereas the tenants must necessarily be two in number, one of them—viz., Giovanni Battista—contributed, as his proper share, his own industry, but it was requisite that another should supply the sum of money needful to restore the mills and construct the aqueduct. Brother Giovanni

Battista remembered a friendly Turk, with whom he became acquainted during his first journey, and asked him for nine thousand francs in aid of his laborious enterprize. The Turk led him into his treasury; for the Turks, who have neither revenues nor industry, possess even still, as in the "Thousand and one Nights," their hoards of gold and silver coins. From thence Brother Giovanni Battista took the sum he wanted, assigning towards its repayment one third of the profits from the mills; and, thanks to this earliest contribution, made by a Mussulman, the architect was enabled to lay the foundation of his important work. Respecting the returns, there was no occasion for complaint; for in less than twelve years, that portion set aside to repay the Christian deed of a follower of Mohammed, amply fulfilled all his expectations.

Did you ever hear of anything more simply grand than the act of this Christian Brother, who was induced to ask money from a Turk to rebuild the House of God? or more noble than the conduct of him who so readily lent it?

Verily, the reconstruction of Carmel was not merely a work of religion, but also of humanity. Carmel is, in fact, a sacred hotel; where are received, free of charge, pilgrims of every creed, the unfortunate of all countries; and where whoever comes has only to say—and he will receive food and lodging—"Brother, I am weary and hungry." *

Brother Giovanni Battista soon started on his first mendicancy, leaving the task of constructing the aqueduct and restoring the mills to an intelligent new convert; and, on the eve of departure, he wrote, that all those who were willing to unite themselves with the Superior of the Oriental Carmelites, should repair thither, and that in a short time a

* Every person, of whatever religion he may chance to be, is there received, lodged, and fed, gratuitously, for the space of three days; and in cases of illness he likewise receives all the succour that his situation demands. Besides, to the poor are given, at the moment of departure, victuals for their journey.

monastery would be erected to receive them. He then passed along the coasts of Asia Minor, the Ionian Isles, and the streets of Constantinople, asking alms from everyone in our Lord's name; and at the end of six months he returned to Carmel, bringing with him the sum of twenty thousand francs, sufficient to defray the first expenses of his edifice. Finally, on the feast of Corpus Domini, exactly seven years from the period of Abdallah Pasha's blowing up the walls of the old building, Brother Giovanni Battista laid the foundation stone of the new one.

But, at the close of that year, this money was exhausted: Brother Giovanni Battista accordingly went to Greece; and, bearer of another considerable sum of money, he for the second time returned, to direct the progress of a structure which continued augmenting, and was already sufficiently advanced to afford hospitality. Lamartine, Taylor, Champmartin, and Douzatz, were lodged there when they travelled through Palestine.

And in this manner did Brother Giovanni Battista—although he had reached the age of sixty years—steadily prosecute his undertaking. Eleven times did he set out from Carmel, and eleven times came back thither. During the six years' duration of his pilgrimages, he visited the entire of one hemisphere: he went to Jerusalem, Damascus, Beyrout, Tyre, Sidon, Jaffa, Rosetta, Alexandria, Cairo, Rome, Tripoli of Syria, Mount Lebanon, Smyrna, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Tripoli of Africa, Syracuse, Girgenti, Palermo, Taranto, Algiers, Tunis, Gibraltar, and even penetrated within the states of Marocco. He travelled over all Italy, Corsica, Sardinia, the whole of Spain, part of England—and lastly, France, who, unwilling to appear less pious than the rest of the world, has also given her assistance towards this humane object, now striving for accomplishment upon the same soil which witnessed the far more perfect work of our Redemption.

At present, Brother Giovanni Battista has already collected two hundred and thirty thousand francs.

And now, when you may accidentally see this holy man pass by, enquire of him—how, in the midst of our hardened age of unbelief, there can still survive within himself a truly faithful heart!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Having reprinted, during the present year, 1846, the eloquent story you have here perused—and which powerfully assisted Brother Giovanni Battista to obtain extensive alms—it is right to add, that the venerable monk returned to Carmel October 24th, 1838, but only to recommence his travels very soon afterwards, for the purpose of collecting funds needful to complete the work he had undertaken.

In 1839, he again went to Constantinople and into Egypt, returning to Carmel in 1840. In the month of June, 1841, he embarked at Beyrout for Rome, traversed a great portion of Italy, and revisited France—where he had the honour of an interview with their Majesties the King and Queen of the French—and returning to Rome, was admitted to a conference with the August Head of the Church. On his journey back to Carmel, he made a short stay at Constantinople, travelled through Syria, and went to Athens—where King Otho and the Queen his consort deigned to grant him an audience and pecuniary succour. From thence, having gone again to Alexandria in Egypt, he was generously allowed a passage on board an English Man of War, the "London," and taken to Beyrout. When he re-entered his convent—that holy asylum which his own untiring energy had raised from a heap of ruins—he hoped never more to be obliged to leave it.

But the long desired period of rest had not yet arrived: the number of strangers constantly increasing, rendered the buildings of the *hóspice*—especially intended for that purpose—insufficient to contain them. Moreover, the entire edifice required to be surrounded by a wall, as a security from the attacks of wild beasts and robbers. It likewise became

necessary to amass funds which would place the monks in a position to receive, lodge, and feed, the numerous travellers who flocked thither.

And thus, on the strength of that urgent necessity—and fortified by his own indomitable courage, and the holy zeal which animated his noble spirit—he undertook, for the last time, in 1844—after eighteen months' sojourn at Carmel—to go once again to Europe. Upon his arrival at Rome, he threw himself at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI.; and having conferred with their Eminences, the Cardinals Lambruschini, first Secretary of State, and Fransoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, and also with the General of his Order, he obtained permission to undertake a fresh almsbegging. By authority of a commission so exactly in accordance with his design, which for thirty years has had no other aim than the glory of Carmel, Brother Giovanni Battista visited part of Germany, Holland, and Belgium, which countries he first saw in 1836.

He was favoured with a reception equally gracious and generous at the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, as well as at those of Munich and Dresden. The Queen of the Belgians, also the King of Holland and the princes of his family, gave substantial proofs of their earnest sympathy in a cause which is becoming so useful to all classes of society. And even now, the worthy monk—who is near his seventieth year—traverses anew—always asking alms—part of the German Empire, Bohemia, thence to the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy, Piedmont and other Italian States; and lastly, after imploring a final blessing from the Father of all the Faithful, and the General of his own Order—his immediate Head—he hopes to rest from his labours, and welcome to Carmel those travellers who visit the desert soil of Syria; doubly fortunate if he shall be permitted to clasp one hand which proffered him assistance during his many arduous pilgrimages.

Venice, 1846.

ERRATA.

Page 24.—*For* Salah-e'-deen, *read* Salá-e'-deen.

Note, Page 33.—*For* trailed, *read* brailed.

Page 38.—*For* innundation, *read* inundation.

Page 40.—*For* wore, *read* were.

Page 46.—*For* first, *read* sixth November.

Page 56.—*For* Capitol, *read* Capital.

Page 67.—*For* odly, *read* oddly.

Page 105.—*For* shewn, *read* shown.

Page 180.—*For* Bethlemite, *read* Bethlehemite.

Page 199.—*For* Sebeste, *read* Sebaste.

Page 230.—*For* hirtherto, *read* hitherto.

Page 255.—*For* Insenées, *read* Insensées.

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